THE

European Magazine,

For OCTOBER, 1810.

[Embellished with, 1, a Portrait of the late ABRAHAM GOLDSMID, Esq. and, 2, a View of the NEW MINT, TOWER-HILL.]

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FOR JAMES ASPERNE,

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

The descent of the *House* of *Stuart* from *Fleance*, and, consequently, from *Banquo*, is extant: a gentleman of our acquaintance has made a *poetical* use of it: so that we shall, probably, be able to give our Correspondent the information he requires.

We are sorry we cannot spare to B. A. *six pages*, for the genealogical account he mentions.

The rise of St. Dominic was owing to his repression of a heresy, through the medium of *Simon de Montford*. *Spiritual* weapons are said to have failed, and the people were obliged to be *convinced* by *blows*. We think that Azira is mistaken in the character of *Innocent III*. "He was," says *Plotina*, "reckoned among the best of *Popes*: but her note demands further consideration.

The account of the *Hon. Col. Coote* is received.

We must remind our Correspondents, that their favours would be almost *doubly* welcome if sent by the 12th of the month. It will, indeed, be impossible for us to assure insertion in the current month for any communication received after the 15th.

We did not receive the favour of *R. S. W.* till the 24th: it shall, however, be attended to in our next.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from October 6 to October 13, 1810.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	98	0	50	6	44	4	32	6	50	3
Kent	96	0	57	0	41	0	31	0	46	0
Sussex	105	3	00	0	47	0	31	6	00	0
Suffolk	88	10	43	7	41	0	23	11	43	3
Cambridge	96	10	44	0	26	0	21	5	00	0
Norfolk	86	4	45	0	40	10	27	8	41	6
Lincoln	94	3	50	0	42	6	23	2	45	10
York	90	9	56	0	43	5	25	8	56	7
Durham	91	3	00	0	00	0	29	8	00	0
Northumb.	83	8	52	6	40	0	28	7	00	0
Cumberlan.	88	4	56	5	49	4	30	9	00	0
Westmorl.	100	0	60	0	48	0	31	1	00	0
Lancaster	97	7	00	0	50	3	31	4	69	0
Chester	94	8	00	0	00	0	30	10	00	0
Gloucester	124	3	00	0	49	2	32	10	54	2
Somerset	121	10	00	0	50	0	23	0	62	0
Monmouth	129	11	00	0	51	2	00	0	00	0
Devon	114	0	00	0	44	6	00	0	00	0
Cornwall	101	8	00	0	46	11	24	10	00	0
Dorset	115	7	00	0	50	6	34	0	52	0
Hants	110	8	00	0	47	8	32	4	00	0

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Middlesex	100	6	46	6	41	9	32	8	57	0
Surrey	109	0	52	4	47	0	35	2	58	0
Hertford	92	4	49	6	40	[illegible]	30	10	50	6
Bedford	98	0	55	7	41	9	29	6	55	8
Huntingd.	92	11	00	0	43	8	25	8	49	0
Northampt.	97	0	56	0	44	0	23	0	46	0
Rutland	99	6	51	6	49	0	28	0	00	0
Leicester	94	5	52	8	42	3	25	11	45	2
Nottingh.	97	4	51	0	48	6	30	2	56	9
Derby	93	10	00	0	54	0	31	6	54	9
Stafford	101	3	00	0	47	0	31	9	62	5
Salop	110	4	65	8	52	11	34	4	00	0
Hereford	111	4	64	0	54	10	35	8	53	3
Worcester	110	6	56	10	49	5	38	4	54	5
Warwick	115	11	00	0	49	2	35	5	61	11
Wilts	110	8	00	0	47	6	32	8	66	2
Berks	106	4	63	0	44	4	33	4	54	5
Oxford	110	1	00	0	42	6	30	2	54	5
Bucks	109	0	00	0	44	6	33	10	54	4
WALES.										
N. Wales	89	0	00	0	48	4	24	0	00	0
S. Wales	98	8	00	0	56	0	19	4	00	0

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. at Nine o'Clock A.M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, Cornhill.

1810	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*	1810	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*
Sep. 25	30.09	60	N	Fair	Oct. 11	29.82	53	NE	Fair
26	30.01	60	E	Ditto	12	29.75	51	N	Ditto
27	29.90	57	E	Ditto	13	29.92	45	N	Ditto
28	29.85	60	SW	Ditto	14	30.04	46	NE	Ditto
29	29.96	60	W	Ditto	15	30.09	51	SE	Ditto
30	30.01	64	W	Ditto	16	29.79	46	E by S	Ditto
Oct. 1	30.10	63	W	Ditto	17	29.55	54	S	Rain
2	30.17	61	NW	Ditto	18	29.30	58	SW	Ditto
3	30.15	60	N	Ditto	19	29.70	54	W	Ditto
4	30.18	55	N	Ditto	20	29.59	60	S	Fair
5	30.04	56	NW	Ditto	21	29.55	59	S	Rain
6	29.82	55	E	Ditto	22	29.22	60	SW	Ditto
7	29.79	54	NE	Ditto	23	29.54	52	W	Fair
8	29.90	56	NE by N	Ditto	24	29.65	48	NW	Ditto
9	29.81	57	E	Ditto	25	30.08	43	N	Ditto
10	29.75	56	E	Ditto					

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1810.

THE JUBILEE,

OCTOBER 25, 1810.

WITH sensibility so acute that it almost overpowers *idea*, and feelings so strong that they nearly impede *expression*, we yet take this opportunity to congratulate the PUBLIC on the arrival of this *stupendous epoch*: which is, in the history of the *world* in general, and of this *united kingdom* in particular,

A REAL JUBILEE.

The completion of THE FIFTIETH YEAR of the reign of our AUGUST SOVEREIGN; an *æra* that has, from its dawn, been distinguished by the most prominent features of *mildness* and *benevolence*, by the spirit of *philanthropy* ever exerted to increase the happiness of mankind, and that *patriot passion* which sought every occasion to diffuse those blessings which the ALMIGHTY has, in his mercy, bestowed on the BRITISH ISLES, is so remarkable a period of *regal domination*, that it is impossible we, as a people, can be sufficiently grateful for the security we have hitherto enjoyed, or for that prospect of its continuance which commercial prosperity, and consequent opulence, have opened to posterity.

Enthusiastic, even from infancy, in our love and respect for our *benign Sovereign*, it was our earliest habit to contemplate those amiable qualities which adorned his youth. His *piety* to GOD, duty to his *parents*, *affability* to his *dependants*, and to every one that had the honour of his notice; his *love* for, and encouragement of, *literature* and the *arts*, of which, were it necessary, we could state many instances; his *philosophical* and *mechanical* pursuits, all which indicated a mind strongly impressed by *religious sentiments*, and ardently endeavouring to turn its *studies*, and even its *relaxations*, toward the promotion of the *happiness* of the *nation* that the *Divine Providence* had appointed him to govern.

Let us now, for a moment, view our *august Monarch* as a *husband*; and briefly state, that we can remember, from his marriage with our *excellent* and amiable QUEEN, the happiness that crowned his *connubial life*, and the joy that was diffused over the country. His faithful subjects saw, as his family arose, a succession of *Princes* and *Princesses*, who *each*, and *all*, strengthened the band of our *national security*, and were objects upon which the *affection* and *love* of the people were and are rivetted. As a *husband* and *father*, then, our beloved Monarch became *exemplary*; his life *tacitly* taught his subjects the *precepts* of *piety*, of *conjugal* and *parental affection*, of *temperance*, and every other VIRTUE. *Year* after *year* of domination has elapsed, and he has now completed his *Fiftieth*, *loved*, *honoured*, and *revered*, by his *consort*, his *family*, and his *subjects*.

To contemplate the long reigns of *sovereigns*, as they form the *chronological series* of *sacred* or *profane*, *ancient* or *modern history*, would here be trite and useless; because, in their whole course, there has not been any period which, in its *political progress*, included times of greater difficulty than that which has just past. In its early part, the *administration* of the country had to struggle against *unprincipled* and *unmerited opposition*: a *film*, a mere *gossamer*, floated before *the eyes* of *the people*, to which men whose *public aim* was *private advantage* endeavoured to give an *ideal importance*. TIME, that has developed their designs, has also disclosed the measures that were taken to effect a more extensive *division* of the *people*, and a *dismemberment* of the EMPIRE. THE CONTINENT soon after exhibited a scene of *confusion*, *regicide*, *perfidy*, and *usurpation*, the effects of

which operate to this hour, and have, in their course, *involved the interest*, and *threatened* the *happiness*, of *this kingdom*.

The feelings of our beloved, our revered SOVEREIGN, have, on this awful occasion, been congenial to those of the nation; and, therefore, while his subjects have lamented that his sensibility should have been so excited, it affords them some consolation to reflect, that the *ligature* which binds them to him has, by those dreadful events to which we have *reluctantly* alluded, been *drawn closer*. We, therefore, fly to our VENERABLE MONARCH for *shelter* and *support*; and, relying upon the *wisdom* of *his councils*, and the *influence* of *his virtues*, hope and trust, that (although he now labours under a *severe parental affliction*, in which his people participate) the internal happiness and national prosperity that have hitherto marked his benignant sway, may, by the mercy of GOD, long, long be continued.

M.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE ABRAHAM GOLDSMID, ESQ.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

He had a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.
SHAKSPEARE.

THERE has, in the *commercial* and *moral* world, scarcely ever occurred an event that has excited a more general sensation of sorrow, or in a greater degree stimulated the emotions of sensibility, than the *premature* death of MR. ABRAHAM GOLDSMID: a circumstance which displays, in the strongest light, the instantaneous effect of *mental aberration*, the mutability of human affairs, the instability of prosperity, and the fluctuation of fortune, operating upon *nerves* of too fine a texture, and *sensations* too keen to be repressed by reason.

The shock that his fall occasioned has hardly yet in our minds subsided (we shall presently see what effect it has had upon that of the public); for although but slightly acquainted with him, we had, from circumstances which have come within the sphere of our observation, received such an impression of the mildness, the benignity, and the liberality, that marked his character, that it has in our *memory* become indelible.

In philosophically tracing the mental influence of *exquisite sensibility*, it appears, that men upon whom this propension operates in the greatest degree are, by its stimulation, prompted to relieve distress in whatsoever form they find it: they have ever, as our motto finely expresses,

"A tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

Attracted by the accents of woe, they fly instantly to banish the afflictions of others; but it is to be lamented, that they do not *always* bear *their own* with that *fortitude* which ought constantly to result from *piety* and *benevolence*. For this dereliction of *moral principle*, and deviation from *religious duty*, it may be assigned as a reason, that, in consequence of the emotions of *high-wrought sensibility*, they, in most cases, think their impending evils much greater than they, *in reality*, are, and, generally speaking, encounter *ingratitude*, where they might reasonably expect to meet assistance: therefore, as the effect of a *deranged nervous system* is to *magnify fears*, and to *banish hope*, they, of course, in their *gloomy* and *irritable* moments, consider the world as leagued against them, and mankind combined to facilitate their destruction. Impressed with this idea, respecting the influence of which there are many *ancient* as well as *modern instances*, they engender *misanthropical habits*, they wish to shrink from society; and, perhaps, happy are those than can realize their wishes; but there are many who, fixed to a *particular spot*, engaged in a *particular profession*, have not the power to retire, without exposing to that ruin from which they themselves shrink, others, of whom, probably, their nearest relations, and most intimate connexions, are the principal.

When the intricacy of affairs, the unavoidable accidents incident to existence, and the unforeseen misfortunes frequently attendant upon *fiscal adventure*, combine their corroding influence with the pangs arising from *disappointed hopes*, from *unmerited opposition*, and, worst of all, from *interested coalition*, operate upon minds *unsystematized* as

those to which we have faintly, but, we trust, feelingly, alluded, the consequence is, too frequently, *dreadful:* every adverse circumstance becomes *exaggerated* to an incalculable degree; while every idea of relief or comfort is *reduced* in a still greater proportion. Hope, the last, best gift of the Divine Providence, recedes, *despair* ensues, and *distraction* enters. The human vessel, left in the midst of the *ocean* of *sorrow*, without the *rudder* of *fortitude* or the *compass* of *reason*, is too often, alas! engulfed, and *sinks* into oblivion ******—but——

"There is another and a better world;"

therefore let us ardently pray, that the errors of this may be forgiven, and that before the throne of Omnipotence mental aberrations may meet with mercy!

From *moral* causes *intellectual* effects very frequently arise. When a man becomes conspicuous for his *genius*, his *talents*, his *virtues*, or his *wealth*; when he is crowned with *professional success* and, its concomitant, *public approbation*, he is sure to excite one of the most *baleful* and *degrading* of all the human passions, Envy; and, however *liberal* and *benignant* he may be, if he is supposed, for instance, to be *richer* than others, he frequently becomes the object against which the *shafts* of *opposition*, shot from the *bow* of *avarice*, are levelled.

Combinations are, among the *interested*, frequently formed, either to degrade his *moral character*, or to impede his *commercial pursuits*; consequently, to decrease his *importance*, and sometimes to ruin his *circumstances*; and we are sorry to observe, such is the asperity of men toward each other, too often with success.

Though his professional talents and mercantile prosperity might, and most unquestionably did, excite *envy* and, its concomitant, *opposition*, yet, with respect to the *moral character* of the late Mr. Abraham Goldsmid, so much was it the theme of *universal praise*, so highly was it exalted, not only in the kingdom of Great Britain and its *colonial dependencies*, but in all other countries to which our commerce had spread her sails, and our navigation had borne her burthens, that it was far beyond the reach of private malignity. He was known to drop the tear of pity for the afflictions of people unallied to us by any other tie than the general band of humanity. "I am a man," he might truly exclaim: "and, therefore, I feel for the distresses of all mankind."

In consequence of these fine feelings, of these sublime sensations, his bounty has, we believe, frequently been extended far, far indeed, beyond the limits of this *island*; and we have no doubt, could all his benevolent acts be known, but that the *torpid inhabitants* of the *polar regions*, and the *enslaved progeny* who *glow* and *labour* beneath the *tropics*, would have reason to mourn for the loss of *their benefactor*.

"As a public man," says an anonymous author,* "and a more *public-spirited* and *truly-patriotic character* than Mr. Abraham Goldsmid never did honour to any age or country, the loss of him must be long and severely felt. But amidst all his affairs, and much less than he had to attend to would have absorbed the very souls of the worldly, he neglected not for a moment his favourite occupation, the most delightful, the most important to him of all his pursuits, the exercise of his beneficence. 'He went about doing good!' How hath he wiped away the tears of the orphan! How hath he caused the widow's heart to leap for joy! So resplendent on his countenance was the benevolence of his soul, that in his presence even the sick at heart forgot their sorrows. So overflowing with benignity was that emanation from the fountain of all goodness, that soul which it were vain to attempt to pourtray, that he who was so fully animated by it could not possibly have lived had he been deprived of the means of giving way to his sympathy. In every sense like Titus (the extent of his power alone excepted), he only lost *one day*. But lamented, as must ever be, the hour in which his *mind forsook* him, lamented, as must ever be, the cause and manner of his death, he died surrounded by all the charities. In favour of him, from every spot of earth on which he was known, will prayers, and tears, and sighs, ascend with more than human energy to the throne of the Divine Mercy, to heaven, earth, and ocean's Lord and Father of the good.

"In favour of him, the meek-eyed charities plead trumpet-tongued, and

* Morning Post, Oct. 9, 1810.

must drown for ever, even in this world, the hoarse vociferation of every effusion of *hatred* and *malice* which too naturally conspired against their *opposite virtues*, but which have no utterance in any world but this. YET vainly, even here, would they attempt by dwelling with *malignity* on one *wrong act*, in which they alone were principals, for it was in truth no act of their momentary victim; vainly, even here, would they so attempt to cancel the merits of a life spent, till they stopped its current, in the uninterrupted exercise of every virtue that could dignify human nature, were they fully divulged and duly appreciated.

"Let it not be imagined that this is the language of panegyric. These observations are drawn forth solely by a regard to truth and justice. The shortest statement of facts, too well known to meet contradiction, is the utmost object of this testimony; but where shall words be found at once sufficiently strong, brief, and comprehensive, to make so short a statement worthy of the varied excellence of the character of him whom it is intended to describe. 'He hath delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.'"*

As the family of the GOLDSMIDS is, by the extent of its commercial connexions, the importance of its pecuniary negociations, and the high respectability of all its members, so well known, it is hardly *historically* necessary to trace its progress in this country: we shall, however, slightly sketch a few circumstances more particularly relative to the Gentleman whose PORTRAIT precedes the title of this Number of our Magazine.

MR. ABRAHAM GOLDSMID was the third son of a respectable Dutch merchant; he came from Holland with his father when a child; and was by him, at a very early age, instructed in the principles of commerce, and taught those lessons of philanthropy which, falling on a congenial soil, have operated so much to the advantage of society.

Thus qualified and endowed, ABRAHAM, in concert with his brothers, began their career of life with a very considerable stock of mercantile experience and pecuniary property, derived from their father, and all the personal requisites of indefatigable industry, natural acuteness, and habitual punctuality. Fortune smiled upon their endeavours; their capital daily increased. The simple and natural effect of assiduity is, that it produceth wealth; and wealth, judiciously employed, as naturally multiplies itself, as a few grains of seed, which sown in the earth may, in process of time, produce millions.

If it was here necessary, which it is not, to trace the pecuniary transactions of the late *Mr. Abraham Goldsmid*, it would, from their nature, be impossible: it may, therefore, be sufficient to say, that, considered as the possessor of immense wealth, and the organ of unlimited confidence, he has many times been of essential service to the public. He, with his family and connexions, have always endeavoured to support *national credit*, and, consequently, to extend *national commerce*.

To return to the subject of his benevolence, to his *own nation*, and to every class of people that he could publicly support or privately serve, must lead to repetition: we shall, therefore, only observe, that he dealt out encouragement with a liberal hand to rising merit; that he patronized *literature* and the *arts*: and that, although living in a state of princely magnificence, he was as unostentatious in his manners, and as humble in his demeanor, as the inhabitant of a cottage.

Impressed as we are with the solemnity of our subject, we are, therefore, happy to have an opportunity to conclude it with a poem extracted from a diurnal paper;* which possesses this peculiar excellence, that it combines the graces of elegant versification with the effusions of exquisite sensibility, and the genuine emanations of JUSTICE and of TRUTH.

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* It is painful to us to state, what, indeed, must be obvious to every one acquainted with the nature of *periodical publications*, that our duty to the public, especially to our transmarine connexions, obliges us, *most reluctantly*, to insert the account of the *awful catastrophe* that concluded the life of the amiable and excellent man whose loss we have so much deplored, together with the transactions that occurred antecedent and subsequent to that dreadful event. These will, of course, be found under the head of *Domestic Intelligence*, and will be read with a double concern, because they have been commented on with more asperity than we should have imagined *malignity* itself was capable of exhibiting.

"Men's *evil actions* live in BRASS,
Their *virtues* we write in *water*."

* Morning Post, Oct. 9, 1810.

TO THE MEMORY OF

ABRAHAM GOLDSMID, ESQ.

WHO DIED SEPT. 28, 1810.

O'ER this dark vault, where GOLDSMID'S
reliques sleep,
Though stern morality forbear to weep,
Absorb'd in grief Philanthropy shall bend,
His frailties pity, and lament his end.
Pure and expansive as the noontide ray,
Mild as the genial breath of blooming May,
To no persuasion, order, sect, confin'd,
His bounty fell alike on human kind :—
Symbol of Nature, lo! his features glow'd
With that benevolence his hand bestow'd.
Blest with those qualities which men hold
dear,
Wealth, honour, fame, attended his career;
Embodied, as it were, with Britain's weal,
His death a grateful nation seem'd to feel.
So Florence mourn'd—so droop'd commer-
cial pride,
When COSMO perish'd, and LORENZO died.

J. M.

ANAGRAM *on the* NAME *of* HORATIO NELSON.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE following Anagram is, perhaps, the neatest and most pointed one extant, and cannot be too generally known. The Christian and surname of the late hero of the Nile and Trafalgar make exactly the following Latin words :—

Honor est a Nilo.

Honour is from the Nile.

Thirteen letters, exactly the same as in the name of Horatio Nelson, which forms a happy coincidence and allusion; for had he been christened Horace, or Horatius, the anagram could not obtain; and farther, had he not gained the victory of the Nile, it still would have been defective; but as it is, it is, perhaps, the happiest and most complete that ever was produced; and it is justly attributed to the ingenious and learned Dr. Burney, of Greenwich. Had this anagram been previously discovered, it would have been a motto for his lordship's arms, equally, if not more in point than the present :—

" *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*"

" Let him bear the palm who has deserved it."

PINDAR'S 10TH NEMEAN ODE.

(Continued.)

ANTISTR. 2.

Ἐκράτησε δὲ καὶ ποθ' Ἕλ-
λανα στρατὸν Πυθῶνι, τύχᾳ τε μολὼν
καὶ τὸν Ἰσθμοῖ καὶ Νεμέᾳ στέφανον,
Μοίσαισί τ' ἔδωκ' ἀρόσαι.
Τρὶς μὲν ἐν πόντοιο πύλαισι λαχών.
τρὶς δὲ καὶ σεμνοῖς δαπέδοις
ἐν Ἀδραστείῳ νομῷ.
Ζεῦ πάτερ, τῶν μὰν ἔραται φρενὶ, σιγᾷ
οἱ στόμα. Πᾶν δὲ τέλος
ἐν τὶν ἔργων· οὐδ' ἀμόχθῳ καρδίᾳ,
προσφέρων τόλμαν, παραιτεῖται χάριν.

2.

But, led by fortune's guiding hand,
Where Græcia's numerous hosts expand,
On Pythic, Isthmian, and on Nemean plains,
He the victor's crown obtains:
This to the Muses he convey'd,
And ask'd their culture's needful aid.
Thrice towards the portals of the main
His conquests gain'd applause;
And thrice on that distinguish'd plain,
That owns Adrastus' laws.
O, could Thiœus, father Jove, impart
The secret wishes of his heart;
But silence chains his tongue. The end
Of all our labours must on Jove depend.
A heart by dangers not untried,
A mind with fortitude supplied,
These requisites Thiœus brings,
And sues for favour to the king of kings.

EPOD. 2.

Γνῶτ' ἀείδω τὶν Θεῷ τε, τῷ-
θ' ὅστις ἁμιλλᾶται περὶ
ἐσχάτων ἀέθλων κορυφαῖς.
Ὕπατον δ' ἔσχεν Πίσα
Ἡρακλέος τεθμόν. Ἀδεῖ-
αί γε μὲν ἀμβολάδαν
ἐν τελεταῖς δὶς Ἀθαναίων μιν ὀμφαὶ
κώμασαν· Γαίᾳ δὲ καυ-
θείσᾳ πυρὶ καρπὸς ἐλαίας
ἔμολεν Ἥρας τὸν εὐά-
νορα λαὸν, ἐν ἀγγέων
ἕρκεσιν παμποικίλοις.

I sing of things to thee, Thiœus, known,
And to the god, and him, whoever claims,
Contending at the Olympic games,
The highest honours and the noblest crown.
For Hercules wise statutes fram'd,
Which Pisa's strict observance claim'd.
Twice, on Athens' festive days,
Alternately they tun'd their lays,
And sung with voices sweet the victor's praise.
In earthen jars, adust with flame,
The fruit of luscious olives came
To that brave people, which resorts
To Argive Juno's hallow'd courts,
Flowery fillets, wrought around,
The vases' wide circumference bound.

NOTES.

This to the Muses—] Thiœus requested Pindar to write an ode on his victories. In the elevated language of the poet, Thiœus gave his crowns to the Muses εις τὸ ἀρόσαι, to turn and dress, like land by the coulter.

The ground-work, yet rough and unprepared, demanded the poet's and the Muses' culture. Pindar is fond of expressing mental cultivation in the terms, and by the customary operations of agriculture.

—the portals—] We here learn, that Thiœus obtained three victories at the Isthmian games. The Isthmus of Corinth is denominated from its straits the *gates* of the ocean.

And thrice—] Thiœus was also successful at three Nemean games. These games had been revived, and regulated by Adrastus.

O, could Thiœus—] He had not yet appeared as a candidate for the Olympic crown; whose acquisition, we are told, was the wish of his heart; and he possessed the needful qualifications. But the event of things rests with Jupiter; on whom he piously relied for success.

For Hercules—] It is well known, saith the poet, that the Olympic games, celebrated near Pisa, and subject to such regulations as Hercules had imposed, are of all others the most celebrated, and confer the most signal honours on the conqueror.

Twice, on Athens'—] Thiœus, in addition to his other honours, was crowned at the Panathenæan games, instituted in honour of Minerva. The conqueror's reward was a crown of olives and a jar of oil. This jar was made of burnt earth, and ornamented with wreaths of flowers. R.

A MINOR JUBILEE.

Jubilee on Mr. Johnson's completing One Hundred Years of his Life from the Date of his Baptism.

ON Wednesday, 3d October, 1810, Mr. Bartholomew Johnson, of Scarborough, Yorkshire, a highly respected musical character, completed *one hundred years of his life*, since the date of his baptism (3d October, 1710), as proved by the parish-register of Wykeham (near Scarborough), where he was born.

This event, so highly interesting to all who know him, was celebrated by a jubilee dinner, and musical performance at the Freemasons' Hall, in Scarborough. The selections of vocal music (accompanied chiefly on the organ) were well adapted to the occasion; and his musical friends at that place, assisted by the principal choristers from York Cathedral, afforded the company much gratification. About ten o'clock at night, the good old man bore a part in a quartett, by performing, on the violoncello, the bass to a minuet, which he himself composed upwards of sixty years ago, for the late Bielby Thompson, Esq. of Escrick Park, in Yorkshire, by whose name it is usually known at Scarborough: the other instrumental parts were very obligingly and kindly written for the occasion by William Shield, Esq. in compliment to the original composer, whom Mr. Shield has long known and greatly esteemed.

Lord Mulgrave, the Hon. Henry Phipps, the Worshipful the Bailiffs of Scarborough (Robert Tindall and W. Chambers, Esq.), Colonel Lloyd, Richard Cardwell, Esq. and upwards of seventy of the respectable visitors and inhabitants of Scarborough and the neighbourhood, honoured the meeting with their company.

Congratulatory letters on the occasion were sent by the Right Hon. C. Manners Sutton, the Hon. Gen. Phipps, the members for Scarborough, and Richard Langley, Esq. of Wykeham-abbey; the last of whom is the present proprietor of the estate on which Mr. Johnson was born. Several poetical compositions from the classical pens of the Rev. F. Wrangham, Thomas Hinderwell, Esq &c. were sung, and recited, with great applause.

The gratifying presence of the veteran musician, together with the sight and hearing of his performance on his favourite instrument, gave birth to the most touching sentiments of sympathetic affection and transport in the hearts of the company, and realized Mr. Walter Scott's glowing description of the "aged Minstrel:"

"When every string's according glee,
Was blended into harmony;
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recal an *ancient strain*
He never thought to try again:
But quick he caught the measure wild;
The *old man* rais'd his face, and smil'd,
And lighten'd up his brilliant* eye
With all a poet's ecstasy.
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along.
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost."

The venerable object of this public testimony of regard retired about eleven o'clock, in the highest health and spirits, followed by the blessings and best wishes of all who were present.

* His sight is remarkably good.

THE NEW MINT, TOWER-HILL, LONDON.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THE beautiful fabric, a correct VIEW of which embellishes the present Number of our Magazine, is, as we understand, intended for the purposes of A MINT, which is an appellation derived from the Saxon mynetian, *to coin;* though its origin has been given to the *Dutch* word *munte*, which, besides its being comparatively modern, appears to us to have only been the vulgar idiom of the ancient term. This inquiry would be an object of small importance, did it not, in its consequence, lead to one of far greater, which is a disquisition respecting the antiquity of *Mints*, their situation in this country, and, as the engines of *political economy*, the influence of their operations, connected with the power of their produce, acting upon the general commerce of the world, and most intimately blended with the rise and fall of *states*, and the good and evil actions of mankind. Considering the subject in these, the largest and most extensive points of view, or contracting our ideas to its influence upon civil society, and the operation of *money* upon the happiness and comfort of domestic life, it seems equally to demand our attention, and to attract our curiosity. Although this important subject, philosophically contemplated, certainly opens too wide a field of speculation to be traversed on the present occasion, or *surveyed* in the present disquisition, yet it is still, we conceive, necessary to be, in some small degree, explored; more especially as, allegorically speaking, we most certainly find, that from the *internal heat* of the *metallic soil*, a profuse vegetation of the *Papyrus* has arisen, and discover also that new *plants* have sprung up, some *useful* and *profitable*, others *noxious* and *deleterious;* that *weeds* are to be seen in the greatest abundance; in short, we, in our researches, discern, from the creeping *hyssop* to the towering *cedar*, productions of sorts, *sizes*, and *species*, *sufficient* to people a new *scientific kingdom:* but, as their arrangement would, at present, attract us from the principal object of our pursuit, we shall leave it to be developed at some future opportunity.

To return, therefore, to our first subject of contemplation, MINTS, which, of course, involve in their consideration their operation and productions, *coinage* and *coin*, we must observe, that the invention of that *commercial medium*, which has since obtained the appellation of MONEY, is ascribed to the *Lydians*, who, it is said by some authors, about the year 1179 B.C. invented both *merchandise* and *coin:* indeed, the production of the latter most naturally arose out of the practice of the former.

Having settled, as well as a thing in itself so extremely dubitable can be settled, the rise of the *coinage*, and, consequently, of *mints*, let us now, although we believe their date is much more ancient, consider the first historical notice that is taken of them in this country. This we find to be about A.D. 630; when, from the following circumstance, it appears that money was coined at *York*, viz. "a * silver penny coined at Eoferwic (*York*), is supposed to be the earliest specimen of coinage extant;† unless a *coin* of *Ethelbert*, King of Kent, belong to the first of that name, who died the year preceding the accession of *Edwin*."

About A.D. 930, during the reign of King *Athelstan*, we find that there were *mints* set up in many towns, viz. *Canterbury*, *Rochester*, LONDON, *Winchester*, *Lewes*, *Hastings*, *Chichester*, *Southampton*, *Wareham*, *Exeter*, *Shaftsbury*, &c. Among the privileges granted by *King Edgar*, A.D. 963, to the abbey of *Medeshomstide* (*Peterborough*), there was a right to have a *mint* at *Sanford*, with one coiner.‡

CANUTE, A.D. 1031, is believed to have established, or authorized, *mints* at a greater number of places than any other

* Annals of Commerce.

† That is, after the abdication of the *Romans;* for the *coinage*, consequently the *mint*, of Britain is of a much more ancient date. The first *coin* extant is that of *Cunobeline*, of which we have given a drawing in the *Vestiges:* from this a long series is formed, ending, or, at least, becoming *unintelligible*, after that *supposed* to be of *Boadicea*. The *Anglo-Roman* coins begin with *Claudius*, and end with *Æmilianus;* and it is, besides their *historical* value, curious to trace the rise of *the arts* under the Britons; their progress and flourishing state during the times of the *Romans;* their decline, and almost annihilation, in the *Saxon* reigns; and, if we contemplate the whole series, their second revival, and gradual improvement, from the *Norman Conquest* down to the present hour. These are subjects upon which the *philosopher* may *ponder*, and the *antiquarian speculate*, with great advantage.

‡ None of the towns named in Athelstan's law, and before noticed, were so far north.

King of England. On the coins of his reign that have been discovered, there appear to be the names of, at least, thirty different cities and towns. It has been observed, that *bishops* and *abbots* had, before A.D. 1556,* a right to coin. We believe that this right was particularly appendant to the *mitred abbeys*, which were, in most instances, endued with *palatine* privileges. That noble individuals also possessed this privilege is, we think, equally certain; a circumstance which, while it proves the *impolicy* of the measure, also shews, that, even in very early ages, *silver-smiths* and *engravers*, perhaps we should say *the metallic arts*, were pretty widely spread over the kingdom.

A.D. 1279, we find that the Mint of London was consigned to the management of some merchants from *Lucca*, in *Italy*, together with *Gregory de Rokesle, Mayor of London.*†

It is not necessary to pursue this history very closely through several succeeding centuries; we shall, therefore, merely state a few particulars, which, like *stepping-stones*, will bring us down to the present period.

A.D. 1344, 18th Edward III. This monarch commanded *Florences* of gold to be coined in the Tower. This was the first coinage of *gold* in *England.*‡

A.D. 1411, Henry IV. caused a new coinage of nobles, of less value than the old.

1465, Edward IV. instituted a new coinage, both of gold and silver, by which he was a great gainer.

The coin through the reigns of Henry VII. Henry VIII. (who established a *mint* in *Suffolk-palace, Southwark*), and Edward VI. was, in its execution, progressively, though gradually, improving: but it must be observed, that one, among many other unfortunate circumstances attendant upon the war betwixt the houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, was the debasement of the coin. Respecting the redressing of this grievance, little care had been, by the succeeding monarchs, taken: Henry VII. found that it would be attended with an enormous expense; and Henry VIII. wanted money too much to think of reclaiming, at his *own charge*, that of the nation. *Base money*, therefore, continued to increase, until that period of *political reformation*, the reign of Elizabeth,§ when, with a spirit and energy which does her the highest credit, she had it called in, taken to the *Mint*, *refined*, and *re-coined* with a new stamp of her majesty's portrait. The *dross* of this metallic refinement was said to be so immense, that it was carried to the foul highways (which were plenty) around the *metropolis*, to raise and level them.

In the reign of James I. the coin began to exhibit traces of that perfection which it has since attained. In the reign of Charles I. *Simon* the medalist had the charge of the Mint so far as respects the engraving: he was, consequently, retained by *Cromwell*; so that the coins of the Usurper were most admirably executed:‖ he was also employed by Charles II. the excellence of whose large coins has been frequently mentioned.

The *coins* from the reign of Charles II. to the present period are so well known, that it is useless to remark upon them: they have always been executed in the *Mint* within the *Tower* of *London*, under the operation of an ancient code, which might be termed *Mint Laws*. These were, even in the year 1552, on the point of being enforced against the officers who had *been tardy*, but who were subsequently pardoned for all transgressions, &c. touching the *Mints* of the Tower and Southwark.

It is to be considered with exultation, as a proof of the increasing *commerce*, and consequent *opulence*, of the nation, even in the midst of the most expensive and arduous struggle in which she was ever engaged, that the *Mint* in the *Tower of London* should, notwithstanding the immense coinage not only of

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* *Vide* Annals of Commerce.

† Madox's *Hist. of the Excheq.* c. 22. But this, it will be observed, only related to the *government* and banking transactions of the Mint. The coinage, we have great reason to believe, was in the hands of English artists, because its productions were very inferior to those of *Italy*.

‡ The king, in the same year, ordered his exchange of money to be kept in *Serne's Tower*, part of his palace in *Bucklersbury*.

§ The debasement of the coin in the reign of *Edward VI.* it will be seen, is mentioned in page 189, *supra*.—Editor.

‖ On the coin of the Commonwealth, the symbol was the cross of England; the legend round which was, "The Commonwealth of England:" on the reverse, the arms of England and Ireland, in two escutcheons; the *legend*, "God with us;" which occasioned an old cavalier humorously to remark, "*I see*," said he, "*by this coin, verified, what I have always thought, that* God *and the* Commonwealth *are of* different sides."

two-penny and *penny pieces*, but the re-stampment of millions of dollars, at the *Mint* of Messrs. *Boulton* and *Watt*, Soho, near Birmingham, have been found too contracted for the purposes of a constant supply equal to the circulation of this kingdom; for this, we presume, is the case, from the circumstance of a New Mint having been lately erected upon the site of the old Victualling-office, on the upper or north side of *Tower-hill*, near the end of *King-street*, that beautiful fabric, to which, referring to the View, we wish once more to direct the attention of the reader.

This building, which has the peculiar advantage of being situated on an acclivity ascending from the River Thames, would, were some *visual* impediments removed, have a most commanding site. It is designed and executed by *Mr. Smirke*, jun. and is in the purest style of *Grecian architecture*: but, technically speaking, it exhibits something even superior to a merely correct architectural style; for it appears, both in its plan and elevation, to be a fabric most admirably adapted *to business*, and peculiarly so for the purpose intended. There is full as much *truth* as *flattery* in Pope's praise of *Lord Burlington*: but the New Mint is, happily, exempt from any of the errors which he enumerates in the following lines:—

"You shew us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use:
Yet shall (my lord) your just and noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools,
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make.
Load some vain church with old theatric state;
Turn Arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, make a front.
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part;
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art."

Hogarth, at the time he designed the frontispiece to Kirby's edition of *Dr. Brook Taylor's* Perspective, had, we have been told, a long list of *architectural solecisms*, if such an expression may be allowed, from which, we have an idea, he might have formed a series of very humorous prints.

However, to return to the *New Mint*, we must re-observe, that the annexed View will give a far more correct idea of it than can be done by description; although it may, probably, strike the observer, as its reality has us, that the houses on each side of the truly elegant central building, which, we presume, are intended for the residence of the principal officers engaged in the coinage, would have much more correctly assimilated with the fabric if they had been fronted with the *new stucco*, and ornamented in the same style, so as to form a perfect whole, simple yet beautiful, plain yet, for its purpose, sufficiently magnificent.

THE ADVENTURES OF

MAHOMET,

THE WANDERING SULTAN;

OR,

A SKETCH OF

MEN, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Written in 1796.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(Continued from page 175.)

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Chapter XXVII.

The city of *Vienna* has been frequently noticed for its "*civil order*," or, in other words, for a *well-regulated police*; therefore the *Sultan* had, soon after he retired to his apartments, little reason to be surprised at receiving a visit from an officer, who, first apologizing for his intrusion, informed him, that he was so unfortunate as to be forced to see him upon a very disagreeable business.

Mahomet bowed; and he proceeded to state, that an information had, in the *Ministerial Office*, been exhibited by *Father Leonardo*, a *Monk*, in consequence of expressions said to have been uttered by him, favourable to the enemies of the Imperial government in general, and inimical not only to the professors of the Christian religion in particular, but even to the religion itself; that he had, consequently, orders to convey him to a magistrate for examination; but as he entertained a more favourable opinion of his cha-

racter than the good father had done, he had, in the most private manner, waited upon him, to state the necessity for his appearance, in order that his feelings might be as little wounded as possible.

As *Mahomet*, who, of course, attended this intimation, restrained by his situation, could not be absolutely explicit, he answered the questions of the *magistrate* with a kind of cautious reserve, which was, by him and the *Monk*, most *charitably* supposed to arise from consciousguilt. The more he was pressed upon particular points, the less he seemed disposed to explain: they, therefore, naturally enough concluded, that he was a person equally intelligent and dangerous, and he was, of course, ordered to find sureties for his appearance to a large amount.

The sum mentioned was no object to *Mahomet*, although the process itself was sufficiently distressing. He seemed to stand alone; and, as he had many times before, again lamented the absence of *Pedro*.

"Can you," said the *Magistrate*, "find any person that will be answerable for you?"

"I know but of one," replied the *Sultan*; "and he is in a station so elevated, that although I have a letter addressed to him, as my most ardent wish has been to remain in privacy, I have hitherto declined presenting it."

"Let me see the letter," said the *Magistrate*.

"I dare pronounce it to be a forgery!" exclaimed the *Priest*.

The *Magistrate* read the superscription: "To the *Count P******."

"*Count P*****!*" cried the *Officer*, with surprise.

"*Count P*****!*" echoed the *Friar*.

The name of the minister threw the court into confusion; though the *Monk* persisted in considering the paper as surreptitious.

"This," said the *Officer*, "shall instantly be proved: I am commanded to wait upon his excellency, and I will take this letter with me: till I return, the gentleman must remain in his present situation; and as, till proved guilty, he must be deemed innocent, I trust he will meet with that respect to which his appearance, his manners, and, if this letter is, which I doubt not, in his favour, his connexions, entitle him."

The *Officer* departed with celerity, and, in about an hour, returned, accompanied by the secretary to the *Minister*, who, presenting his master's compliments to the *Sultan*, apologized for his detention, from which he instantly released him; saying, at the same time, that his excellency would be happy to see him at his levee the next day,

The surprise of the *Magistrate* at this transaction, though considerable, was not so great as the satisfaction of the *Officer*, who re-conducted *Mahomet* to his lodgings with increased respect, and, after spending the evening with him, promised to attend him to the Minister the next morning.

Colonel Zeidorff, to whom, from his having the charge of the palace guard, the mandate for arresting *Mahomet* was addressed, was, by all, considered as an ornament to the military profession; as none of the irregularities with which it had, in those times of depredatory warfare, been charged, stained any part of his character. In his military career, he had been accustomed to regard his inferiors, and to consider the inhabitants of places under his command and inspection as his fellow-citizens, and his soldiers as men to whose comfort and happiness he was bound to contribute. He scorned to repress the ardour of courage by arbitrary or unnecessary punishments; his corps, in general, revered him as a parent, while they, individually, loved him as a brother; under his command, they believed themselves to be invincible.

Mahomet and the *Colonel* attended the next day at the levee of *Count P******, where the former was received with a politeness which, in some degree, consoled him for the disgrace that had caused his introduction. While he was talking with the *Count*, the noise occasioned by the entrance of some person caused him to turn his eyes toward the door; in consequence of which the *Count* asked him if he knew the gentleman that approached:—"Certainly I do!" replied the *Sultan*; "in him I recognize my Swiss acquaintance, *Olhbert*."

"It is indeed *Count Olhbert*," replied the *Minister*, as the former advanced. The surprise and joy which this meeting occasioned was mutual; upon this they were congratulated; but as they were under the eye of observation, and wished to converse with greater freedom, they, as soon as they could consistent with *etiquette*, took their leave.

When in the antichamber, *Mahomet*

could no longer restrain his desire to inquire respecting the friends he had left in the *Alpine valley*. *Zeigler* and *his wife*, he learned, were well, as were also *Johan*, *Herman*, and *Martha*. *Shaleh*, he understood, to the regret of his parishioners, was fast declining. "But," said *Mahomet*, with energy, "you have not mentioned *Louisa*. Where is your lovely wife?"

"In *Vienna*, more lovely than ever," replied *Othbert*. "Soon after you left us," he continued, "we visited my parents at *Berne*; and although, till overcome by your persuasion, in a manner for which I cannot account, they had been averse to the match, we had resided under my parental roof but a few weeks before *Louisa* became a greater favourite than even my sisters.

"If at first, which was actually the case, my parents were astonished at her beauty, upon a nearer acquaintance they were charmed with her understanding: her strong sense and delicate sensibility, and, on a more intimate acquaintance, the sweetness of her temper and her amiable manners, delighted them. Before the expiration of the first year of our nuptials, *Louisa* increased the happiness of the family by adding to it a beautiful boy.

"But, alas! we were, soon after, in the death of my father, doomed to experience how transitory are the joys of this world. My mother, in consequence of this event, could not endure a place where every object, and, indeed, every hour, reminded her of her loss. The disgust which my father had taken to the court, and which, for a time, prevailed among us, was buried with him: we, therefore, resolved to remove to this imperial city. Soon after our arrival, whether the ministers thought that they had treated the deceased with severity, and were resolved to redress the injuries he had suffered by their favours to me, or whether they had a higher sense of my former services than they merited, is uncertain; but I was received at court in a manner the most flattering, restored to some estates that had been confiscated, promoted in the army, and appointed to a charge which obliges me to reside near the palace. *Louisa*, to whom *Vienna* was a new world, is charmed with her situation, which will now become still dearer to her, in consequence of the opportunity it gives her to welcome to her dwelling a friend to whom we have both such infinite obligations."

The carriage of *Othbert* advanced toward the magnificent suburb of *Leopoldstadt*, where he resided; and when it had passed the gate, he alighted, saying,

"*Louisa* is not in a situation to set at defiance the sudden emotions that may arise from surprise. I shall, therefore, proceed, and, by gradually acquainting her with the pleasing events of this morning, prepare her for your reception."

Mahomet, charmed with this affectionate precaution, suffered the coach to drive slowly, while he amused himself with contemplating the beautiful villas and gardens which adorned that favourite spot. As he approached the mansion, he observed *Louisa* in the balcony, waiting for his arrival: he flew up the stair-case, and in a moment was in her arms. When the first emotions of joy which this interview produced were over, and the *Sultan* had leisure to gaze upon the wife of *Othbert*, he discovered that her husband had not, in saying she was more beautiful than ever, exaggerated. To her maiden loveliness, which she still retained, was added the maternal dignity. The advantages of dress, he saw, embellished a form which he thought nothing upon earth could have improved. Possessed of ease, grace, and elegance, she seemed born to adorn the elevated situation in which she was placed. While *Mahomet*, used as he had been to parry the shafts of female attractions, appeared, perhaps from the superiority of virtue, to contemplate her as a superior being, *Louisa* observed his emotion, and, probably with an intent to turn his thoughts to other objects than herself, retired to an interior apartment, whence she instantly returned with another lady, to whom she introduced him, saying,

"Give me leave to present the best of friends to the best of mothers. This, madam, is the gentleman of whom I have so often spoken, who honoured that cottage of the *Alps* where happiness filled the place of grandeur with his presence, and distinguished the rustic *Louisa* above the rest of her companions, not only by his commendations, but still more by his favours."

"I am not," said the lady, "to learn the obligations that the family of *Othbert* have to this gentleman; obligations with which you are, perhaps, unacquainted."

"Heavens, madam!" exclaimed *Mahomet*, "what are you about to say? The family of *Othbert* owe no obligations to me. If I had the good fortune to have any influence with the late Count, the exertion of it was a debt of gratitude which I owed to *Othbert* and *Louisa*, for the hospitality with which I had been received, and the happiness that I had enjoyed at the house of this lady's father."

During this speech, the two persons alluded to cast their eyes on each other; while the *Sultan* continued:

"I understand, madam, that there is another stranger in the house, to whom I am anxious to be introduced: I mean, madam, your lovely grandson, for lovely he must be, or he will seem an alien."

The nurse and child instantly appeared; and *Louisa* presented it to *Mahomet*, saying,

"If, to the fondness which I have observed you to express for children, you join that partiality with which you have honoured the mother of this infant, you will, like myself, deem it the most beautiful creature existing: but in whatsoever light his parents may, at present, view his infantile attractions, we shall, as sense expands, endeavour to pay still greater attention to his mental endowments."

"You are," returned *Mahomet*, "however premature, in the right; but you must permit me to admire this lovely miniature of a portrait that has ever, in my eyes, appeared perfection personified."

Louisa blushed; and *Othbert*, to relieve her, pressed the *Sultan*, with all the warmth of friendship and the ardour of gratitude, to fix his residence in their mansion. This the latter, at length, complied with, although he had continued, apparently to the delight of the family, but a very few days, before he perceived that *Othbert*, who seemed to have in possession every thing that could contribute to his happiness, pined in secret, became reserved, anxious, and uneasy; and, as his sensibility induced him to imagine that he was the cause of this too visible distress, he came to a resolution to depart as soon as possible.

It happened, a short time after he had come to this resolution, that he was, one morning, in the drawing-room when the guards preceding the carriage of the *Emperor* passed through the suburb: he opened the glass doors, and went into the balcony to view the cavalcade. This gallery, adorned with orange-trees and other exotics, formed a hanging garden, in which, so high were the vases, and so thick the flowering shrubs, that any one standing in front was concealed from the sight of those in the room. When he had feasted his eyes until the splendid train was passed, he turned, and his ears caught the accents of a voice, which uttered these words:

"Much, my son, as I feel for your anxiety, from the respect I bear to the memory of your father, it is impossible for me to grant your request; he having, as well as myself, by letters, promised the most inviolable secrecy, unless the gentleman who is now your guest"***

Mahomet at this instant entered the room; *Othbert* and his mother started; when the *Sultan*, advancing, said,

"A mere accident has informed me, that my friend is uneasy upon my account: I should, therefore, be wanting in that regard to which he is entitled, and indeed that justice which is due to my own honour, did I not, by every mean in my power, endeavour to restore his tranquillity. It has ever been my custom to be open and explicit in my actions and my words; never shall the least doubt or disapprobation cloud or adhere to either while I have the power to disperse or remove them."

"Far be it from me," returned *Othbert*, "to suppose that your conduct, noble sir! had ever been, even for a moment, calculated to produce the suspicion to which you seem to allude. To me you have ever appeared unreserved, generous, and honourable. From the first moment of our acquaintance, my heart acknowledged you as a friend; nay, in our subsequent meetings, loved you as a brother; in which character I know you are considered, and, let me add, beloved by *Louisa*. My anxiety, for I will freely confess that I have felt the pangs of anxiety, was not upon your account, but upon my own. At your introduction here, there was something in the half-uttered expressions of my mother which seemed to regard me: these words you, with visible emotion, suppressed. This circumstance was so obvious, that it was observed by my wife as well as myself, and has, consequently, occasioned much uneasiness in our bosoms. I have, therefore, at every opportunity, endeavoured, with

all the energy that sensibility prompted, and the subject demanded, to obtain from my mother an explanation, which she has hitherto most pertinaciously withheld: I fear, therefore, that I am under obligations to you still superior to those which I daily and hourly acknowledge."

"As you have," returned *Mahomet*, "honoured me with the appellation of the brother of *Louisa*, a brother, you know, should contribute all in his power to render his sister happy."

Saying this, he retired; and, while the face of *Othbert* glowed with blushes, he knelt to his mother, exclaiming,

"At this moment, madam, a most important thought darts across my mind! Though I respect the memory of my father, I am perfectly acquainted with his temper: he was in a high degree avaricious. Such was the influence of this passion upon his mind, that, contrary to the custom of my countrymen, who delight in an immense length of pedigree, emblazoned arms, and copious quarterings, he was disposed to urge me to sacrifice rank, family, titular distinction, and hereditary honours, at the shrine of riches: therefore, notwithstanding the virtue, beauty, and accomplishments of *Louisa*, never was surprise equal to mine, when I received his consent to our marriage.——Do I guess right?—Do I owe to the stranger, besides the obligations of friendship and esteem, those of a *pecuniary* nature?"

"You do, my son!" she replied, with great emotion: "but although you charge the memory of your father with avarice, yet when I inform you that he left *Vienna* with scarcely the means sufficient to support his family, even in the plain and frugal manner in which we lived in *Switzerland*, you will no longer wonder, as he had, from so keenly feeling the want, learned to appreciate the value of money, that he should, in the connexion you should form, make it the principal object of consideration, nor will you be surprised at his displeasure when he first heard of your intention of marrying a young woman (not knowing *Louisa*) so far beneath his hopes and expectations."

"I no longer, dear madam!" said *Othbert*, "feel that surprise and curiosity which have for some time so constantly tormented me. However, I wish, yet dread, to ask in what manner his objections were conquered?"

"By her having," she continued, "become a young lady of fortune, equal, indeed superior, to his expectations: the gentleman that honoured us with a visit upon this agreeable business, painted her perfections in such glowing colours, and produced bills to so large an amount, that your father was at once astonished and overcome: therefore, after solemnly promising to keep the secret which you have wrung from me, he gave his full consent to your nuptials; though he has since assured me that, struck with the beauty, the virtues, and accomplishments of *Louisa*, he should not, bad as our circumstances were, have withheld his consent, had he previously seen the lovely object of your passion."

"Heavens!" exclaimed *Othbert*, "how can I stand in the presence of the man from whom I have received such favours."

"With great ease," replied his mother. "Your situation, indeed, in some degree owing to his bounty, is so much changed for the better, that you have it now in your power most amply to repay any pecuniary obligations that you may consider his due; though those of respect and gratitude are far, far indeed, beyond your power, indeed beyond the power of our whole family, even properly to acknowledge."

"I thank you, madam," returned the son, "for this hint. Make me acquainted with the sum for which I stand indebted to him, and I will fly to acquit myself of an obligation, respecting which every hour increases the pressure."

The sum was mentioned by the lady, but in so low a tone, that the muse did not correctly catch the sound. *Othbert*, however, departed with an alacrity which soon brought him into the presence of the *Sultan*, whom he thus addressed:

"To a mind like mine, which is, I flatter myself, possessed both with generosity and sensibility, any sense of obligation must be painful, but that of a pecuniary nature most peculiarly so. You have shewn yourself my friend; therefore I address you, because it is the office of a friend, in the moment of mental distress, to administer relief. I have, very lately indeed, been informed of the means by which the consent of my father to my marriage with *Louisa* was obtained; and, consequently, while I return you my most ardent thanks for the interest you took in that happy event, I must entreat you to suffer me to disburthen my mind of the weight

of obligation it now feels, by returning the fortune which your liberality induced you to advance, in order to propitiate it."

"Hear me, *Count Othbert!*" exclaimed *Mahomet*, "hear me! and, if you talk of obligations to me, for the last time. The paltry sum which I advanced was a wedding present from a brother to a sister, for so I esteemed her. It was a free gift from me to *Louisa*, in which your sensibility had no concern; and although it has, by marriage, come into your hands, your honour will induce you only to retain it as a trustee for herself and children. Did you know the person whom you now address; did you know how inconsiderable the sum in your hands is to my revenue, and, indeed, to my esteem; you would place yourself in my situation, and deem your present offer an affront, which I feel so keenly, that I can only pardon it on two conditions; one of which is, that you promise never to repeat it, and the other your acceptance of this ring, as a token of remembrance, reconciliation, and friendship."

There was in the tone and manner of *Mahomet*, in the energy with which he spoke, something which awed and astonished *Othbert*: he alternately cast his eye upon some papers which he held in his hand, and at the *Sultan*; he struggled a few minutes with his emotions, and then burst into tears; at the same time saying,

"Oh, sir! your influence is irresistible. Behold in me an instance of honest, permit me to say, of laudable pride; overpowered by the most exalted liberality, if I accede to your conditions, I shall, to my own eyes, appear mean, and, I fear, to yours."

"Never!" returned *Mahomet*: "the firmest cement of friendship is, what you are pleased to term liberality on the one part, and silent acquiescence on the other: therefore, let me hear no more of these high-flown observations."

"Sure gratitude," said *Othbert*—

"Again!" replied *Mahomet*, embracing him while he placed the ring on his finger. "Let this," he continued, "remain as a token of our friendship. Let this, through life, be remembered by you as the only obligation that you owe to me, and all others, from this moment, be forgotten."

The appearance of *Louisa* put an end to the conflict of sensibility which operated in the minds of both parties—She, soon after she had paid her respects to *Mahomet*, retired with *Othbert*; while the former, in order to recover that serenity of mind which the agitation of the late scene had in some degree interrupted, made a tour of the environs of the city, and indulged himself in the contemplation of the vast variety of characters that were continually passing and repassing; a pursuit which had ever been a source of amusement to him.

This kind of study, this view of human nature through all its various branches, of pleasure, of business, of relaxation, and even of devotion, had peculiar attractions to the mind of the *Sultan*, inasmuch as he was brought nearer to the people, and could observe their passions unrepressed; their pursuits unrestrained; and the whole system of existence operating, as it appeared to him, without the control of *etiquette* or the disguise of art. Whether he was exactly right with respect to his idea of the unbiassed propension of the people in public, it is useless to inquire: he had taken mankind in the gross, and had considered their habits as different as the different places in which they appeared, whether at *court*, on the *exchange*, in their *professional duties*, in their *domestic circles*, or in their *churches*. The former of these situations was properly his sphere; yet he still lamented his unsought, indeed his forced, introduction to the *Minister*; as the explanation which ensued obliged him, from motives both of policy and politeness, to be more regular in his appearance at the *palace*, and at the official *levee*, than he would otherwise have been; for although fostered in the bosom of grandeur, and from his birth destined to fill the most important and elevated station of the *European* and *Asian* worlds, yet he was far from considering the observations which he was enabled to make within the verge of *courts*, however ample, as the most useful. He had seen many of those *central systems*; he had studied the characters which formed those *brilliant assemblages*, those *ornamental groupes*, of the *human species*; and he could not help remarking, that, however different in the *minutiæ* of their actions, they all, by various paths, were engaged in the same *pursuit*, and that there was as great a similarity in their *motives* and *desires* as in the *means* which they took to accelerate and accomplish them.

The *Imperial eagle* had, it was figuratively said, with its sable wings obscured the brilliancy of the *Ottoman Crescent*: the humours of the people, elate with victory, were still afloat; and, although the *Germans* are a grave nation, it was not in nature possible for them to withhold their exultation, which became apparent in every rank, and was particularly obvious in the higher circles of society.

As no court in *Europe* was more jealous of its state, more observant of forms, or more attached to solemn grandeur and superfluous ceremony than that of *Vienna*, he treasured in his mind those remarks which the interior view he had taken enabled him to make. He, therefore, in a very short time discovered, that the principal object which pervaded the general system, an object visible in every countenance, from that of the *prime minister* to that of *the porter*, was to impress upon their beholders and applicants a most elevated idea of local consequence. Their behaviour frequently extorted the smiles of the *Sultan*. "What machines," said he to himself, "doth pride make of mankind; how sedulous, yet how ridiculous, is it in its endeavours to attract attention; how sullen and repulsive when those endeavours are fruitless, when its aims are disappointed; and how agitated are the sufferers when that passion, that propension, or, rather, that *whim*, of the human mind is repressed by superior power, or awed by superior talents; yet still it is ever the concomitant of ambition: sometimes it operates as its *source*; sometimes, indeed more frequently, as its *punishment*; for there is, certainly, no situation over which the people do, and may, more honestly triumph, than that of an arrogant man falling a sacrifice to his own arts, and entangled in the labyrinth of his OWN MACHINATIONS.

(*To be continued.*)

ESSAYS,

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND MORAL.

No. XXIV.

Solon sapienter fecisse dicitur, cum de eo nihil sanxerit, quod antea commissum non erat; ne, non tam prohibere, quam admonere, videretur.—Cic. pro Ros. Amer. p. 70.

CICERO observes, that *Athens*, while an independent state, was allowed to excel in the arts of civil government; and that *Solon*, the wisest of her citizens, was compiler of those laws which operated even in the time of the Roman orator. When that philosopher was asked, Why he had enacted no punishment for a man who should kill his father? he replied, "*That to make laws against, and ordain punishments for, a crime that had never been known or heard of, was the way to introduce it, rather than to prevent it.*" "How much wiser" (says *Cicero*) "were *our* ancestors: sensible that nothing was so sacred as to be for ever proof against violation, they devised a punishment peculiar to the crime, and sufficient, by its severity, to deter from its commission those who were insensible to the powerful checks of nature: they ordered the criminal to be sewed up alive in a sack, and thrown into the river."

We have introduced this strong instance of the difference of opinion betwixt two men as eminent for the *philosophy* of *nature* and of *law* as for *polity* and *practice*, in order to shew the operation of time upon intellect, or, in other words, the improvement in the knowledge of human actions, which *wisdom* derives from *experience*. Had *Solon* and *Cicero* lived in the same age and country; had they associated with the same people; there is scarcely any doubt but that they would have been of the same opinion: but *four centuries* having elapsed betwixt the periods of the existence of these great men, it appears, that not only the condition of their countries had changed, but also the condition of the world. In the simplicity of manners, and strength of morals, that pervaded the early ages of *Greece*, crimes were few; and from the contracted population of *Athens*, at those periods in particular, the people lived, as it were, within the very focus of observation. Far different in the time of *Cicero* was the situation of *Rome*, then the metropolis of an empire which, as an English poet* has hyperbolically said, comprehended

"*All* under heaven;"

but which actually did embrace the far greater part of the known world. In this empire, as population had increased, as conquest had produced opulence, and opulence luxury, crimes unknown in the sober ages of the *Grecian* states arose, and spread, until their growth and extent became so enormous, that repression was absolutely necessary: severe

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* Addison.

laws were, therefore, enacted; and, while order and good government existed, in many instances, where cases of great turpitude required it, strictly enforced: but it was a rule in *Roman*, as it ever has been in *English*, jurisprudence, that all punishments were intended to be *exemplary*; and, when that end was effected, when instances of depravity seldom occurred, and were, in their defence, attended with circumstances that, either in motive or evidence, rendered criminality dubious, the judges interfered, and *Mercy* took the place of *Justice*. This mode of practice became the more obvious the nearer the *Romans* approached to *complete civilization*; and having passed the bourn of the *Augustan age*, receded with *literature* and the *arts*, as the people, with a progress, alas! too rapid, relapsed into a state of *barbarism*. The operation of *law* upon *society*, the history of *crimes* and *punishments* in the ancient world, connected with their general influence on the modern, are speculations so *curious*, and, we conceive, in their import so *useful*, that we shall take more than one opportunity to resume the subject.

MEGACLES AND AGARISTA;

OR,

THE YEAR OF PROBATION.

In the age of *Solon*, indeed soon after this "divine legislator" had returned from his voluntary banishment of ten years, he found that his *laws* had not had the good effect which he wished, but that the whole country was in trouble, and the whole people in a state of commotion. It required the exercise of very little political sagacity in the sage to discover that *party*, the bane of *principle* and of *peace*, had, during his absence, operated to a most violent degree.

"From what cause," said *Solon* to *Anacharsis*, "can all this confusion have arisen?"

"For a man that has lately arrived from *Lydia*, the land of gold," replied *Anacharsis*, "this question appears to me extremely simple. From what cause, as the desires and wants of the people have increased with their riches, have all the contentions of the world arisen, but from Avarice?"

"Avarice!" exclaimed *Solon*: "I left the *Athenians* poor, but satisfied with their condition."

"You did so, O sage!" returned *Anacharsis*; "and you find them unequally rich, and generally dissatisfied. Corruption has, indeed, crept into all the states of *Greece*: and those men that have had opportunities to avail themselves of the favours of fortune, who have neither, like you, had the firmness to resist the stimulations of *cupidity*, nor the discretion to use moderation in the exhibition of their *wealth*, are the *marks*, the *butts*, against which the shafts of *envy* and *malignity* are shot by their fellow-citizens."

"Can such depravity exist in the human mind?" said *Solon*.

"It can!" replied *Anacharsis*. "What I have stated is perfectly natural; *envy* pervades the whole country; but the man who is at this instant more particularly its object is *Megacles*."

"*Megacles!*" cried *Solon*: "What reason can the people have for levelling the shafts of envy at him?"

"Two, O *Solon!*" said *Anacharsis*: "his immense riches, and the beauty of his wife."

"*Covetousness* and *Lust!* you give me a very favourable picture of the *Grecians*. How did *Megacles* acquire his riches?"

"By doing what you refused to do—by accepting the presents of *Crœsus*."

"And how did he obtain his wife?"

"In a way so singular, that, although your gravity might well dispense with a love story, I am resolved to tell you."

"One of the best maxims in the severe code of *Draco*," said *Solon*, "is his recommendation of *brevity*."

"I understand your hint," continued *Anacharsis*, "and shall avail myself of it: but to my tale: you know that there was nothing that, in the establishment of your *laws*, you pursued with greater ardour, than the procuring that decree by which the giving portions with young women, unless they were *only daughters*, was abolished."

"A very necessary abolition, in my opinion," replied the sage.

"It may be so," continued *Anacharsis*: "however, *Clisthenes*, governor of *Sicyone*, thought differently; for although he had two daughters, he determined, even before the death of the younger, to make *Agarista* the greatest fortune in *Greece*."

"So!" returned *Solon*. "I suppose the young lady had plenty of lovers."

"She had, indeed, O sage!" said *Anacharsis*: "but as *Clisthenes* was resolved to part with his darling daughter and his darling money as prudently as

possible, he proposed that the youths who meant to become candidates for her hand, who wished to *lead her to the altar*, should have A YEAR OF PROBATION. He, therefore, invited all the young noblemen of *Greece* to visit him according to the terms of a twelvemonth's courtship, stipulated and promulgated; which, I must observe to you, although it had, in the *frivolity* of *modern times*, been neglected, was an ancient custom of the country. This invitation became, through *Greece*, the topic of conversation, and *thirteen youths*, in consequence, appeared at the court of *Clisthenes*. The palace, of course, shone with a brilliancy heretofore unseen in *Sicyone*, which, you know, is not only the most ancient kingdom of the *Peloponnesus*, but of the whole empire."

"I observe," cried *Solon*, "that I have quoted *Draco* the *severe* to little purpose; and am not to learn, that it is much easier to frame *laws* than to make the people obey them."

"I again understand you," returned *Anacharsis*, "and shall *abridge* accordingly. The *Corinthians* have never been deemed the most sprightly nation in *Greece*."

"Never!" said *Solon*; "their atmosphere is too humid; which leads me philosophically to observe"***

"And me," added *Anacharsis*, interrupting him, "to state, that you are upon the point of committing the crime that you have just reproved."

"Proceed!" said the sage, with a little acerbity.

"I will," returned *Anacharsis*. "Though the *Corinthians* are, generally speaking, *dull*, they were not so totally stupid as to be insensible to the gaiety that was going forward in their neighbourhood. Every day produced some new device; nothing was to be seen but exhibitions of splendor and of taste: races, games, military exercises, &c. ushered in and filled the space of the *morning*; *noon* was devoted to magnificent entertainments; and *gestic amusements* occupied the evenings."

"What a dissolute course of life!" exclaimed *Solon*. "Were there no hours dedicated to study and reflection."

"I shall," said *Anacharsis*, "come to those presently: let me first describe the person and dress of the lovely *Agarista*."

"You may," exclaimed *Solon*, "when I am gone, to the *statue* of *Pan* that stands opposite, if you please; but if you attempt it at present, I shall leave the place."

"By no means!" cried *Anacharsis*, "I will repress my *pictorial* flourishes, and, in the language of common sense, observe, that *Clisthenes* had no aversion to the pleasures of the table; he loved his glass *half* as well as he loved his daughter: of course, *bacchanalian orgies* sometimes prevailed. The young lady was disgusted with her lovers; and almost wished that *Chronos* had, like *Mercury*, wings on his feet as well as on his shoulders, so that he might fly with greater rapidity."

"Did *all* her lovers disgust the fair *Agarista*?"

"No!" continued *Anacharsis*. "*Megacles*, who really adored her, shrunk from the herd: he left their sports, avoided their entertainments, refused to join in their orgies, and either dedicated his time to rational studies, to the refinements of literature and the arts, or sought the solitude of the *grove*, to ponder upon those ideas that he had acquired in the *library*."

"Did he ponder alone?" asked *Solon*, with a half smile.

"He did not, O sage!" replied *Anacharsis*. "*Agarista*, from their first interview, was struck with the personal graces of *Megacles*: she possessed the same domestic habits, and the same love of literature, with himself; she became the companion of his studies, and of his walks; the splendor of her father's court faded before her eyes; the magnificence of their diurnal entertainments afforded her no satisfaction; the sprightly ball no longer charmed her; in fact, every day which discovered the frivolity of the pursuits of her other lovers, impressed upon her mind more strongly the talents and the virtues of *Megacles*. The year of probation expired; the suitors most anxiously attended in the great hall of the palace of Sicyone, to hear the decree of *Clisthenes*: he loved his daughter; she had already communicated to him her opinion of *Megacles*: in consequence of which, he decreed in his favour. The disappointed lovers, after expressing great dissatisfaction, departed: they have since still more openly shewed that they *envy* his happiness: but so exemplary has been the conduct of *Megacles*, so much is he beloved by the people, and so high in their estimation are the virtue and the beauty of *Agarista*, that the shafts of malignity have fallen pointless to the ground; and while his wife is admired

as the *ornament*, *Megacles* is hailed as the *friend* of his country."

"At this I do not wonder," said *Solon.*

"Why?" cried *Anacharsis.*

"Because," continued the Sage, "I EDUCATED HIM." J. M.

THE MELANGE.

No. XXVII.

THE ADVENTURES OF ALLITERATION.

A pill to purge the pride of Pagan pageants;
A lozenge for the lure of loitering love:
And balsams for the bites of Babel's beasts.
DAVENANT.

THERE is no *subject*, *seemingly*, so *stupid*, but that it may *be bettered by* an *attention* to an *accomplishment*, *adapted* to *all alphabetical arrangements*, *and attracting all adjectives*, *adverbs*, *allusions*, *aspiring arts*, *and allegorical assumptions.* This *subject*, *seriously speaking*, is, *according* to the *actual acknowledgment* of *all abcdarians*, whether *associated* or *abstracted*, *allowed* to be termed ALLITERATION; which, when *accomplished*, without any *adventitious allocation*, *blazons* a *style*, and *stimulates* a *bard* to *soar* to the *skies*, in *search* of *brilliances* and *beauties*. ALLITERATION, then, may be said to be the *parent* of *puns*, the *weapon* of *wit*, and the *stimulus* of *sentences*; it is *sometimes* to be *seen* in the *sapient sentiments* of *senators*, as they are *scriptorily selected.* It is *banished* from the BAR; but it is *practised* by *preachers*, and *proceeds* with *peculiar perduration* from *puritanical pulpits*; it enlivens the *dramatic* theme (or *dream*), and *dispels* that *ennui* which *elaborate exercitations* of *elocution perpetually produce*; it *triumphs* in *tragedy*, *chuckles* in *comedy*, *frolics* in *farce*, *obnubilates* the *optimacy* in the *oscitation* at an *opera*.

When CHORUS *grunts*, and EUNUCHS squeak,
In language understood *like Greek*;
Orestes kills old *Clytemnestra*,
While *shrieks* the stage, *groans* the *orchestra*,
In *notes* that BEASTS from *dens* would draw,
With *ut*, *re*, *mi*, and *fa*, *sol*, *la*:
Or else a *nymph* attir'd like *Venus*
Yells *hypo-proslambanomenos*;
Then runs the *gamut* in *gradation*,
Thro' A, B, C, *Alliteration*,
And causes tears around to flow,
From *Ah! Ah! Ah!* to *O, O, O.*

Sensible that *style* is the *close coat* which *covers* the *coruscations* of genius, and the *sentimental syringe* that *squirts* the *syllables*, till they *spangle* a page like *stars*, and, by a *congenial combination*, form a *syllabus*, *sometimes scientifically*, and *scholastically seeming* a *schedule* of *syllogisms*, which appear like the *Alps*, with snow-covered *apexes*, or like *beer* frothed at the *top* of the *tankard*, *muddy* in the *middle*, and *dark* if you *drink* to any *depth*. Sometimes *syllogisms* stand in rows like *glasses* of *syllabub*, inviting *speculators* to *sip*; *sometimes* they seem nests of boxes, being *enclosed* and *encircled* one within another, *or often nuciferous*, so that you may *crack* a considerable *number* without finding a *nucleus*: therefore we shall not *slightly skim* this subject, but, in defiance to *syncopistical dulness*, *dive* a little *deeper*.

STYLE, says the simile, was formerly, like the ORATOR of *old*, attired in a plain habit, such as the *ancients allegorized*, by *systematically stating*, that he *derived* his *dress* from *distant* ancestors. He used, said *divers declaimers*, now and then to *dust* his *doublet*, to *brush* his *beaver*, and to *comb* his *caxon*. He was as remarkable for the *decency* of his *demeanor* as for the *decorum* and *durability* of his *dress*. In an evil hour, it must be *observed*, this *old man*, who had hitherto spoken to be *understood*, was invited to a *conversatione* in a mixed *company* in a *polite part* of the *place*. These *people*, *collected* from *different districts* and *circumjacent countries*, *dissimilar* in their *dialects*, were, some of them, as *Diodorus Siculus* states of the *Trapobanians*, *double-tongued*, so that they *brought* to *bear* upon the same sentiments a *brace* of *languages* which *literally blandished blunders*, seemed *traps* for every *topic*, and *deluded* the *discovery* of *defects*.

These things charmed the *old Orator*, who, for his *plain speaking*, had been *designated* DEMOCHARES: his *discourse* had been his *mental mirror*; but if he was delighted with the *habituous hyperboles*, and the *fortuitous flourishes*, that *floated* around him, he was *particularly pleased* with those that so *pertinently proceeded* from the *pretty* lips of the nymph ALLITERATION. *Peculiar* were the *gratuitous graces* that *gleamed* from her *gynecocratic volubility*, whether *grave* or *gay*, and, as has been hinted, delivered *voluntarily vocal*. To this lovely *girl*, who was *dressed*, *dizened*, and *adorned* with an *adventitious assemblage* of ornaments, *ruffs*, *ribbons*, and *rings*, *baubles* that *beamed* with *brilliancy*, a *girdle* that *glittered* with *gems*, *slippers* that *shone* like *silver*, *purfled petticoats*, *feathers* that *floated fantastically* over

her *forehead, tresses* that *twined* around, and *broaches* that seemed to *blaze* on her *beautiful bosom*, old DEMOCHARES, *plain* as we have seen him, paid his addresses. At first the *nymph tittered* at the *thought* of so *uncommon* a *union*; but *reflecting* upon the subject, *recollecting* that he was *rich* and that she was *poor*, and, likewise, that, although he was *powerful*, as she was *pretty*, and had determined, in their *conjugal concatenation*, to have the *first letter* and the *last* word, she *condescended* to *consent*. Their nuptials were celebrated, as a female author* says, "with all the *magnificence* of the MOORS, and all the *splendor* of the SPANIARDS." Soon after this happy event, a sudden alteration took place in the *speech* of *Demochares*; he no longer expressed himself in that *plain style* which he erst had done to *King Philip*: but as he every day became *fonder* and *fonder* of *Alliteration*, he spent the greatest part of his *time* at her *toilet* or *tea-table*,† in the choice of *curious* verbal *combinations* and *conversational cadences*. From a *connexion* so *congenial* to the genius of both parties, it is *puerile* to state, that a numerous *progeny proceeded*, who becoming eminent *Abcdarians*, have, in their *progress*, *pressed*, as verbal *pursuivants*, all the *letters* of the *alphabet*. These they cause to *precede polysyllables* in *particular*, and to form *lines* the *forerunners* of which *are arrayed* in the same livery, *sing* the *same sounds*, and *combine* to *compose complete* harmony. This, as the greatest improvement in *diction* that has, in our language, ever occurred, we have thought proper thus fully to celebrate, in the hope that, besides yourself, *Mr. Editor*, it will attract many *periodical imitators*. M.

* Mrs. Haywood.

† "Tea, says *some Critic*, big with laughter,
Was found full *twenty* ages after.
Authors before they *write* should *read*."
PRIOR.

ANSWER *to the* LITERARY QUERY *of* N. S.‡

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

ON perusing the Literary Query of your Correspondent N. S. it immediately occurred to me, that the lines were from the humorous poem of "Hudibras." I examined my edition, which is, "Dr. Samuel Johnson's, Re-edited, with new Biographical and Critical Matter by J. Aikin, M.D." but could not find the lines alluded to. At length I consulted a literary friend, and lent him my edition; but he returned it, observing, "that notwithstanding the four lines were *not* in my edition of Hudibras, yet he was confident they were in no other poem." I must confess his observation surprised me; and several days elapsed before I had an opportunity of seeing him again, when he informed me he had found the lines in a book entitled, "The Pleasing Companion; or, Guide to Fame." I borrowed the book, and found there were only seven extracts from Hudibras; and upon comparing them with my edition, they varied considerably in many places; but the variations were not worth making any remarks upon. I shall content myself with giving you the four lines from my friend's extracts, and two lines from Dr. Aikin's edition.

"He who fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again."

I presume, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Aikin were of opinion, that the above lines (as there can be no doubt but they were acquainted with them) were not sufficiently *correct* for their editions of Hudibras; or why would they have altered and curtailed them? For my own part, I should prefer reading the above lines (which I make no doubt were copied from some of the old editions of Hudibras) to the following in Dr. Aikin's edition:—

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

The latter lines, notwithstanding they convey the same meaning, do not strike the ear so sensibly as the former. There appears a studied formality in the latter, while the former possesses the ease and simplicity of their original author; and I may venture to assert, that if Butler was now living, and publishing a new edition of "Hudibras," he would prefer the former four lines.

I hope the above observations will be sufficiently satisfactory to your Correspondent and numerous readers; and remain,

Yours,

Sept. 20th, 1810. T. S. S.

‡ See the Magazine for August, p. 133.

ORBIS;

OR,

THE WORLD IN THE MOON.

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

Dramatis Personæ.

IMMORTALS.

JUPITER.
MERCURY.
MOMUS.
DISK.
FIRST FORESTER.
SECOND FORESTER.
USHER, *and Officers of the Court.*
BALLOON COACHMAN.
ASPECT, *the Waiter.*
JUSTICE OVERDO, *&c.*

DIANA.
STELLA.
FIRST NYMPH.
SECOND NYMPH, *and Others.*

MORTALS.

LORD LASH.
ORATOR FAG.
FLIGHT, *a Poet.*

FELICIA.
JENNY, *her Chambermaid.*
LADY STATELY.
LADY ARTEMESIA NIOBE.
MISS SINGLE, &c. &c.

SCENE—*The Moon.*

Act I. Scene I.

Represents the view of a wild and romantic country. In the back ground appear most stupendous mountains, whose tops are enveloped in clouds, except where the apexes of three terminate in volcanos emitting smoke, and occasionally flames—Torrents of water rush from their base, and leafless trees are seen on their sides.

Enter DISK, *with a large burthen, composed of faggots and brushwood, at his back, followed by a dog.*

DISK *sings.*

'MIDST mountains and woods,
Volcanoes and floods,
In confusion all nature is hurl'd:
Trees stripp'd of their green,
Almost *naked* are seen,
Like *girls* in the *sublunar* world.
Yet wild as this prospect's, I don't care a rush.
Give me but my cottage, my dog, and my bush.

It is a pleasing reflection, that in this elevated region I can enjoy so many comforts; because it has been said, aye and very truly said, that to men in *high stations* the *planetary gods* have dealt comforts with very sparing hands. Therefore, although I, like other great men, am admired, and, perhaps, envied, by those, there is not one single mortal that cares sixpence whether I have a faggot to warm, a cottage to shelter, or a dog to follow me—so that I do but light them to their dinners, for I understand that they now prefer the mild radiance of *Luna* to the glare of *Apollo*: so that I attend upon them to, or from, taverns, assemblies, and other meetings, it is all that they are anxious about; and as for paying me for my labour, O Lord! they are not half so generous as the *beaux* of the last century used to be to their *link-boys.*

Sings.

While rolling in splendor, *Diana* the chaste
In her orbit was often offended
At scenes she discern'd not at all to her taste,
So she wish'd mortal manners were mended.
From theatric passage dark,
Oft she saw a *dashing* spark
Leading forth a *fluttering* miss,
Squeeze her hand, and sometimes kiss:
Shock'd at such an indecorum,
She would draw her clouds before 'em;
And veiling her brilliance, *Diana* the chaste
Would shrink from a scene not at all to her taste.
And veiling her brilliance, &c.

Lovely *Venus*, from her car,
Where she shone the *ev'ning star*,
Judging *mischief* might be done
While the *Moon* withdrew her beam,
Instant, she'd despatch her son;
Round resplendant torches gleam.
"My rites," cried the goddess, "shall not be disgrac'd
By the scrupulous notions of *Luna* the chaste."
A goddess, indeed! fie upon her!
So *Cupid* led the vagrant band;
In every street they took their stand,
And each, with ready link in hand,
Cried, "Light! Light! Light your honour!
O bless you! you're a noble donor;
I'll light the lady, and your honour.
O bless you, you're, &c."

This is the way in which matters are conducted below; here, every thing is managed in another manner. Our virgins and matrons are all chaste; and as for our men, they have no occasion to be valiant, because we never have any wars. Content and a cottage is our, or, rather, my maxim. I have got a cot-

tage which the astronomers below have *not yet* discovered; and although my neighbours, *Jupiter*, *Mars*, *Venus*, *Saturn*, and *Mercury*, have *fine houses*, I think, in possessing a snug habitation and my little *Stella*, I have great reason to be contented.

Enter STELLA.

Stella. Reason to be contented—so you have, for you are the admiration of millions; though if any one in our sphere has cause to be otherwise, it is I.

Disk. Why?

Stella. Because I am condemn'd, or, as the learned say, *fixed* to one spot—obliged to sit pining at home, while you are rambling abroad. Where the deuce can you have loiter'd so long?

Disk. I stayed no longer than till I had collected my diurnal bundle of brush wood.

Stella. Burn your bundle of brush wood!

Disk. It is intended to be burned.

Stella. But I mean in you *Volcano.* I declare that I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should with your morning's draught have got tipsey, have staggered against the *earth*, and so have formed *an eclipse*.

Disk. There was no danger of that; for although I passed the *sign* of the *Seven Stars*, I only observed a number of girls in the porch drinking water.

Stella. That's odd enough.

Disk. *Mars* was sitting on the bench at the door: he called after me as I passed; but as he is a soldier, I thought that I stood no chance in drinking with him.

Stella. Good!

Disk. So I came home to thee, my pretty *Stella*.

[*Chucks her under the chin.*

Stella. Now don't be foolish, and I'll tell you how I have employed myself in your absence.

Disk. *Mars* has not slipped by me, and been here, I hope, my little *Venus?*

Stella. Nonsense, no! I have been looking out of my window to observe what they were doing in the *Mundane* sphere, as old *Erebus*, who could not see an inch before his nose, used to call it.

Disk. Well! and what discoveries have you made?

Stella. None that have impressed on my mind many ideas in favour of its inhabitants.

Sings.

On the world's diurnal motion
Oft I've ponder'd with amaze,
As, by turns, or land or ocean
Courted each my eager gaze.
And oft have I pitied those different souls
Who broil'd at the tropics, or froze at the poles.
And oft have I pitied, &c.

Disk.

Reflecting the light
Of *Phœbus* the bright,
To the earth I convey
A nocturnal day,
Which gleams in the circle *Antarctic*.
Six months in the year
On one side I appear,
And the other six months cheer the *Arctic*.
So the influence of *Luna* is felt by those souls
Who broil at the tropics, or freeze at the poles.
So the influence of *Luna*, &c.

Stella.

As this wand'ring planet ranges,
We enjoy her monthly changes,
And pursuing *Earth's* rotation,
Dart her beams on every nation:
As with centripetal force
She performs her annual course,
Luna then her influence sheds
On the people's *tails* or *heads*.

Disk. It is certain that our goddess has, at times, a pretty strong hold of the passions of the people below.

Stella. Strong hold! yes, forsooth, I think she has. You observe the side of the globe that's now turned toward us, over which a bunch of *planets* hang like a bunch of *grapes*.

Disk. I do.

Stella. It seems but a topsy-turvy kind of a country: what do you call it?

Disk. *Ogyris.*

Stella. It is an *Island*, I observe.

Disk. An *antipodean island*: it stands in the *Arabian sea*, like a full grown *turtle* soused in the midst of an immense tureen of soup.

Stella Lard! that's a strange comparison.

Disk. Strange! Not at all: *turtle* is the surest bait for the *Ogyretæ*: they'll nibble a little at *venison*; take a bite at a *turbot*; and, indeed, may, at any time, be caught with *dainties*; for they love eating better than any thing.

Stella. Eating!

Disk. Yes! In other parts of the *East*, which are not so happy as *Arabia Felix*, one nation, that's now out *of tune*, used to be famous for danc-

ing; all affairs were conducted *per saltum.*

Stella. Lord! What's that?

Disk. Why in *capers*, to be sure! The *minister* was a most eminent *vaulter*: he could *jump higher* than any man in the kingdom, and once threatened to kick the *Moon* like a foot-ball: an arrogant——While in power, every one *danced* attendance upon him; his fashion was adopted, and they learned to *dance* after one another. The *nobles danced* to court; the *merchants* to the 'Change; and *soldiers* to the field of battle. The ladies *danced* to shops, to visits, and to church. In the adjacent peninsula, they were equally fond of singing: whether they prayed or scolded, courted or threatened vengeance, declared war or proclaimed peace, it was all done *by notes*: the *fiddle* was the regulator of all domestic affairs; therefore it was the business of the police to see that all was *in tune*: the *organ* was the grand instrument of government: and *church music* the universal passion.

Stella. This was curious. Were the *Ogyretæ* too governed *by notes.*

Disk. They were, and are; but these are of another kind: no one can *draw* any *music* from them, except he gets them upon *a bank.*

Stella. That's exactly like the shepherds of *Arabia the Blessed* in ancient times.

Disk. True! but let me proceed—In another country, drinking is the ruling passion; it is, therefore, called *Arabia the dry*, or *parched*; and, of course, *bumpers* are deemed the true *measures* not only of things in general, but of political opinions in particular.

Stella. Bumpers!

Disk. Aye, "potations pottle deep." In another country, GAIN was the tutelary saint; every thing was balanced in the scales of interest: they used to judge even of beauty *by weight*; therefore, my pretty *Stella*, you would not have been greatly esteemed amongst them.

Stella. I care not; perhaps I am better here: yet I should have a strong inclination to pass a little time with the *Ogyretæ*, if the thing were practicable.

Disk. Practicable! Why not? You know that *Jupiter* promised you a jaunt; *Apollo* offered to take you in his carriage; *Cupid* to ride postillion; *Mercury* to attend you as footman; *Saturn* to lend you his ring to make a figure with in the boxes; *Venus* to take you under her protection, as she does many ladies.

Stella. Aye, but *Diana.*

Disk. To be sure she did pout, and refused to be of the party; though, in her nocturnal rounds, I am sure she sees many strange things. Besides, after her flirtation with *Endymion*, she need not be so nice.

Stella. I think not. I should like to see *Ogyris* of all things. Describe the people to me.

Disk. Do what?

Stella. Describe, as I said, the *Ogyretæ.*

Disk. Good! Alas! you know not what you ask: paint a *cloud*, fix the *waves*, give permanence to a *current*, and stability to the evanescent coruscations of *lightning*, reduce the *aurora borealis* to order and regularity——

Stella. Lord, *Disk!* how you run on.

Disk. Yet I could sooner do any of these, than describe the ever-varying humours of the people to whom you allude. Generally speaking, they have the propensions of the nations I have mentioned; but then these do not arise from their passions, but *their whims*: they, without any desire of obtaining *gestic celebrity*, pretend to be as fond of *dancing* as the first; without any *harmonious impulse*, of *singing* as the second, especially if the words meander through the nose, gurgle in the throat, or are in a language which they do not understand; of *drinking* to toasts the sentiments of which they frequently disapprove, or to the healths of those whom they may wish on the other side the line, or at the bottom of the sea, as the third; and as for the love of gain, it is so predominant, that the *real object* of their passion will not satisfy a thousandth part of their cupidity, so that they are obliged to *create* its likeness on a kind of *transparency*, to be seen, like lottery lanthorns and lottery carts, in every street, or to distil its substance *into vapour*, brew it into *evaporation*, *dissolve* it *in water*, or boil it into *steam*: this they call *speculation.*

Stella. Speculation! Lord, how is this produced?

Disk. Often by the means of a *good dinner*. A GOOD DINNER is the best speculation in *Ogyris*. Does the minister wish *to carry a point*; he gives *a good dinner*. Do opposition desire to *puzzle the cause*, they settle matters after *a good dinner*. Do the people determine *to build an hospital*, they lay the founda-

tion upon *a good dinner*. *Election dinners* have been pretty well *cut up* by the Treating Act: but still the *Ogyrotæ* have *charity dinners*, *company dinners*, *trade dinners*, *parish dinners*, and, in short, all sorts of *dinners*: they frequently dine upon the *multiplication table*, which is now termed the *table* of *speculation*.

Stella. Could you not hint the absurdity of this to them?

Disk. I will, the next feast I attend in *Ogyris*: when the chairman knocks me down for a song, I'll give them this.

Sings.

In years of great plenty,
When good things are sent ye
Enough to suffice the whole nation;
If *Badgers* assemble,
They make people tremble,
Because they foresee *speculation*.

Monopoly's flight
Spreads round like a blight;
Its canker pervades every station.
Let patriots exclaim,
They'll quite miss their aim,
If they try to oppose *speculation*.

Stella. Well, I think if we were to speak to the *great* people here, we could, in some degree, influence the *little* folks below.

Disk. So we could, but let me tell you, my dear *Stella!* that would, if we reduced them to reason, be the worst speculation in which we could engage. So get me my breakfast.

Let's *eat* like the *Ogyrian* nation,
For that's *the end* of *speculation*.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Over a wild heath is displayed a mountainous country in the distance: a concert of French horns.

Enter Two Foresters.

First Forester. We have had but an uphill sort of a chase. When the stag took to the *waters*, which are, I believe, called *Maculæ* by our friends below, it was high time to leave him.

Second Forester. Our *Goddess* does not appear to be of the same opinion: she and her *Nymphs* seem resolved to keep up the spirit of the chase, and to be in at the death.

First Forester. Yes! She and her young ladies are *unmarried*, so that it is all the same to them; but as we have wives and families——

Second Forester. They ought to claim our regard.

First Forester. So they ought! This is what old *Ptolemy* used to say to me. "*Peter Planet*," says he, "take care of *number one*; that means, yourself and *descendants*."

Second Forester. So did *Merlin* and *Lily*, *Sam Forman* and *Dr. Dee*. "Imitate us, *David Destiny*:" they have often said. "Never mind other people's *fortunes*, but take care of *your own*."

First Forester. These are the honestest fellows and the best neighbours we could have had. I think, as they had been so serviceable to *the Moon*, it was quite right to give them *houses* near it.

Second Forester. The *new* buildings in *Horoscope-place* are, besides, a great ornament to the old city, as they have pulled down part of our *Lunatic Mansion*, where ***

First Forester. Hush, you silly dog! (*putting his hand before his companion's mouth.*) If you bawl so, and are heard by some *improver* below, he'll cock his glass at our new erections, and, if he discovers that they are either *useful* or *ornamental*, get an act to dilapidate them.

Second Forester. Mum! I'll be as silent as *Saturn* when he is smoking his evening pipe. But still, I say, the *astrologers* were the best friends we ever had. Every thing lost on earth was sent up here.

First Forester. Correct your expression, friend *Destiny*—not every thing, but a great many. This makes our treasury so rich: the *Bank of Venice* is nothing to it.

Second Forester. I don't know what the *bank of Venus* may be; but I believe the *bank of Diana*, if we consider how scarce the *circulating medium* of our goddess is——

[*Horns sound without.*

First Forester. Hush! she approaches.

Scene III.

Enter Diana, *as from the chase, attired in green; armed with a bow and quiver, and attended by her Nymphs. Flourish of French horns, &c.*

Diana sings.

Thro' flickering clouds, as orient Morn
Oft her rosy tint displays,
We cheer her with the echoing horn,
When her beams dispel the haze.
[*Flourish of horns, &c.*]
Hark! the soul-cheering horns,
How enlivening their sounds,
When the caverns reverb'rate
The notes of the hounds.

The stag led the way,
All nature look'd gay,
While we follow'd the chase
To the noon of the day.

CHORUS.

The stag led the way,
All nature look'd gay,
While we follow'd the chase
To the noon of the day.

O'er yon heath with furze embrown'd,
And adown the rocky steep,
Bay'd by each pursuing hound,
Swift he took the current deep.
Our horses and dogs
Stemm'd the turbulent tide;
And dashing the surge,
Gain'd the opposite side.
Now from wood, hills, and vallies,
Sweet echoes arise,
A concord of clamour
And musical cries.
When bursting the copse,
A moment he stops,
And with antlers his foes he defies;
On all sides surrounded,
His progress was bounded,
'Till in tears he at last clos'd his eyes.

CHORUS.

When bursting the copse,
A moment he stops,
And with antlers his foes he defies;
On all sides surrounded,
His progress was bounded,
'Till in tears he at last clos'd his eyes.

Diana. We have had an arduous chase; and the recollection of the perils that we have escaped is a pleasing circumstance.

First Nymph. So it is; though we are not much obliged to our *Foresters* for their assistance.

First Forester. Now I think you are; for we followed the hounds down precipices where none but an *Ogyretian* or a *lunatic*, like ourselves, would have ventured.

Second Forester. Consider, we are but *Demi-celestials*, therefore our necks are not insured.

First Nymph. Your necks, *David*, would, I think, be an insurance *trebly hazardous*.

Second Forester. Perhaps not: however, before we have another chase, I am resolved to try some of the offices below: they say that they will insure *any thing*.

First Forester. How will you get at them?

Second Forester. Pugh! easy enough! Many of them are kept *by birds*: therefore I could give any of those *a call* as they range the sky; pay *my premium* and *my duty*: and tell any one to bring my *policy* in his *next flight*.

First Nymph. Ah, *David!* you are no *Solomon*. You are now talking about what you do not understand. Listen to me.

Second Forester. That I am obliged to do very often.

First Nymph. So much the better for you.

Sings.

When icicles hang round a cottage below,
And trees gleam with crystals of hoar;
When the fields and the forests are cover'd with snow,
And streams from the rocks fall no more;
When the beams of *Apollo* are shorn by the haze,
And darkness seems struggling with light;
We frequent observe, as thro' ether we gaze,
A flock of *wild geese* in their flight.

A regular squadron, they float thro' the sky,
While their cackling expresses their joy;
They ne'er dream the *gander*, who foremost doth fly,
Is leading them to *a decoy*.

I could sing, or speak, in plainer terms, but I should not like to give offence to *Mercury*.

Second Nymph. Lord, sister! do not set him a talking; for *Jupiter* only knows when he will stop, if you do—He is the god of eloquence.

First Nymph. I know that well enough: they are now erecting a temple to him in *Ogyris*, where no arguments are to be used but what may be termed MALLEOLUS; the little hammer and the *great tongue* are to be *fully employed*: the latter is to *flourish*, the former to *beat time*: or, in other words, the ORATOR is to talk you out of your senses, and then give you *a rap* which will bring you to them again, if any thing will.

Diana. The power of *rhetoric* is great.

First Nymph. It is every thing below: If *a member* can but *open* his *mouth* properly within doors, and *shut* those of the *rabble without*, he may do any thing: this is what *Mercury* teaches.

Diana. But how?

First Nymph. How! in the easiest manner possible— first——but he's here to tell you himself.

Diana. Is he? then I will retire, for two reasons: first, I have appointed to meet my *milliner*, and the *jeweller* that has new set my brilliant crescent: secondly, his GODSHIP, the last time I saw him, mentioned something about the *naked truth*—*Naked* is an abomina-

ble word, and certainly should never offend the ears of the Goddess of Chastity. [*Exeunt* Diana *and her train.*

Scene IV.

Enter Jupiter *and* Mercury.

Jupiter. A beautiful creature, you say?

Mercury. The loveliest girl that the most enraptured, the most poetical fancy could have any idea of; and, I believe, strictly virtuous.

Jupiter. Good! If she is so strictly virtuous, how the deuce came you acquainted with her?

Mercury. By the merest accident in life. You know that I occasionally take a frisk in the world below, where the humours and absurdities of mankind afford me amusement; and, of all places upon earth, that which I most delight in is the island of *Ogyris*.

Jupiter. I must confess that you might be worse employed. I have myself, in former times, found amusement in the metropolis of that island.

Mercury. Amusement! Infinite! I consider the people as a nation of humourists, and take prodigious delight in accommodating myself to their different ideas and characters.

Jupiter. I know that your mind is as ductile as your person, and that I have endowed you with the plastic property of assuming what shape you please.

Mercury. For which power I humbly thank the donor. All my faculties have been, and shall be, employed in your service.

Jupiter. Well, truce with your acknowledgments, and to business. This girl, you say, is extremely beautiful.

Mercury. Beautiful! how shall I give you an idea of her? To compare her with *Venus*, were trite; with *Hebe*, rustic; with *Iris*, fantastical; with *Pallas*, formal; with *Diana*, prudish: therefore, what shall I say, but that she has a small trait of all the former goddesses, and a large one of the latter.

Jupiter. What is her name?

Mercury. *Felicia.*

Jupiter. How came you acquainted with her?

Mercury. Endowed with the faculty of assuming different characters, I delight to exert it. I am, therefore, to be seen in the capital alluded to, one morning, in the character of *Zabulon*, the Jew—"Wellsh, Mishter *Bremium*, fatt do you shay *do dat Omnium*? de *trees* are a *shade* besser as gesterday." "No! No! Master Zab! I'll have no more to do with you—you're too deep for me—you and your friend *Nathan* played me a fine trick in *the fives*—made me stand as middle man, and so *cut* me on both sides."—"Dot was cood!"—"The devil it was; I'll take care how I touch such *good things* in future."—I then change my form—go to the Hall—nod at the *Giants* as I pass—it is proper to have friends every where—*bad examples* may induce them once more to *scale Heaven*—mount the *hustings*—harangue about *liberty* and *property*—teach the people at the other end of the town *their duty*—*measure* the conduct of their *generals*—consider the *patterns* of administration in all their *various colours*—endeavour to collect the *remnants* of party, and roll *them together* to make *patch-work*. I then slip into *a robe*—clap *a wig* upon my nob—whirl into the west—and appear in court.

Jupiter. What court?

Mercury. Why a court of law, to be sure.

Jupiter. What do you do with your *pedal wings* and your *caduceus?*

Mercury. Genius is said to enter at *the feet*: I keep the wings to assist her in her ascent. The *caduceus* is an instrument of eloquence: I untwist the *serpents* and roll them in my brief—of their effect, *ex gratia*—"*He*, hem—My *Lord* and *Gentlemen* of the Jury—he, hem—Of all the subjects upon earth, my learned friend could not, unless he had searched among the slaves on the *Continent*, have found one so unpopular as that which he has chosen most *incontinently* to flourish upon—he, hem—I do not know whether your lordship has ever read *Fingal*—or what's his name's voyage to *Lapland*—or have much attended to that suavity of manners which the sailors acquire by a *whale-fishing* party to *Spitzbergen*. The *northern nations* of old times were not famous for *their politeness*. How far this applies to *the country* of my learned friend, I do not know—He is not very *far north*—indeed, he sometimes plucks a *western flower*—therefore I am inclined to excuse a little lapse; though he stated most rudely, that my client—a lady in the bloom of youth—he, hem—sporting under the influence and in the bowers of the *loves* and *graces*—is an *old woman*—he, hem—I see, Gemmen, you are shocked at the coarseness of the epithet—*an old woman*—I ob-

served that his *lordship* was struck when the words escaped my learned friend — but—he, he, hem—I shall prove to the satisfaction of you all, that my client is no more an *old woman* than my learned friend—Yet this is not the worst: had he stopped at the *old woman*, he would have shewn some *modesty*—but no—he goes on, and says, she is not only an *old woman*, but an *old maid*. Here, I fear, the comparison which I have ventured must cease; for I—he, hem—shall not pretend to judge of the *virtue* of my learned friend—brought up in an inn of court"——" But, Brother *Circuit*, do you think that this is quite relevant to the question?"—" Quite, my Lord!—he, hem—I shall *come round* presently—where was I?—he, hem—"

Jupiter. The Hall, as you call it, seems to be your peculiar element: the God of Eloquence must there reign lord paramount.

Mercury. Aye! but there are situations in which I have found myself more at home.

Jupiter. Where were those?

Mercury. In the metropolis—the market-towns, and the village-fairs, of the *Island of Ogyris*.

Sings.

To counteract a morbid rage,
Behold me mounted on a stage,
With *Momus* for my man.
While he in patch'd coat makes grimaces,
In sable suit, to laughing faces,
I thus unfold my plan.

Adjusting my tye,
Like *Stentor* I cry,
" These patents I scarce need produce;
My fame has been hurl'd
To all parts of the world,
But *modesty*—pleads my excuse.

Are any here, whose pallid cheeks
In language, *known* to *sages*, speaks
A host of foes within?
From which, alas! the damask rose
Has flown, and settled in the nose,
While *rubies* stain the skin.

This *crystal drop* of life the charm is,
Distill'd for all by *Doctor Hermes*:
Depend upon his skill:
Here's *powders* that make fevers fly;
Water that clears the clouded eye;
But here's my *lunar pill*.

Take only this, and, while you've breath,
You may defy the *dart of death*:
Then quaff this *draught dietic*.
To lure the loves and graces back,
My female friends, perchance, may lack
This *vial* of *cosmetic*.

This glass I call th' *enlivening potion*;
This holds my *beautifying lotion*:
These things the quacks, odd rot 'um,
Have often tried to imitate,
But foil'd, exclaim'd, with shaking pate,
'There's *Mercury* at bottom.'

I see around me not a few
Who've caught their smiles from *Naples' dew*,
Or *cream* of my *composing*:
While yonder beauteous lady loves
To bleach her hands with *chicken gloves*,
Or *unguents*, while she's dozing.

However, let your youth beware,
Lest they are caught in *medic* snare,
By swallowing, when *solus*,
Vile *nostrums* not compos'd by me,
But sold, alas! for trifling fee,
In shape of *pill* or *bolus*.

Then come in a trice,
And ask my advice;
Of cases I've here a collection.
Let city, town, county,
Bestow but their bounty,
I'll *purge* them all 'gainst *next election*."

Jupiter. This situation must have introduced you to adventures innumerable.

Mercury. Oh, changes of scene incalculable; but, although entertaining, it was not without its inconvenience.

Jupiter. How so?

Mercury. I was rather ill-used by the faculty, especially those that may be termed the *light-armed*, perhaps I should say *light-fingered troops*, the *black rangers*, or *freebooters, fellows* that were no *fellows*, that *volunteered* themselves for the sake of plunder, that had *no license* to operate.

Jupiter. What did they do to you?

Mercury. Threw various disguises over me; concealed my name; were as much ashamed of owning their connexion with me as their patients; nay, they went further, for they frequently committed *perjury* upon my account.

Jupiter. Indeed!

Mercury. Yes! they frequently swore, and published their affidavits in the daily papers, that they never had, in their lives, the smallest acquaintance with *Mercury*; when I do assure you, upon my honour, that not one single *nostrum* was uttered by them, but what I was concerned in.

Jupiter. This was barbarous usage.

Mercury. Abominable! I should have resented it, but that there was another branch of my practice which the *quacks*——

Jupiter. *Quacks!*

Mercury. Yes! When a man only *dabbles* in physic, yet makes a *great noise* and *splashing*, we call him a *quack:* but, as I was observing, there was another branch of my practice which the *quacks* exceedingly promoted.

Jupiter. What was this?

Mercury. Why, you know that I am gentleman-usher to the dead.

Jupiter. Oh! I conceive—I'll do you here, if you'll do me there.

Mercury. Right! as I *secretly* assisted them in *one branch,* they *silently* gave me a lift in another.

Jupiter. This was friendly.

Mercury. Professional men, when their *interests* do not clash, ought to be *liberal* to each other. Did I ever recite to you the dialogue that passed below, betwixt *Dr. Rock, Dr. Franks, Charon* the boatman, and *Old Roome* the undertaker.

Jupiter. Never.

Mercury. Roome was going to the *Black House* on the bank of Styx, to smoke his afternoon pipe, as he was wont, and he meets ****.

Jupiter. Oh, you loquacious rascal! wave your dialogue, and recite your own adventures.

Mercury. Ah! you are like many great men, have no more idea of *wit* and *humour* than—but I say nothing. I could have imitated the four interlocutors to the life, or, rather, have drawn them *after the life.* However, my next profession was not only the most amusing, but the most profitable of any—a shower of specie seemed to roll over me—as erst, you know, father, it did over the girl which you had in the garret.

Jupiter. Hush, you long tongued dog!—In good time, indeed!—You must be blabbing—But what profession was that to which you allude?

Mercury. A CONJURER.

Jupiter. A what?

Mercury. A *conjurer.*

Jupiter. I have many times *suspected* you, but never for being *a conjurer.* What put this idea into your head.

Mercury. My friends the *astrologers* above, by reciting to me their various adventures below; therefore, in imitation of them, I descended to *Ogyris*; assumed the form of *a sage,* whose mental faculties were a *little retrograde;* took lodgings near the principal prison; and was visited by all the world.

Jupiter. Then I find you dwindled into a mere *fortune-teller.*

Mercury. Certainly! and although I was not the *only* fortune-teller in the place, yet there is no concealing that I might have been deemed a *rogue* and *vagabond*—however, I had better luck.

Jupiter. I do not ask you to discover secrets.

Mercury. If you did, you would be never the wiser; for, in fact, I had none to discover. The two great branches of my professional profits were *lovers* and *stolen goods.*

Jupiter. In the former branch, I am convinced of your genius; with respect to the latter, I am afraid you were a bit of *a fence.*

Mercury. Not much of that, for I recommended all my applicants to *the Moon.*

Jupiter. *The Moon!*

Mercury. Yes! they were half lunatic before they came to me. So I took advantage of a tradition, which says, that every thing which is lost on earth comes here.

Jupiter. Excellent!

Mercury. Pretty well! it was owing to this circumstance that I became acquainted with the lovely *Felicia.*

Jupiter. How?

Mercury. Have patience, and I'll tell you! This sweet girl, who, with the most brilliant talents, inherits the absurd superstition of her sex, came to me to inquire after the miniature picture of an officer, set round with diamonds, which had been stolen from her.

Jupiter. Probably by yourself.

Mercury. Indeed it was not: though if it were, I am not bound to criminate.

Jupiter. Proceed.

Mercury. I investigated the case; discovered that the jewel *was gone*; suggested, that probably the lover was in the same state; and broadly hinted, that they had flown to the *Moon.* Violently agitated, my lovely querist declared that she would follow them—So I immediately ascended to apprize your godship of her intention.

Jupiter. Which she will not carry into effect.

Mercury. Do not be too sure of that.

Sings.

When a nymph would pursue
A swain that's untrue,
She'll fly in an aerial balloon:
The fond jealous maid
Will follow a shade,
And ascend from the earth to the Moon.

Jupiter. What do you mean by a balloon?

Mercury. A new machine, which the coachmakers below have contrived to convey passengers up to us.

Jupiter. Then, perhaps, the beautiful girl that approaches may be a part of its lading.

Mercury. Girl! where? Oh, father *Jupiter*, and grandfather *Saturn*, 'tis she, 'tis the lovely nymph herself.

Jupiter. Nymph! what nymph?

Mercury. *Felicia.*

Jupiter. *Felicia!—Venus* had better hide her diminished rays—she will derive no advantage from a comparison with her—I never saw any celestial being half so lovely—let's stand apart and observe her—I am resolved to create her a *star* of the first order.

Mercury. I hope, at the same time, you'll make me a *knight* of the *garter;* and then, as it once happened below, we shall have some connexion.

Jupiter. Absurd!—However, as I hinted—let us retire, and observe this master-piece of nature.

Mercury, Yes! she is an *excellent piece*—strikingly beautiful—retire!—I should like to retire with her—however, here's a hill which seems as if formed for observation.

[*They ascend the hill; clouds descend before them.*

Scene V.

Enter Felicia.

Sings.

The sky was serene, the zephyrs play'd round,
As we flew on the wings of the wind;
We pass'd in an instant the equator's bound,
And soon left terrestrials behind.

Below, o'er the fields a brown carpet seem'd spread;
The ocean display'd a blue flood;
The rocks clad in white, wore green caps on each head;
And rivers seem'd currents of blood.

What changes did I next behold,
As thro' the clouds I pass'd;
'Midst silver, sanguine, purple, gold,
I've safe arriv'd at last.

We cross'd the arch of vivid blue;
Empyrean next appear'd in view;
Amidst the element'ry glow,
They scarce could direct the balloon;
'Till toss'd by the breeze, now high and now low,
They landed me safe on the Moon.

But here, oppress'd with toil and woe,
Alas! I know not where to go,
To find my love, heigh ho; heigh ho!
My lover's lost; return him soon;
I fear he changes like the *Moon.*
Alas! I know not where to go
To find my swain; heigh ho! heigh ho!

Mercury (peeping out of the clouds on one side). Father *Jupiter!*

Jupiter (peeping on the other side). Son *Mercury*, well!

Mercury. Did you ever hear any thing so enchanting as her voice?

Jupiter. No! nor see any thing so beautiful as her person; so hold down your head, or you will be discovered.

[*They recede.*

Felicia. Sure I heard the sound of voices—yet they seemed in the air—every thing in this country appears to me in a new character—I wish I had stayed upon *terra firma.*

Sings.

Alas! I know not where to go:
How chang'd the scene; heigh ho! heigh ho!

Scene VI.

Enter Stella.

Stella. This way, methinks, the wind conveyed to my ears accents far sweeter than the music of the spheres. O *Gemini!* What a lovely young lady! Where can she have come from?

Felicia. I have, I find, at last, been fortunate enough to attract some attention. This should, by her appearance, be a person of some consideration; and yet her white muslin dress, spangled with stars, is most unfashionably made. (*aside.*)

Stella. By the awkwardness of her few clothes, she seems quite a stranger on this *polite planet*—I'll speak to her, however (*aside*).——Fair lady! have you lately arrived?

Felicia. I have, lovely nymph!

Stella. Where did you come from?

Felicia. *Ogyris.*

Stella. Oh! that's the country *Disk* was speaking of, the people of which are said frequently to look up to us.—How did you come?

Felicia. In a *balloon.*

Stella. A pleasant mode of travelling; though I rather like to fly upon the wings of doves or peacocks.—How did you find the roads?

Felicia. Sufficiently smooth.

Stella. Had you many stops?

Felicia. Our conductor, like other coachmen, called at most of the public *houses*, or *inns*, by the way. I think he took up a *married man* at the Ram; roared at the Bull; left a *midwife*

at the TWINS; and set down an *old maid* who wanted to go *backward* at the CRAB; discharged a *soldier* at the LION; and a very pretty VIRGIN, who had been gleaning, at the next house—We did not stay at the BALANCE, because there was a meeting of *justices*, to consider whether a hussey that had had *three* children at a birth might not swear them to *three* different fathers.

Mercury (peeping). One to each.

Jupiter (peeping). Right! every man his bird.

Mercury. I should like to have heard their worship's determination.

Jupiter. Hush! [*They recede.*

Felicia. The *landlord* at the sign of the SCORPION was railing at the times, and wishing that all the people, except his customers, would *reform*—The Toxopholite Society were shooting for a silver cup at the ARCHER—An *old sinner* mounted to the first floor of the GOAT, and wanted to kiss me; so I got away as fast as I could—A WATERMAN, who stood at the door of the next *house*, told us it would be a *rainy* evening; so we redoubled our speed, and arrived at the FISH, just in time to partake of an excellent brace of *stewed carp*.

Stella. Upon my word! You have had quite an astronomical journey—I find that your conductor called at every *sign* in the *Zodiac*.

Felicia. That he did; and so he would if there had been a hundred more. I could scarce keep him from the Constellations. He complained of thirst as he passed the DRAGON; growled when we urged him not to stop either at the great or little BEAR. I believe they set the *dogs* at us, for they barked to some tune.

Stella. Ha! ha! ha! you have suffered a deal of fatigue. Will you now inform me for what purpose you took this journey?

Felicia. Certainly! you may assist me in my search.

Stella. Search! Why, have you lost any thing?

Felicia. I have lost two things.

Stella. Two things! what are those?

Felicia. I have lost *my heart*.

Stella. Good!

Felicia. And a *miniature picture* set round with brilliants.

Stella. Bad! and, pray, which do you value most.

Felicia. The picture was a very pretty ornament.

Stella. Doubtless!

Felicia. But the reality, *Captain Woodville*, a far greater. I should like both; but if I was obliged to part with one: hang it! let the picture go.

Sings.

A picture may deck
A beautiful neck,
And display to the mind joys ideal:
But what are the joys
Drawn from trinkets and toys?
The bliss of a lover is real.

Then why should a maid
Grasp in fancy a shade,
And dote on the rays of a jewel:
A lover, too, glitters;
He sighs, while she twitters,
'Till she can no longer be cruel.

Yet I hope to find both here.

Stella. Here!

Felicia. Yes! for I understand that every thing which is lost on earth ascends: therefore, if you will inform me how I shall proceed in my search——

Stella. This will demand some consideration. I know that *Diana* has the charge of a great number of *concealed articles;* but how to come at a sight of them——

Felicia. I'll apply to her myself.

Stella. Perhaps that will be the best course you can pursue. In the mean time, if you will favour me with your company at my cottage, we will consider the subject more accurately.

Sings.

When frolic the lads and the lasses at fairs,
They frequently find, to their cost,
That *Cupid* spreads round his invisible snares,
And *virtue* too often is lost.

At town the smart couples assembled from far,
In pleasure's gay vortex are tost,
'Till reason with passion no longer can jar,
So, sometimes, *discretion* is lost.

The beautiful girl who too freely displays,
And will not by parents be crost,
May find, when too late, herself caught in a maze
Where *virtue* and *honour* are lost.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

MERCURY *and* JUPITER *descend from the clouds.*

Jupiter. Sure there never was any nymph so divinely fair, so enchantingly lovely, as this little syren.

Mercury. Yes! she sings as if she belonged to the *Opera*.

Jupiter. Opera! what is that?

Mercury. Why, it is a spectacle in which, during the *lunar season*, the *Ogyretæ* delight. In this exotic amusement, passions, affections, sense, and even language, are sacrificed *to sound.*

Jupiter. That must be pleasant.

Mercury. Yes: the actors and actresses, like fabled swans, sing even in the hour of death: they make love, they make war, they make peace, *to notes:* and when they have made *notes* enough to buy a principality abroad, they make their bows and curtsies, and take them for their pains.

Jupiter. Well, this is nothing to *Felicia!* wild as a wood-lark, and ten times more beautiful than *Venus*, or *Danae*, or *Europa*, or *Io*, or——

Mercury. Hush!

Jupiter. What now?

Mercury. Nothing! I only thought that the goddess of the *golden pippin* was at my elbow, and *Juno* at yours.

Jupiter. I don't care who's at your elbow, or mine either: I swear by my *Ægis*, by *Styx*, by the *beard of Saturn*——

Mercury. Which the terrestrials call *a comet.*

Jupiter. That I love, and will possess, *Felicia.*

Mercury. You must first ask my leave.

Jupiter. Your leave! Son! Slave! Dog! Minister of my pleasures!

Mercury. Yes, my leave! Father! Master! Treasurer to my extravagance!

Jupiter. Rascal! more impudent than an *Ogyretian* footman!

Mercury. Godhead! not much wiser than an *Ogyretian* constable!

Jupiter. Scoundrel! I insist upon your carrying the *caduceus* before me to the chamber of *Felicia!*

Mercury. You do!

Jupiter. I do, or ***

Mercury. What will you give me?

Jupiter. Oh! now I begin to understand you!

Mercury. In good time! though, as I hinted, if you had had half the wit of a *constable;* and, by-the-bye, I have formerly known a *constable* carry a *caduceus* instead of a *staff:* however, if you had half the genius necessary to qualify you for such an office, you would have understood me before. Do you think that the *God of Traffic* will risk his immortality *gratis?*

Jupiter. These kinds of demands, *Mr. Mercury*, are urged too often. What have you done with all the money and jewels of which you cheated *Cupid* at play.

Mercury. I spent the one, and made presents of the other.

Jupiter. Then you stole the *cestus* of *Venus.*

Mercury. That I presented to a girl in the new buildings, and she has had an abundance of customers ever since.

Jupiter. Well, I find fate has decreed that I should constantly administer to your extravagance. Here. (*Takes a large bag from under his robe, and gives it to him*)—But be more careful in future.

Mercury. I will, with this, endeavour to purchase a little prudence. (*Takes the bag*) It is a most animating burthen; the weightier its contents, the quicker their circulation.

Sings.

I frequently laugh when I look down below,
 Where fools take for better or worse:
They call this *pure love;* but we very well know
 'Tis only the *love of the purse.*

The suitor who bows to the *magistrate* grave
 Internally grumbles a curse;
While the *courtier* polite thinks his suppliant a knave,
 That has form'd a design on *his purse.*

The *beautiful belle* cries, with languishing air,
 "Lard, sir! you behave worse and worse:"
Yet the cloud on the brows of this petulant fair
 Recede at the sight of a purse.

The *tradesman* so smooth, how he simpers and smiles
 The moment he sees you disburse:
He opens his stock to expand his new toils,
 And make fresh attempts on your purse.

The *sage*, too, who practises *Mercury's* trade,
 I deem neither better nor worse:
Tho' danger oft threatens, he cries, who's afraid,
 And brings you *a nymph* for *a purse.*

Jupiter. This is exactly what I wish you to do for me; therefore set about it directly.

Mercury. That I will, unquestionably.

Sings.

"Money," as they say below,
Makes the lazy mare to go:"
So its influence in the sky
Makes the fiery coursers fly.
If a lovely nymph is cold,
Warm her with a shower of gold.
Gold, tho' drawn from mines terrestrial,
May be deem'd a power celestial.

But although you are infinitely my superior, you must march under my banner.

Jupiter. Explain.

Mercury. You must assume a character that I have quitted.

Jupiter. A character that you have quitted must be a most honourable assumption.

Mercury. A man, or a god, in love must not be delicate: take, therefore, the form of *Captain Woodville*, and leave the rest to me.

[*A noise without of talking, singing, and scolding.*

Jupiter. Hey-day! the *Lunar World* seems to be in an uproar.——What's the matter now?

Enter Disk.

Disk. Your imperial godship may well ask this question, which I am happy to have it in my power to answer—hem!—In consequence of its having been noised in *Ogyris*, that every thing lost on earth ascended to the Moon, we have visitors in abundance.

Mercury. For what purpose?

Disk. To claim property which some light-fingered spirit, or deity (I don't choose to name names, because of the statute *Scan. Mag.*) has conveyed hither.

Jupiter. So, *Hermes!* your character is pretty well known every where.

Mercury. When I was on earth, I have heard the people say, if they had lost any thing, "it is gone to *the devil!*" or if they wanted to get rid of any thing; "*the devil* take it!" But it seems, father *Jove!* your attraction is greater than that of the sub-terrene *Pluto.*

Disk. The whole human race loves to look upward; that makes them admire me. However, these clamorous applicants should be quieted.

Jupiter. We will appoint a sessions for hearing their complaints. You, *Mercury*, *Momus*, and myself, will form the court.

Mercury. We'll put you in the chair.

Jupiter. With all my heart; and *Disk*, because he's married, and, consequently, hates a noise, shall officiate as *clerk* of the *peace.*

Disk. Excellent!

Sings.

When couples leave loving
For 'fending and proving,
Lord knows when contention will cease.
Then must justice endeavour
To get *good behaviour*
Return'd to the clerk of the peace.

Tho' rakes are in fault
That make an assault
On watchmen who cackle like geese;
And often we laugh
At broke lanthorn and staff;
Yet they bind to *the sessions of peace.*

When prostitutes scud
By night thro' the mud,
To 'scape from the *constable's* fleece,
Too sure overtaken,
By friends they're forsaken,
And sent to *the sessions of peace.*

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

GEOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS;

OR,

THE ANTIPODEAN TUNNEL.

THE establishment of a communication with different parts of the world, by means of a tunnel through the bowels of the earth, has been a desideratum among the learned in all ages and in most countries. But there have not yet been found those, who, possessing a confidence in the possibility and ultimate success of such an attempt, have had that public spirit and energy that are indispensable in the prosecution of such a labour. Conceiving, therefore, that the present is a period when the *advantages* that must accrue to science and society from the favourable termination of an undertaking of this nature will be duly appreciated, it is proposed, that a COMPANY be forthwith INCORPORATED, for the purpose of ascertaining the possibility of opening a road through the earth to the land and dwellings of our ANTIPODES. But, lest the *advantages* likely to be derived from such an attempt should not immediately occur to the cursory observer, we shall notice some of the most prominent.

1. At a period when the danger attending all correspondence with other nations, by means of ships or vessels, is, by reason of war, so much increased; when, also, the time a voyage to distant parts of the globe consumes is a *drawback* upon *commerce*, which is termed *demurrage*; a project that has for its object the avoiding of these dangers, and the saving of so much time, claims, and must, we presume, obtain, universal attention.

2. From the commencement of the civilization of nations to the present

time, an idea has obtained among *philosophers*, that in the *centre* of this globe is situated that awful place so often alluded to in the sacred writings, as the dwelling of the *damned*. Many circumstances and phenomena have tended to cherish this persuasion. The existence of *volcanoes*, and the occurrence of *earthquakes*, have been attributed to a communication with a *central fire*. Waving, however, the notion that this place is actually the PANDEMONIUM of the ancients, we are disposed to admit the probability of the existence of a vast mass of *caloric*. The attainment of correct information upon this subject must, therefore, be a gratification of no ordinary nature. But, allowing that it may be proved, we cannot also allow that the further prosecution of our object must, of necessity, be abandoned: it may, for a time, be impeded; but the labours of *genius*, and the energy of *adventure*, will most unquestionably suggest means for penetrating through the burning *strata*, and *obviating* the *objection*. Let it suffice then, for the present, that we have merely hinted the difficulty; which, as the first step toward the conquest of it, we think does us no small honour.

3. In these times,* *only* NINE different descriptions of earths are supposed to form the massy part of our *mundane system*; but these simply comprise those *strata* that are nearest its surface. It remains to be proved, whether any other than these nine substances may, *stratum super stratum*, be found to exist at the depth of a few hundred miles.

4. Another important attainment will be, that of the precise situation of the *centre of gravity*, which may possibly be discovered to be of no greater magnitude than a pin's head. A pleasant circumstance attending this discovery will be, that immediately on our passing this point, the aforesaid *centre of gravity* being no longer beneath us, our feet will be attracted to that situation to which a few minutes before our heads were directed. Thus the labourer in this extensive mine, after having hitherto worked in the regular manner, with his feet downwards, will be necessitated to strike with his axe at the substances immediately above him.†

5. Should the attempt succeed, of which, at present, no doubt is entertained, communications will, doubtless, be established through *all parts of the world*; by which means, and because of its being rendered thus porous, the earth must, of necessity, become considerably *lighter*, and will acquire a proportionate degree of velocity in its periodical course. Various and interesting will be the *phenomena* resulting from this circumstance. One probability is, that, by reason of the weight of the earth being thus lessened, its attraction by the SUN will be considerably abated; insomuch, that the orbit it now describes will, perhaps, be exchanged for another, extending as far as our next superior planet MARS.‡ In this situation a novelty will occur of no small magnitude: we refer to the inevitable circumstance of the *uniting* or *concussion* of the two planets.

6. Another advantage, arising out of the former, will be found in the likelihood of its contributing to the *health* of the inhabitants: a thorough *draught* of *air* being admitted from one side to the other, through various parts and intricate channels, will conduce greatly to the rarefaction and equal distribution of the atmosphere.

We forbear to enumerate, among the advantages of the proposed scheme, the pleasure the *naturalist* will feel, as he descends through the bowels of the earth, in contemplating the works of nature, adding to the present confined system of *chemistry* such a store of new facts, and opening to the *philosopher* such a wide field for speculation and improvement, as shall give to science a new era. Neither is it necessary, in this PROSPECTUS, to point out minutely the means for carrying our grand object into effect, or even to notice the methods by which it is likely to become *lucrative*. It only remains for us to add, that those who are disposed to come forward in character of *proprietors*, may be informed of the terms, and of every other particular, by application to Messrs. SPECULATION and Co. London.

* We say "in these times," because there have been periods when *earths*, *boles*, *organic molecula*, &c. were much more in fashion.

† What the ladies will do, in this situation, with the small remainder of *their petticoats*, it is not our business to inquire.

‡ We see less advantage in this than turning *the orbit* of a *stage-coach* by making a new road. Many philosophers think that we are *too near* MARS already.—EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As it is expected that *shares* in THE NEW UNIVERSAL TUNNEL COMPANY, which has for its object the PERFORATION OF THE GLOBE, will soon obtain a most enormous premium, we, with great deference, suggest to the Public, that a speedy application is absolutely necessary.

_ It is proper to state, that the project is patronized by the GRASSHOPPER at the *top* of THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, who has been long known as the highest SPECULATIVE OBJECT in our GRAND EMPORIUM OF COMMERCE.

N.B. We shall endeavour to form a partnership with the *Antipodean* Company of *Adventurers*, but have not *yet* determined where to fix the FIRM.

NOTICES *of* DR. JOHNSON *and* FRANCIS BARBER, *his faithful* (NEGRO) SERVANT.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *Sept.* 21, 1810.

POSSESSING, in some degree, that "minute curiosity" described by your Correspondent (European Magazine, May 1810, page 352), I trust the following communication will not be unacceptable.

Having recently visited Lichfield, I found that the house advertised (Cover of Gentleman's Magazine, 1736), "At Ediall, in Staffordshire, *where* young gentlemen *were* boarded, and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON," and where GARRICK was his pupil, was taken down in February 1809, and the materials sold. In Harwood's History of Lichfield, there is an excellent engraving of it, which, I believe, is the only one to be met with.

The widow of Francis Barber, Doctor Johnson's "faithful negro servant," is now living in Stow-street, Lichfield, where she and one of her daughters keep a day-school for children. This poor, though sensible and well-informed, woman had in her possession many articles formerly the property of the Doctor, which "her necessities, and not her will," have obliged her to part with. She lately presented a gentleman, who has rendered her some assistance in her distress, with a part of a tea-service originally given to the Doctor by Warren Hastings.

I also heard of a *pocket-book* purchased in France by a *literary lady*, one of his warm admirers, and presented to him (the Doctor) by her. This lady, in passing through Lichfield, on her road into Wales, a short time since, sent, from the George-inn, to Mrs. Barber, expressing a wish *to speak with* and *to serve her*—but, at the interview, the *pocket-book* was principally inquired after, and it was reluctantly given back to the ORIGINAL DONOR, who hailed it, in a poetical rhapsody, as "a long lost friend restored"—yet the remuneration given to the poor woman for it was scarcely its value as "*Leather and Prunella!!!*"—This pocket-book is mentioned, I believe, by Boswell; but I do not exactly recollect in what page. —FRANCIS BARBER died, and was buried, some years since, at Hammerwich, a small village three miles from Lichfield. The house in the market-place, in which our great lexicographer was born, still remains nearly in its original state—it is now inhabited by Mr. Evans, a brazier; and a part of it, I believe the very room in which he first drew his breath, is now let as lodgings to a French prisoner of war. T. S. W.

MEMOIR OF JAMES BRINDLY, ESQ.

INCLUDED IN

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF INLAND NAVIGATION, FROM ITS EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 167.)

MR. BRINDLY was soon called to another object, the projecting and executing INLAND NAVIGATION; and in this we shall see this great mechanic's powers exerted in the production of some most extraordinary events. This he did under the protection of the noble duke before-mentioned, who had the discernment to single him out, and the steadiness to support him against the opinion of those who treated *Mr. Brindly's* plan as chimerical.

The *Duke of Bridgwater* had, at *Worsley*, about seven miles from *Manchester*, a large estate, rich in coals, which had hitherto been useless, on account of the expense of land-carriage, which would have rendered them too dear for the market. This nobleman, who had an ardent desire to work these mines, saw the necessity of a water-carriage, and, on consulting *Mr. Brindly*, the latter surveyed the ground, and declared the scheme to be practicable. The Duke, therefore, resolved to effect his plan; and they thus had the joint

honour and satisfaction of having first introduced * canal navigation into this kingdom.

It is said, that the Duke had planned this work before he became of age, and, with the consent of his guardians, had actually made some progress in the undertaking before that period. It confers a high degree of honour on this nobleman, that, at an age generally spent in dissipation by the young nobility, his attention was taken up with a work of such great importance to his country.

Having fixed in his mind the plan, and his surveyor having also completed his, he, in the year 1758, the thirty-second year of the reign of George the Second, obtained an act, to make a navigable cut or canal from the township of *Salford* to or near the *Worsley Mill* and *Middlewood*, and to a place called *Hollen's Ferry*, in the county of *Lancaster*; and being thus legally authorized, began his work.

The first design of this intended canal was to convey coals from the Duke's mine on his estate at *Worsley* to *Manchester*; but his views enlarged as he advanced in the work. He began to cut, therefore, at a place called *Worsley Mill*, about seven computed miles from *Manchester*, when he first excavated a basin capable of holding not only all his boats, but a great body of water to serve as a reservoir, or head of his navigation. The coals are dug from a hill adjoining, to which works a subterraneous passage is cut large enough for the admission of flat-bottomed boats for three-quarters of a mile, which are towed by hand-rails. At the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the entrance, the passage divides into two channels, which have been far extended, and may be carried further at pleasure.

This passage being a curious and interesting work of art, we shall describe it:—In some places it is cut through the solid rock, and in others arched with brick. There are several air-tunnels cut through near forty yards deep, at certain distances, to give air: the entrance is six feet wide, and about five feet high above the water; it widens in some places for boats to pass. The coals are brought to the boats in low carriages; and, as the passage is on a descent, although they hold a ton each, they are easily drawn along by men, on a railed way, to a stage over the canal, and then shot into the boats. These boats, which contain about seven tons each, are easily drawn out of the passage, where two, three, or more, are linked together, and drawn by horses or mules to the place of their destination.

The canal is in some places carried over the roads on arches; and, in places where the arch is not high enough for carriages to pass, the road has been sunk, at a great expense, for the convenience of the passage. But the most stupendous work on this canal is the bridge and aqueduct over the river *Irwell*.* At *Barton-bridge*, three miles from the basin, is an aqueduct which conveys the canal over a valley for two hundred yards, and over the navigable river *Irwell* above forty feet higher than the level of the river. The canal is carried over the meadows on each side of the *Mersey*, and over a place called *Saltmoor*, at an incredible expense. *Mr. Brindly* proceeded thus: he caused trenches to be made, and then placed deal balks upright, so as to back and support each other, supporting them by other balks, laid horizontally in rows, and secured together; thousands of oak piles were driven in between them; he then threw in the proper quantity of earth and clay, and caused it to be well rammed in. Having thus completed about forty yards, he removed his balks, and proceeded again. The bridge over the *Irwell* is of stone, and has three arches all of hewn stone; the centre arch is sixty-three feet wide, and will admit barges to pass through with their sails standing. The river *Medlock* is raised, and supplies the canal with water by means of a fine wear, constructed in a curious manner.

The ingenuity displayed by *Mr. Brindly* through the whole of this work is surprising. His smiths' forges, his carpenters' and his masons' workshops, were covered barges, which floated on the canal, and followed the work as it advanced. The Duke had one great advantage, having all the necessary materials, timber, stone, lime, and coals, taken from his own estate.

* Or, rather, revived it; for it has been already seen, that canal navigation was practised considerably antecedent to the *Norman Conquest*.

* This is, indeed, a most stupendous work. It should be seen, in order to form an adequate idea of it.

In the session of Parliament 1758-9, the Duke, (as we have before observed) obtained an act to make a navigable canal from *Worsley* to *Salford*, near *Manchester*, and to carry the same to *Hollen's Ferry*; but, after he had completed the canal from *Worsley* to the highway between *Warrington* and *Manchester*, it was discovered that it would be more beneficial to carry it over the *Irwell*, and to extend it to *Longford-bridge*. An act was obtained for that purpose.

On a further survey, it was discovered that it was practicable to extend the canal from *Longford-bridge* to a place on the river *Mersey*, called the *Hempstones*: a third act was obtained for that purpose. The whole navigation was then proceeded on and completed, being more than twenty-nine miles in length, and having, at its fall into the *Mersey*, locks which let boats down ninety-five feet, for it is so contrived as to be on a level the whole length to that place. It may be proper to remark, that the locks were formed at *Runcorn*, instead of the *Hempstones*.

We cannot omit an anecdote of *Mr. Brindly*, respecting the aqueduct at *Barton*. When the canal approached that place, it was supposed the undertaking would end, the passage of the river being regarded as impracticable, and *Mr. Brindly* himself wished the Duke to take the opinion of some engineer of eminence. A gentleman was called in, who took a view of the spot, and exclaimed, "That he had often heard of building *castles in the air*, but was never before shewn the place where one was to be erected." This severe sarcasm did not deter either the Duke or *Mr. Brindly*; they proceeded, and succeeded to their wish.

We cannot conclude this account of the Duke's undertaking, without observing, that it has had a variety of good effects. The price of carriage of goods of all kinds, and of coals for the manufactories of *Manchester*, are very considerably reduced; the value of all the estates contiguous to the canal is considerably increased; and the *Duke of Bridgewater* was, during the latter years of his life, recompensed by a princely addition to his fortune.

As coal mines form the great encouragement to canals, it may here be proper to introduce a description of those of the late *Duke of Bridgwater*, by a person who has often visited them, especially as that description will give an idea of those mines in general:

"You enter with lighted candles the subterraneous passage in a boat, made for bringing out the coals, forty-seven feet long, four feet and a half broad, including the gun-wales, and two feet six inches deep. This boat, when loaded, carries about seven tons, and sometimes eight. In this manner you proceed up the canal to the lake at the head of the mine, distant three quarters of a mile: the two folding-doors at the mouth are immediately shut on your entrance, to keep out too much air, if the wind blows: and you then proceed by the light of your candles, which cast a vivid gloom, serving only to make darkness visible.

"But this dismal gloom is rendered still more awful by the solemn appearance of this subterraneous lake, which returns various and discordant sounds. At one moment you are struck with the grating noise of engines, which, by a curious contrivance, let down the coals into the boats. At another you hear the shock of an explosion, occasioned by the blowing up the hard rock, which will not yield to any other force than that of gunpowder; immediately after, perhaps, your ears are saluted by the songs of merriment from either sex, who thus beguile their labours in these gloomy caverns.

"When you have reached the head of the works, a new scene opens to your view: there you behold men and women, almost in their primitive state of nature, toiling in different capacities, by the glimmering of dim tapers, some digging the jetty ore out of the bowels of the earth, some again loading it in waggons, made for the purpose, others drawing the waggons to the boats.

"To a superficial observer such scenes serve only to amuse the eye by their novelty: but, to a reflecting mind they afford ample matter of instruction. When we beheld a part of our species deprived of sunshine, the common inheritance of mankind, and buried in a dismal and confined cave, in which they can scarcely stand upright, our feelings prompt us to commiserate their condition; but when we observe the lively ray of cheerfulness break forth in this scene of darkness and distress; when we behold the glow of health in the midst of damps and suffocation, we then cease to pity them, and begin to examine ourselves; we discover that our enjoy-

ments *above ground* serve only to multiply our wants, and we are convinced of the truth of that maxim, which assures us, that happiness is every where, or no where."

Although the boats which we have mentioned are only seven tons burthen, it may be proper to remark, that these boats are only employed for coals, and to pass on other canals which communicate with this, and where the locks will not admit vessels of greater breadth; but the boats principally used on the canal are of the burthen of forty or fifty tons, and are drawn by two horses, have a mast and sail, and cross the *Mersey* from *Runcorn* to *Liverpool*, even when the wind is fresh. They are, however, flat-bottomed, and can only venture the passage at certain times. The proprietors of the *Trent* and *Mersey* canal have made their canal of sufficient breadth to admit such boats as high up as *Middlewich*, in *Cheshire*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

(Hitherto unknown, or but slightly noticed.)

No. I.

WOTTON, HENRY.

AMONG the copious collections of the late indefatigable Ritson, the above-named poet does not appear, nor do the ingenious editors of the *Censura Literaria* and the *Bibliographer* seem conscious that the very rare volume, in which Wotton's poetical specimens are found, exists. Of Wotton I am unable to trace any particulars, nor can I discover any other production of his pen than that now about to be noticed.

"*A Courtlie Controuersie of Cupids Cautels: Conteyning fiue Tragicall Historics very pithie, pleasant, pitiful, and profitable. Discoursed vppon wyth Argumentes of Loue, by three Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen, entermedled with diuers delicate Sonets and Rithmes, exceeding delightfull to refresh the yrkesomnesse of tedious tyme. Translated out of French as neare as our English phrase will permit, by H. W. Gentleman. At London, Imprinted by Francis Coldock, and Henry Bynneman. Anno.* 1578."

Such is the exact title of a volume which Herbert had never seen, although he mentions its being licensed in 1577. It is dedicated by the author to his "singular good lady and sister the lady Anne Dacre of the South."

Of the *pleasant tragicall histories* we have nothing to say in the present place, our business being confined to Wotton's poetry, of which the following will afford a specimen far from indifferent. It is transcribed from page 127, retaining the original spelling.

"The louer standing in doubt of good wil writeth this.

When Boreas stormy blastes be ouerblown,
Ech bloming braunch doth sprout their tender buds:
When whithered leaues frō okes are ouerthrowen,
The liuely greene doth clad the ragged woods;
And old Saturnus, with his hoary face,*
At Phebus' sight resignes his frosen place.

Then doth the sappe ascende from euery roote,
And spreadeth through the twigs of euery tree;
Dame Nature shewes hir force from head to foote,
And yeeldes hir treasures most indifferently:
The fruitful vine to spring she doth prouoke,
Which doth, in ayde, imbrace the sturdy oke.

The silner streames resounde the pleasant plantes
Of euery bird that pypes a doleful laie,
The floures sweete with gallant coulors paintes
The meadowes greene, and euery wilsome way.
The nightingale, the robin, and the thrush,
Recordes their notes from euery bush to bush.

The turtle true laments hir louer lost,
Ech foule and beast doth chose a louing make,†
And as they like they liue with slender cost,
And, whilest they breed, al change they quite forsake:
Their stedfast staye, and wandring mindes may moue
What loyal heartes we ought to beare in loue.

My lady faire, sith in the pleasant spring
Dame Nature's nimphes do florish, blome, and beare:—
Sith byrde, and beast, and euery liuing thing,
Embraceth loue, by kinde, exempt of feare;

* This bears a strong resemblance to Lord Buckhurst's beautiful induction to the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

"And olde Saturnus with his frosty face."
Induction, line 3.

† So for *mate*.

Why should you lodge colde winter in your
breaste,
To quench the flame that breedeth men
vnrest?

Display before Sir Phebus' me'ting beames,
The curtaine of your cruel frosen hart;
Droppe down some deawe to comfort mine
extremes,
Let not my death bewraie mine inward
smart.
So may Cupido qualyfye your rage
And you in time my burning heate asswage.

Thus must I liue in hope of my desire.
Graunt grace, or else pronounce my fatal
dome.
Your *nay* shal heape but coales vppon my
fire,
Say yea, then is my wished houre come.
'Twixt *yea* and *nay* if you indifferent stande,
My weary life and death is in your hand.
Wil you or not your seruant I remaine:
Relieue me, else release me of my paine."

S. J. C.

VENUS PRESERVED;

OR,

THE PLOT DISCOVERED.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE, in the course of my reading, which, although not so extensive as the *Course* at *Newmarket*, comprehends, among some few other *publications* that run their *periodical races*, and try to *distance* each other, the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE. I have, I say, observed, that *you have* not spared the *diaphaneous drapery* of the *British fair*; but, whensoever you wanted a subject, taken up *their paraphernalia*. You have also, I think, more than once hinted, that their *designs* were easily *seen through*: in fact, as *Garrick*, by the medium of *Woodward*, once said,

"The ladies have been *carped at*, and their
dress:
You wanted them *ruffed up* like good QUEEN
BESS;"

and, therefore, have indicated, that their *gauzy gossamery* cobweb *habiliments* seemed to you to *level* all *distinctions*. You have, sir, launched these, with many other *sarcasms* and *inuendoes*, which were, I find, better *received* than they *were meant*. However, whether your *flippancy*, or their own sense of *decency* and *elegance*, operated upon *sexual delicacy*, it is impossible for me to conjecture; but I understand, that a *plot* has been formed to, as *Mr. Bayes* says, "elevate and surprise" us. PLOTS, sir, have been, long since, banished *the stage*, and I am not fond of tolerating any but those contrived by the *fair sex*, which, generally, have for their basis *propriety* and *public spirit*. The present must be a *plot*, because, as *Scrub* observes, "there is a *woman*" (indeed many *women*) "in it." This PLOT I have had the good fortune to discover in time to prevent us from being taken *by surprise*, and attacked from new *outworks*, *covered ways*, and *fortifications*. Briefly, I understand it has been determined in a *female council of war*, that when the *ladies* go into *winter quarters*, they shall entrench themselves *behind breast-works*, *ravelins*, and *epaulments* of SATIN, and hoist on their *batteries* different *colours* of the *finest silk*; and also, if necessary, environ themselves with *skirts* of *brocade*, and lines of *circumvallation*, formed of *whalebone*: so that HORN *works*, which were a *military subterfuge* invented by the French *Marshal Cohorn*, will no longer be *practicable*. These *satin* and *silk counterscarps* are, I understand, to be *faced* with *muslin*, which is, with *gauze*, to be used to cover those parts which may still, *with safety*, be *exposed* to the ENEMY. I am not perfectly master of the whole scheme, but comprehend enough of it to know, that it will be the greatest improvement in *female fortification* that we have seen for many years; and, as I live in a district, the inhabitants of which are extremely skilful in preparing the *necessary materials* for carrying this system of *attack* and *defence* into effect, it gives me great pleasure to communicate a plan, which, as it will afford employment to thousands of his Majesty's subjects, does the highest honour to that sense of *propriety* and *patriotism* which dictated it to the minds of our LOVELY COUNTRYWOMEN.

I am, sir,
Your obedient humble servant,

Spital-fields, Oct. 6, 1810. H. R.

RELIEF IN DISTRESS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

YOU have, probably, heard of a sect of *peripatetic philosophers*, practising in *Edinburgh*, who *walk* after *Aristotle*, and are of the *alchemical school*, who are, in vulgar dic-

tion, denominated *gold-finders*. These sages are blessed with *olfactory nerves*, of such a *peculiar construction*, that they are enabled incontinently to collect *aurum potabile*: this they do with great success, by the exclamation of "WHA WANTS ME." How they dispose of *their acquisitions* is of no importance, either to you or to myself. But these men of *deep research*, who are always *at hand* to relieve the *necessities* of their *fellow men*, put me in mind of another sect of *philosophers*, that are settled in LONDON, who, although they do not, like their *northern brethren*, go about the streets, crying, "*Wha wants me*," take as sure a mean to obtain *notoriety*, which is, through the medium of the *newspapers*, one of the most *useful* mediums in the *kingdom*. Equally *philanthropical* with the *Scottish seers*, they *diurnally advertise*, that they are ready to relieve the *distresses* of their *clients*, and, when their *occasions press*, to *supply* them *with paper*, which they may use *ad libitum*, or, in English, as they *think proper*.

This kind of *paper*, sir, I, having experienced its *flimsiness*, would caution *your readers*, is, in its *application*, *extremely dangerous*, and very frequently brings those that *use it* in *evacuations* to the *stool* of *repentance*. There are, it is said, about *twenty-six* HOUSES of OFFICE in the *metropolis*, which *advertise* that they have large *sums* to dispose of; invite those that want *money* to make *immediate* application; and when they have taken fees, &c. give their patients *draughts* wrapped in this kind of *paper*, from the *soil* of which they seldom can *ablute*. Those kind of *partnerships* are called FIRMS; but with what propriety I leave you to determine. Their members are the true descendants of the LOMBARDS, who you know, or, perhaps, you do not know, at periods when *paper hanging* was not so fashionable as it is at present, exacted, at least, TEN *per cent. interest*, and FIVE-AND-TWENTY *per cent. premium* upon *their bills*.

I am, yours, &c.
SIMON COKES.

Three Colts Yard, near Bedlam,
Oct. 11, 1810.

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR OCTOBER, 1810.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

An Account of the Life and Character of Alexander Adam, LL.D. Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. 8vo. 1810. pp. 176.

THE tributes of gratitude and respect which we sometimes see exhibited by PUPILS to the memory of their TUTORS, remind us strongly of those grateful commemorations (we particularly mean by imitating their examples, and frequently improving upon their doctrines) which are to be found in contemplating the works and the characters of *philosophers* and their *disciples* in the *ancient world*. Those effusions of gratitude and sentiment, those affectionate remembrances, have, in the course of the last half century, been revived, and the band of *scholastic adolescence* has become, in many instances, where men have been educated together, not only a stimulation to them to pay that respect which is due to the memory of their tutors, but also to renovate the friendships of *youth* even in the decline of *age*.

From a motive similar to those that we have mentioned, this commemoratory tribute to the manes of *Dr. Adam* has been offered by a gentleman who, it appears, has been his *pupil*, and who, in the double respect of *literature* and *liberality* of *sentiment*, does honour to the memory of his instructor: but as, in

these points, quotation is to be preferred to observation, we shall extract his introductory paragraph.

"Never," says he, "did biographer attempt a memoir with feelings of respect for its object warmer than those by which the writer of this sketch is animated. While he confesses the scanty foundation of materials on which he HAS TO BUILD HIS SUPERSTRUCTURE, he is still satisfied that, in the course of his brief narrative, facts will occur, which may be rendered instructive to his readers, and in the detail of which he will have occasion to refer to those refined sensations which are awakened only in the happiest moods of a contemplative mind."

DR. ALEXANDER ADAM, it appears, was born in June, 1741. His father, *John Adam*, rented one of those small farms which, at that period, abounded in the north of *Scotland*, and which, we must observe, were ill exchanged for the comparative opulence of *modern lessees* and *modern lairds*.

Insatiate love of gold, and search of gain,
Have crush'd to atoms every feudal chain;
Which gave importance to the poorest man,
And link'd in kindred bands each faithful clan.

Christian Watson was the name of the mother of Dr. A.: though his parents were respectable, they were not rich; yet they, however, determined that he should be kept at school until he should be entitled to become a claimant for a *bursary*. After going through the routine of the *Latin language*, *young Adam*, with this intent, journied to *Aberdeen*. Here his proficiency in classic lore not being approved, he was declared incompetent, and, in consequence, remanded to his studies, under his schoolmaster *Mr. Fiddes*, of whom no memorial exists, except his name.

After a season spent in renewing his former exercises, our literary adventurer was encouraged to proceed to *Edinburgh*, which he did about the beginning of the year 1758. His studies were, in this city, continued with unremitting vigour: although his finances were so straitened, that, in order to forward the grand object of his pursuit, he was even obliged to abridge his portion of the necessaries of life.

"He entered," says our author, "the logic class in the university of Edinburgh, on the 4th of November, 1758, and, about the same time, began to assist young Mr. Maconochie* in that capacity which is commonly styled *a private teacher*. For his services, he received only one guinea in three months; yet, as he had no other method of raising a sixpence, he contrived to subsist upon this sum, and in a manner which will now appear incredible. He lodged in a small room at *Restalrig*, in the north-eastern suburbs; and for this accommodation he paid fourpence a-week. All his meals, except dinner, uniformly consisted of oatmeal made into porridge, together with small beer, of which he only allowed himself half a bottle at a time. When he wished to dine, he purchased a penny loaf at the nearest baker's shop; and, if the day was fair, he would despatch his meal in a walk to *the Meadows*, or *Hope Park*, which is adjoining to the southern part of the city; but if the weather was foul, he had recourse to some long and lonely stair, which he would climb, eating his dinner at every step. By this means, all expense for cookery was avoided, and he wasted neither coals nor candles; for when he was chill, he used to run till his blood began to glow, and his evening studies were always prosecuted under the roof of some one or other of his companions. These anecdotes of Mr. Adam's college life were communicated to the author by Mr. Luke Fraser, late one of the masters of the High School, who was at the logic class with Mr. Adam, and Mr. Blair, of Avontown, now president of the Court of Session. The youths of Scotland have hitherto been remarkable for parsimony and perseverance; but no man was ever more completely under the influence of a virtuous emulation than Mr. Adam. The particulars of his conduct which are here related have not been exaggerated in any manner, for he frequently told the same story to his pupils. At a convivial meeting between Mr. Adam and Mr. Fraser, the latter, who was sceptical as to Mr. Adam's parsimony, took the trouble of bringing together upon paper the various items of his friend's expenditure, and actually found, that in six months it did not amount to two guineas!"

We have been the more particular respecting the professional entrance of this gentleman, because it serves to display, in the strongest colours, *genius* struggling with *adversity*, and *perseverance* conquering *penury*. The illiberal introduction of the professor of botany by *Foote*,† together with his "smeart lettle encome of seven punds a-year Breetish," was, we find, not an exaggeration; though every one then thought, that to accommodate the mind to those habits of temperance and frugality, which gave to the possessor

* Now a lord of session, by the title of Lord Meadowbank.

† In his Devil upon Two Sticks.

of even so small a stipend *independence*, was a far greater honour than any the bard had acquired by the profligate expenditure of an immense fortune.

However, to return to *Mr. Adam:* he was, we find, employed, for a short time, as an under-teacher in *George Watson's* hospital; where, after a competent trial of skill, he was, at length, elected master; in which situation, his reading the entire histories of *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and *Xenophon*, and also the works of *Cicero* and *Livy*, evinces that he embraced every opportunity of adding to his stock of *ancient erudition*.

In 1764, Mr. Adam taught three months, during the indisposition of *Mr. Farquhar*, this gentleman's class in the High School.

Having become preceptor to the son of Mr. Kincaid, late *Lord Provost* of *Edinburgh*, Mr. A. resigned his situation in Heriot's Hospital, his views being then, as it is said, directed to the Church; respecting the *genius*, the *talents*, and the *piety*, of the members of which we fully agree with our author.

We soon after find *Mr. Adam*, in conjunction with *Mr. Matheson*, rector of the *High School, Edinburgh:* a situation which induces our author very briefly to descant on the public schools of *Scotland*, and, indeed, to give us a short sketch of their history, particularly that of the High School; a seminary upon which his observations are much more copious.

"In the autumn of 1771," says the biographer, "the rector visited Paris, accompanied by Mr. Townshend, an English clergyman, who was regarded as a man of considerable abilities. Their journey was circumscribed, on account of the limited time allowed for a vacation at the High School; but the travellers inspected all the most remarkable places then resorted to by strangers in the French capital. They likewise made their appearance at court; and Mr. Adam, in conformity *to the mode*, attired himself in all the customary fopperies, such as appending an enormous bag to his hair, and wearing an immensely *long rapier*. He did not, however, bring home with him any favourable idea of the French in general, but always reprehended the rage of imitation in this country."

The work which laid the foundation of the literary reputation of Mr. Adam was, we learn, his Latin Grammar.

"This book was published in May, 1772, and its merits underwent the severest scrutiny; for no sooner was it generally known, or, rather, no sooner was it generally circulated, than it met with the most violent opposition."

Passing over the contention respecting the two grammars, viz. *the Rector's* and *Ruddiman's*, from which different classes of pupils were, at the same period, instructed, we are informed, that, on the recommendation of *Dr. Robertson*, a diploma was issued, 1780, conferring the degree of *doctor* of *laws* on *Mr. Adam.* The *war* of the *Grammars*, to which we have alluded, at length subsided; and our author observes,

"At this critical conjuncture, as in many others during his long life, the Rector earned, though late, the reward of his equanimity and perseverance. He was never afterwards impeded in the exercise of his honourable functions, by the interference of ignorance and stupidity, united under the cloak of authority; but continued, till the hour in which he was taken mortally ill, to teach, from his own rules, the language with which he was so familiar.

* * * * * *

"After Dr. A. had laid at rest the disagreeable controversy respecting his Grammar, he proceeded to compile "A Summary of Geography and History" for the use of his pupils. This design was admirably calculated for facilitating the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the ancient writers. He had now formed a plan for giving to the world a set of works much wanted in their several departments, and which should also embody his ideas of a proper course of study for the perfect attainment of the Latin language.

"The Roman Antiquities appeared in 1791; and, for the copy-right, the doctor received from his bookseller the sum of 600l. The emolument which he derived from this work was exceedingly small, in comparison of the vast increase of respectability which, in a short time, appeared from the circulation of such a valuable book. The author's name was now ranked among" (those of) "the first *literati* in Britain; he made a conspicuous figure among the greatest scholars in Europe; and he was declared to have produced the best compendium of Roman Antiquities which is extant. It was translated into the German, French, and Italian languages. The writer of this memoir is informed, that a translation was also attempted in the Dutch tongue:" though the existence of this translation is doubted.

We do not wonder at the resolution of the *Doctor*, so often made, and so often broken, to leave his *philological*

and *literary* researches: it is a circumstance concomitant to the impulse of genius operating upon *mental energy* which every one has felt, and many have suffered from. However, our author observes,

"These sallies only happened" to Dr. A. "when difficulties overwhelmed him on every side; and even then, he would rise with the sun the next morning, to prosecute his task with unabated vigour."

The publication of his works convinced the greatest enemies of Dr. A. of his *erudition* and his *talents*: they, therefore, hid their heads, receded from opposition, and sunk into silent obscurity. In the year 1794, the second edition of his "Summary of Geography and History" was published at *London*; from the preface to which our author makes a long extract, and then proceeds to comment upon his political principles: respecting these we shall, as they have already been, we conceive, sufficiently canvassed, refer the reader to the volume which we are now contemplating, and therefore, in the only page that we can spare to its principal subject, merely consider his literary pursuits.

The *Classical Biography* was published at *Edinburgh* the latter end of autumn 1800, and 300l. given for the copy-right: it has been twice reprinted in *London*, and has been warmly commended by some of the ablest scholars in this country.

"As he had been discouraged, by the great expense of paper and printing, from publishing his large dictionary at the period which he had in view, he resolved to prepare an abridgment. In pursuance of this design, he began to complete the arrangement of his materials immediately after the Geography had issued from the press. To this new work he gave the appropriate title, '*Lexicon Linguæ Latinæ Compendiarum*;' and the first sheet, it is believed, was printed towards the end of 1801."

After having been nearly four years in the printer's hands, the *Compendious Dictionary* appeared.

"The whole impression of this dictionary has been sold; but it is not yet so well known, nor so generally used, as it may be at an after period. An opulent bookseller has entered into terms with *Dr. Adam's* family for publishing a new edition."

"Like the memoirs of most other men of letters, and especially those who have spent their years in the sober routine of professional duties, Dr. Adam's life presents nothing that can amuse or astonish, either in the shape of incident or adventure. In 1808, he appeared at a civic dinner given by the magistrates of Edinburgh in testimony of their respect for Sir Samuel Hood. The Rector, on this occasion, wore the same black coat which he used at Paris in 1771; and it is worthy of remark, that he had never appeared in company with the magistrates for thirty-five years. He certainly had reason to think himself unhandsomely treated; but he felt that he was above little malice, and complied with the first polite invitation which he had received for so long a period."

His appearance at this meeting must have been deemed extraordinary, for two reasons: first, that he had not before been *properly invited*; and, secondly, because he must, most probably, have educated at least *half* the *company*. His biographer next proceeds to state, that the Doctor "was twice married, and had children by both connexions:" but we shall forbear quoting any other domestic circumstance, except that the evening of his long and laborious life was clouded by the dangerous illness of his son, to whom he was much attached, who, we find, returned to *England*, as third officer of the *Elphinston East Indiaman*, in November 1809, and wrote to his father from the vicinity of *Exeter*, "requesting him to lose no time in leaving *Edinburgh*, if he expected again to see him.

"But," continues our author, "this affecting summons came too late; for, on Wednesday, the 13th of December, while attending his class, Dr. Adam was seized with an alarming indisposition, which had every appearance of apoplexy, and increased so much, that he was forced to leave the school, supported by his intimate and deserving friend Mr. Gray. When the Doctor reached home, he went to bed, and fell into a sound sleep, which appeared to have arrested the progress of the disease, for he was afterwards able to walk about his room. He continued, apparently, in a convalescent state till Saturday, when he was again attacked by an equally alarming return of the apoplectic symptoms. Their continuation was distinctly indicated by pains in the head, and a slight stupor, till they ended in dissolution, at about one o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 18th of December, 1809. During the last days of his life, Dr. Adam expressed no presentiment of death, nor did he seem to be influenced by those feelings of anxiety which are commonly believed to occupy the mind in our dying hours. He was much impressed with the idea of his usual avocations; and, upon the verge of existence, he fancied himself

employed in putting questions to his scholars. He often expressed the most anxious wish to be permitted to walk out to the High School, and, at certain times, it was with much difficulty that he was detained in his room. In these particulars there appeared the only symptoms of the effects produced upon his intellects by the apoplectic affection about the head."

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"Men of all ages and denominations," our author observes, "were loud in lamenting an event which had bereaved them of a common benefactor."

His observations upon this subject do the highest credit to his esteem for the Doctor, as also to his talents and his sensibility. He seems to have been struck with the piety and virtue of the man, and, while fully impressed with admiration of his energy of mind, and his assiduity in his professional pursuits, has, therefore, in the highest degree, shown, in this commemoratory sketch, that his love for his friend was equal to his veneration of his preceptor.

In describing the person of Dr. Adam, our author says,

"His external appearance was that of a scholar who dressed neatly for his own sake, but who had never incommoded himself to comply with the fashion in the cut of his coat, or in the regulation of his gait. *Upon* the street he often appeared in a studious attitude, and, in winter, always walked with his hands crossed, and thrust into his sleeves. His features were regular and manly; and he was above the middle size. In his well-formed proportions, and his firm regular pace, there appeared the marks of habitual temperance. He must have been generally attractive in his early days; and, in his old age, his manners and conversation enhanced the value and interest of every qualification. When he addressed his scholars, when he commended excellence, or when he was seated at his own fire-side, with a friend on whom he could rely, it was delightful to be near him; and no man who had a heart to feel could leave his company without declaring that he loved Dr. Adam. A portion of that pure expression of countenance which produced such effects may be seen in the portrait which has been already mentioned" (in the work). "Were the writer to consult his own remembrances, he could enlarge upon this topic; but he has yet to learn the possibility of conveying, by words, adequate ideas of any person. There are so many nice combinations of the moral qualities, as they are expressed in manner and feature, that it appears to him impracticable."

Having, in the general character of this work, already given, expressed our approbation, both of its motive and the manner of its execution, we are not very anxious to discover minute defects: and although some critics, more fastidious than ourselves, may find fault with its Scotticisms, we never, in effusions of this nature, object to *national peculiarities* of diction, because we think that they more strongly mark the *patriotic* impressions of *national* character.

J. M.

Vocation Evenings; or, Conversations between a Governess and her Pupils, with the Addition of a Visitor from Eton: Being a Series of Original Poems, Tales, and Essays, interspersed with illustrative Quotations from various Authors, Ancient and Modern, tending to incite Emulation, and inculcate Moral Truth. By Catharine Bayley. Three volumes, 12mo. 1810.

However high, in this age of feminine literature, our expectations of entertainment and instruction from the productions of the *fair-sex* have been raised, they have been seldom disappointed. We have already said, that in the lighter effusions of genius, in depicting ideal scenes, and clothing the images of fancy with drapery *picturesque* and *diaphaneous* as that with which, in *reality*, they adorn their persons, in catching the tints of the rainbow, and giving to *evanescent forms* a *corporeal substance*, the ladies stand unrivalled. We cannot, therefore, in our *visionary hours*, help thinking every *literary syren* a Belinda surrounded by a host of *sylphs*, which she employs to much better purposes than those which once engaged the attention of the darling of *Pope*, and of all mankind.

The *genii* that attend the British fair
Leave to their *maids* to curl their flowing hair;
Powder no longer clouds the passing gale;
And *essences* at liberty exhale:
Pins and *pomatum* now neglected lie;
Washes uncork'd; and *tints* at random fly.
Of more importance is their *aerial* guard
Than to invent a *flounce*, or choose a *card*.
One brings a *standish*, one presents *a pen*:
"Take these," they cry; "dispute THE RIGHTS OF MEN.
To NATURE leave the influence of your charms;
Attack those HEROES with your MENTAL ARMS.

Soon will their hosts to you the conquest
yield,
For VENUS now displays MINERVA's
shield."

We have been induced to venture these observations from a contemplation of the work now before us, which, combined with other emanations of *female genius* that have lately come under our inspection, has, if possible, heightened our opinion of the talents of our literary compatriots.

With the poetical productions of *Catharine Bayley* the public has, through the medium of this *Magazine*, already become acquainted; but these were only temporary effusions, fugitive pieces, which, like the *Parthian Nymphs*, dispersed, as they flew, their *darts* around. We now find that she has systematized her efforts, condensed her ideas, and, upon a regular plan, produced a work that has for its basis instruction, in its progress *taste*, and in its end *morality*.

"Our minds," says our fair author, "are formed for research, and truth ought ever to be the object. The infant no sooner speaks, but it reasons. *Why? What for?* are its simple, but intelligent, interrogatories. Since, then, even babes think and reason, ere speech fully confirms the creative powers of the soul, it is surely laudable to stamp the impressive wax at once. Error imbibed in youth, confirms with age; and we remain, during life, the dupes of sophistry, superstition, and folly."

To obviate these *mental aberrations*, which sometimes lead to *moral deviations*, Mrs. B. has *composed* and *compiled* these *three* small volumes; which, though certainly calculated for a more advanced stage of education than that to which she alludes, may, in many instances, operate advantageously in almost the earliest.

When *Alma* expands, when ideas begin to shoot, and the *mental* and *corporeal* growth keep pace with each other, there is nothing that fixes the *infantile imagination* so firmly as a *story*, or a *poem*:

"What will a child learn sooner than a
song?"

Unaffected by *common incidents*, children delight in the *marvellous*; and we all know, that the garland of *Robin Hood*, the perilous adventures of *Guy of Warwick* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*, the roguish devices of *Tom Hickathrift*, or the wonderful tales of *Mother Goose*, together with the fabulous mythology derived from the *Rosicrucian* system, delighted our ancestors in the earliest stages of their existence, and impressed their memory even to the latest. *Addison* would never have composed his admirable *critique* on the ballad of *Chevy-Chace*, if he had not, when, perhaps, quite a child, become perfectly master of the subject, which, operating upon his *poetical mind*, and, in manhood, combining with his *classical ideas*, produced *comparison*; from which, however it may lower the pride of learning or of genius, we, in modern times, derive by far the greater part of our literary celebrity.

To banish *romantic instruction*, to turn the *infantile passions* to the contemplation of *truth* and the practice of *virtue*, has been the endeavour of *Mrs. Bayley*. With this view, she has taken up the ideas of *Boccace*, the author of *La Belle Assemblée*, *Spectacle de la Nature*, and some English writers, whose names we do not immediately recollect, and begins to fill up her VACATION EVENINGS in the following manner:—

"*Evening the First.* It was in one of those dismal afternoons just before Christmas, when the evening sun scarcely gleams through the atmosphere of London, that Mrs. Mordant and her young pupils, the three daughters of Mr. Denzel, were seated around the fire; when a servant announced the arrival of their brother, Edmund Denzel, from Eton school. The young ladies rose to receive him, while he hastily saluted them with the most tender affection.

"They took tea; and, after conversing some time on indifferent subjects, the young gentleman proposed a *game* at *cards*: to which Mrs. Mordant instantly gave a negative. 'We will find diversion without cards, sir; the young ladies shall play and sing; or, perhaps, *you* will exert yourself for our entertainment, and read to us a few pages from some classic author, or a scene or two from one of Shakspeare's plays.'—To the latter proposal the young gentleman willingly assented; and, opening a volume of our immortal dramatist at the play of King Henry the Sixth, read until he came to the scene between Margaret and the wife of Duke Humphrey—when Mrs. Mordant said, 'You will pardon me for this interruption; I wish to comment on this passage, in which Shakspeare has committed an anachronism; for the wife of Duke Humphrey was in disgrace nearly four years before Queen Margaret came to England.'"

From this short specimen, the reader will, at once, develope the plan of these volumes, in which Mrs. B. has introduced a great—perhaps the greatest va-

riety of subjects that ever appeared in *three* of the same size: they consist, as the title specifies, of *original poems, tales,* and *essays,* interspersed with *illustrative quotations from various authors, ancient and modern, collected* with great assiduity, *compiled* with great judgment, and *combined* with very considerable *art* and *effect.* We are sorry that our limits will scarcely afford space for any quotation: but we shall, however, give two extracts from the work, that the style and manner of our fair author may be submitted to the judgment of the public through a better medium than our own opinions.

The first is *critical;* and, perhaps, our particular partiality for it arises from the circumstance of its including nearly our own sentiments on the same subject.

"'The Merchant of Venice, sir,' said Mrs. Mordant, 'is a play not greatly in my favour. The character of the Jew is, in my idea, an outrage on human nature; and even although it were possible for man to be so unnatural as Shylock is there represented, there is, surely, no excuse for the applause that is, through the whole piece, bestowed on the conduct of his daughter. That falsehood fabricated on the instant, and told her father to his face, should be a subject for moral approbation, is surely a strange dereliction from those sentiments which virtue inculcates, and reason approves.

"Shylock's paternal affection, and excessive solicitude for Jessica, ought to have awakened in her gentle bosom (for gentle she is represented) far other sentiments than those of robbing and forsaking her fond old father, who makes her the confident of his heart, and the keeper of his treasure: she is dissolute, undutiful, and unprincipled.'

"'But she runs away with a Christian, madam,' said Miss Denzel.

"'That rather aggravates than extenuates her crime, in my opinion, Miss Denzel; for it does not appear that it was from a conviction of the truth or purity of the Christian faith; and if it did, Christianity would claim no worthy proselyte in such an unnatural and undutiful daughter. A girl who can behave as Jessica does to her father, is no great acquisition to a man as a wife: wilful falsehood never yet had root in the bosom of honour; for where it once is planted, it soon poisons the soil.

"'Lorenzo's conduct too, properly considered, will produce an instantaneous flash of indignation in a strictly honourable mind. What is he? an adventurer, and a needy one, supported we know not how, and appertaining to we know not whom; a fellow who, in a state like that of Venice, seems, with health, strength, and all the requisite powers for his own support, to be living, like a locust, on the labour and property of others, to use the words of our immortal bard, 'a mere spunge!' and, to amend his circumstances, he runs away with a young woman of a different religion, or no religion at all, and receives from the hand of his immaculate mistress the spoil of which she had plundered her too indulgent parent. The lady is the thief, and her paramour the receiver of treasures stolen from the coffers of an aged father by his only child. If such scenes are entitled to applause, adieu to morality."

The second extract that we shall make from this work is, in its idea, *maternal,* and in its *imagery* poetical.

"APOLOGY TO A ROSE,

"*Plucked and thrown into her Infant's Grave,*

"*By the Author of these Volumes.*

"Offspring of the dewy dawn,
Come with me, and soothe my woes;
Ere the transient day be gone,
Grace my song, enchanting Rose.

"Now thy fragrance scents the gale,
While thy wand'rers, loit'ring by,
Rapt in sense thy sweets inhale,
Loveliest flower beneath the sky!

"When my darling linger'd here,
With thy tints his beauties vied;
On thy breast I drop a tear;
There enamour'd fancy sigh'd.

"Could thou have parta'en the bliss
The sense inhales from zephyr's breath,
I'd left thee to enjoy his kiss,
'Till Nature's mandate came with death.

"Then scatter'd o'er the briery waste,
Oblivion's tomb had done thee wrong;
But by the child of fancy grac'd,
Thy beauty's during as her song.

"Thou shalt deck my cherub's urn,
Round its base the violets blue,
Peering o'er the wither'd thorn,
Sparkling with the morning dew.

"The lovely spring has seen them die,
And bid her beauteous scenes adieu;
Unmourn'd amidst the dust they lie:
Such had been thy portion too.

"Droop not, then, delightful Rose!
Enchanting offspring of the dawn!
Come, and soothe thy lyrist's woes,
Ere the transient day be gone.

"Scatter'd o'er the briery waste,
Oblivion's tomb had done thee wrong;
By the child of fancy grac'd,
Thy beauty's during as her song."

M.

Philosophical Essays, by Dugald Stewart, Esq. F. R. S. Edin. Emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburg, Honorary Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and Member of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia. 1vol. 4*to*.pp. 590.

(*Continued from page* 201.)

" Essay fifth, chapter first, *on the tendency of some late philological speculations.*"

" In carrying back our thoughts to the infancy of a cultivated language, " saith our author," a difficulty occurs, which however obviously it may seem to present itself, I do not recollect to have seen taken notice of by any writer on the human mind; and which, as it leads the attention to various questions closely connected with the main design of this volume, and with the particular discussion which has been last under our review, I shall point out and illustrate at some length."

This leads to a curious and ingenious disquisition with respect to the origin and the power of language, and inquires, " in what manner was the conventional connection at first established betwixt the *sign* and the *thing signified?*"

" Language," Mr. S. in a subsequent page observes, " is commonly said to be the express image of thought, and that it may be said, with sufficient propriety to be so, I do not dispute, when the meaning of the proposition is fully explained. The mode of expression, however, it ought to be remembered, is figurative, and therefore, when the proportion is assumed as a principle of reasoning, it must not be rigorously or literally interpreted. This has been too often overlooked by the writers on the human mind; even Dr. Reid himself, cautious as he is in general, with respect to the ground on which he is to build, has repeatedly appealed to this maxim, without any qualification whatsoever, and by thus adopting it agreeable to its letter rather than to its spirit, has been led in various instances to lay a greater stress on the structure of speech, than (in my opinion) it will always bear in a philosophical argument."

This has been the fault, or rather the propension of other philologers, besides *Dr. Reid*, though we think that Mr. S. has in a considerable degree dispersed the *Egyptian mist*, and chased away the darkness, which, applying his principles to speech as the vehicle of ideas, in general has in a greater or less degree clouded every language, both of the *ancient* and the *modern* worlds.

The observations of Mr. S. upon metaphors are ingenious, and his quotation from the *Azeem Akberry* elucidatory. At the same time, we are of opinion, that there is in *metaphorical* expressions, more *of mind*, than our author seems to have been aware of.

" To the philologer, he observes, it may afford an amusing and harmless gratification (by tracing to their unknown roots in some obscure and remote dialects, those words which in his mother-tongue generally pass for primitives), to shew that, even the terms which denote our most refined and abstracted thoughts, were borrowed originally from some object of external perception."

So we say too; and therefore turning from *verbal essays* to *real objects*, or, in other words, from *sound* to *sense*, we conceive that to reduce the former to the latter, to make the *first* the echo of the *second*, must be the operation of *genius*. Adam named all creatures and all things, and his *vocabulary* is the root of all language; consequently, we are now adverting to general principles. With the spread of society, the *verbal wants* of mankind, like their *corporeal necessities* increased, *genius* therefore called to its aid *metaphor*, and as words had heretofore represented things, made things like *types* the literary symbols for words, and added *modern meanings* to *ancient expressions*. *Metaphor* thus far successful, under the guidance of mental intelligence, or as it is in itself *metaphorically* termed genius, now took a more excursive flight and produced *allegory*, which of course became the parent of the whole *metaphysical creation*, and the grand property; the *soul*, if we may use that expression, which has ever animated the effusions of *poets*, and the *reasoning* of *philosophers*. Mr. S. will see, we have rather started from his subject, which was the *minutiæ* of *metaphors*; but, as in *horticulture*, we should deem it useless to attempt to judge of the nature of the *roots*, by any other criterion than an examination of their *flourishing productions*, so in *literature*, the *flowers* and the *leaves* will best indicate the *seeds* from which they sprung, and the nature of *the soil* in which they were *originally planted*.

The *third chapter* of this division of the work treats of *memory*, which a learned friend of ours once compared to a purse, that might at pleasure be either *opened* or *shut*, *expanded* or *contracted*.

"Mr. Locke says, 'The memory in some men is, it is true, very *tenacious*, even to a miracle, but yet there seems to be a constant decay of all our ideas, even of those which are *struck deepest*, and in minds the most *retentive*: so that if they be not renewed by repeated exercises of the senses, or reflection on those kinds of objects which at first occasioned them, the *print wears out*, and at last there remains nothing to be seen. Thus the ideas as well as children of our youth often die before us: And our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet, the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. *The pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colours, and if not, sometimes refreshed, vanish, and disappear.*'**** "Such," says Mr. S. "is the poverty of language, that it is, perhaps, sometimes impossible to find words with respect to *memory*, which do not seem to imply one or other of these different hypotheses, and to the sound philosopher they are all of them (when considered merely as modes of expression) equally unexceptionable, because, in employing them, he in no case, rests his reasoning upon the *sign*, but, only upon the thing *signified*. To the materialist, however, it may not be improper to hint, that the several hypothesises already alluded to, are completely exclusive of each other, and submit to his consideration, whether the indiscriminate use, among all our most precise writers of these obviously *inconsistent metaphors*, does not justify us in concluding, that none of them has any connection with the true theory of the phenomena which he conceive them to explain; and that they deserve the attention of the metaphysician, merely as familiar illustrations of the mighty influence exerted over our most *abstracted* thoughts, by *language*, and by *early associations*."

Mr. Locke has, we conceive, given rather an *ideal* than a true picture of the progress and operation of *memory* upon lengthened existence. It is a position so practically true, and has been so frequently stated, that in old persons memory, recedes from the present and flies to the past, that the transactions of yesterday are very frequently obliterated from their minds, while the events of their childhood, youth, and middle age, seem to have made an indelible impression; this is by *Homer*, who, most accurately painted from nature, most admirably depicted in the character of *Nestor*, and has, indeed, been so frequently observed upon and displayed, that there is scarcely any rational being, but is in this respect, a better philosopher than *Locke*.

Leaving this, therefore, to its controversial chance; let us observe, that Mr. S does not reason upon the *type*, but on its *shadows*; he does not, nor indeed was it consistent with his plan, particularly to observe on *memory*, the *nucleus*, but merely on the various *verbal husks* in which it is enclosed; we are not very fond of pursuing *hypothetical butterflies*, or of endeavouring to systematize the evanescent forms of *inconsistent metaphors*, but we know, that if a philologer uses them in metaphysical elucidation, or a logician in abstract reasoning, although they may be excellent *speculators*, they are very indifferent *philosophers*.

In the second part of these philosophical speculations:—

Essay the first, is "*on the beautiful, when presented immediately to our senses.*"

"Chapter first, *general observations on the subject of inquiry, and on the plan upon which it is proposed to examine it.*"

"Chapter second, *progressive generalizations of the word beauty, resulting from the natural progress of the mind—Beauty of colours—Of forms—Of motion—Combinations of these—Uniformity in works of art—Beauty of nature.*"

"The first ideas of *beauty* formed by the mind are," it is observed by Mr. S. "in all probability, derived from colours. Long before infants receive any pleasure from the beauties of form, or of motion, (both of which require for their perception a certain effort of attention and thought) their eye may be caught, and delighted with brilliant colouring, or with splendid illumination. I am inclined too, to suspect, that in the judgment of a peasant, this ingredient of beauty predominates over every other, even in his estimate of perfection of the female form,* and in the inanimate creation, there

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* The opinion of *Shenstone* on this point, is of some weight. "It is probable," he observes, "that a clown would require more colour in his Cloe's face than a courtier." It is probable, he would; but this, if it has any weight, only goes to prove the *unsophistication* of the mind of the *peasant*, that he was caught by the glow of genuine attractions, and that he preferred *nature* to *art*. The classic ideas of Addison, it appears, ranged on our side of the question.

"The glowing dames of *Zama's* royal court,(*a*)
Have faces flush'd with more peculiar charms;

(*a*) Where, by-the-bye, "the *dames*" were all, *black*.

seems to be little else which he beholds with any rapture. It is, accordingly, from the effect produced by the rich painting of the clouds, when gilded by the setting sun, that Akenside infers the existence of the seeds of taste, where it is impossible to trace them to any hand, but that of nature.

———"Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward's from a summer-day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils,
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as thro' amber clouds
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart."

"One of the characteristical features in a portrait sketched for himself, by the exquisite pencil of Gray," is certainly super-eminently beautiful, as is the following of the poetical visions which delighted his childhood.

———"Oft, before his infant eye, would run
Such forms as glitter in the muses ray
With orient hues."———

"Chapter third, *remarks on some of Mr. Burke's principles, which do not agree with the foregoing conclusions.*"

Whether the shortness of *Mr. Burke's* sections does not add to the perspicuity of his arguments, we shall not dispute with Mr. S. but this we can assure him, that if there is any resemblance of the *data* assumed by him, to the reasoning of *Montesquieu*, the coincidence, which we do not recollect, was accidental; *Burke* had a mind which soared far, far indeed beyond that of the French philosopher, and, although his speculations were the relaxations of intellectual faculties, oppressed by a variety of other affairs, he has, in reclaiming *abstract*, and explaining *abstruse* ideas, swept away the *dust* of *the schools*, and rendered the road of philosophy *smooth* and *pleasant*.

"Chapter fourth, *continuation of the critical strictures on Mr. Burke's fundamental principles concerning beauty. Influence of these principles on the speculations of Mr. Price.*"

"In enumerating the qualities *constantly* observable in beautiful objects, Mr. Burke," says Mr. S. "lays a peculiar stress on that of *smoothness*," respecting which, he quotes the whole section,* and then continues, "These observations contain *the whole* of Mr. Burke's doctrine on this essential constituent of beauty, and, I confess, I cannot recollect any philosophical conclusion whatever, more erroneous in itself, or more feebly supported."

If the theory of Mr. Burke, though certainly correct, had rested merely upon the assertion, that *smoothness* is *beauty*, which is the principle, that in his xiv. section he advances, we should have still thought, the thing is so self-evident, that he had given to it all the support which it required; but, indeed, he goes further, for in his next, which is entitled, "*Gradual variation*," he continues the subject, and dismissing *angular parts* from the composition of perfection, places before our eyes the idea of *a dove*, which he observes, "agrees very well with most of the conditions of beauty."

"It is *smooth* and downy, its parts are (to use that expression)† *melted* into one another. You are presented with no sudden protuberance through the whole, and yet the whole is continually changing."

The instance he gives of the neck and bosom of a beautiful woman, is a still more apposite, as we might say, the subject itself is a still more pleasing, *speculation*.

As Mr. Burke caught many of his ideas of female beauty from the works and conversation of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, so he did those of the sublime and picturesque, from those of Mr. *Richard Wilson*, who was, if we may be allowed the expression, in these respects, a *graphic* philosopher; every picture that he painted, the *Niobe* for instance, was an example, which would elucidate the combination of *sublime images* with picturesque beauty, better than a folio volume of reasoning upon those subjects.

The *beauty* of the *waving-line*, we have great reason to believe, was asserted by *Hogarth*, in opposition to the system of *Pritzler*, who has, like the philosopher in the *school* of *Athens*,‡ placed the *compasses on*, to indicate that they should be *in* the *head* of the *student*,

---

The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire, and *colour* in their cheeks.
Think but on those my lord; you'll soon forget
The *pale* unripen'd beauties of the north."
Cato.

* Vide "A philosophical inquiry of the sublime and beautiful, 3d ed. p. 213."

† Which he had from Sir Joshua Reynolds.

‡ Vide the print, in the collection of the *Royal Academy*, &c.

and demonstrated the contour and proportions of the human figure by *mathematical diagrams.* We have seen the bust of the *Apollo Belvidere*, for example, drawn upon a *geometrical scale*, with more *lines* and *angles* than would have served to illustrate half the problems in *Euclid*, of course, at one time a stiffness of *delineation*, and timidity in the *delineator* prevailed in the *academy*, which at length receded before the energies of *genius* and of *truth*.

"Chapter fifth, is a *continuation of the same subject*," upon which we have to observe, that the term *picturesque* can never be applied with propriety, but to *natural scenery* and *natural images*, or to such objects, as would, if delineated, form elegant or sublime pictures. We say, a landscape is *picturesque*, when the whole consists of parts, that assimilate with, and objects that relieve each other. The works of *Salvator Rosa* are wildly *picturesque*, those of *Claude Lorraine*, beautifully *picturesque*. A group of *trees*, or a group of *figures*, are *picturesque*; if, combined, they form an agreeable, a romantic whole; while lines of clipped yews, flowers that expand by geometrical rules, *St. George* and the *dragon* cut in hornbeam or holly, and squadrons under the operation of military discipline, are *unpicturesque* objects; though the latter becomes picturesque, the moment the drum beats their discharge: then *art* is at once banished, and *nature* asserts her rights. This is observable in the print of the march to Finchley. The objects on the fore and middle grounds are all *picturesque*, while the troops that have *formed*, and are marching up the hill, being under the operation of *art*, lose that appellation which can only, as we have just observed, be derived from *nature*. *Architecture*, generally speaking, is *stiff* and systematically *formal*, and, therefore, its being rendered picturesque depends upon adventitious objects, such as *figures, trees, clouds, clinging plants*, and even *smoke*. *Ancient houses, cottages*, and *ruins* are picturesque objects, and in almost every instance form pleasing parts of a landscape; this observation is very beautifully elucidated by Goldsmith:—

"Far to the right where *Appennine* ascends,
Bright as the summer, *Italy* extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountains side,
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride;
While oft some *temple's mould'ring* tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene."

* * * * * *

"As in those domes where *Cæsars* once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile."*

These lines which remind us of *Piranesi's* views of Rome and its vicinity, are strongly illustrative of *picturesque* beauty, as combined with the decay of sublime and magnificent architecture.

We have been the more diffuse, perhaps, we might have said, *dogmatical* in our observations upon, and statements of what is, as we have been instructed, the *picturesque*; because, Mr. S. respecting the signification and application of the term, observes, that

"First, as to the oldest and most general use of the word, it seems to me an unquestionable proposition, that if this is to be appealed to as the standard of propriety, the word does not refer *immediately* to landscapes, or to any visible objects, but to verbal description. It means, that *graphical* power, by which poetry and eloquence produce effects on the mind, analogous to those of a picture."

This proposition we do not very clearly understand, nor do we think that it is completely elucidated by the subsequent explanation; neither poetry nor rhetoric would exhibit the smallest traces of genius, if the bard or orator did not place the images of objects, whether *real* or *allegorical* before us; but how they could do so, if their ideas could not be embodied, or, in other words, become a *picture*, we do not comprehend. With great deference, therefore, to the genius of *Warton*, we must observe, that the quotation which we have extracted from Goldsmith, might in every part be painted, but this from *Thomson*, which is introduced to support the position of our author, never could, for reasons that are sufficiently obvious.

"*Loud rings* the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise, while at his evening watch
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows, the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze, and with the *hasty* tread
Of traveller, the *hollow-sounding plain*
Shakes from afar."————

We do not conceive, that, ideally speaking, any effects can be produced

* Goldsmith's Traveller.

on the mind analogous to those that arise from viewing a picture: because it has been observed, that there are as "many minds as species of moss." Of course, *rhetorical*, *poetical*, or, as Mr. S. says, *picturesque*, description, has, perhaps, a different effect upon the intellectual faculties of every individual; so that the images are, by no means, in the *mental mirror*, reflected "from art to art," but may, in some *minds*, have all the exaggerated *distortions* of *concavity*, and, in others, all the *minuteness* of *convexity*: therefore, the *graphic* power of the *imagination*, we submit, depends upon the circumstances of the *mental* colours, whether their tints are *bright* or *sombre*; and upon the *mental pencil*, whether its *point* is keen or *obtuse*; while the true *picturesque*, which can only be applied to subjects *really* graphical, is *fixed* in its *principles*, and *obvious* to *speculation*; so that, both in *appearance* and *effect*, it must ever remain *invariable*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Poetical Works of Anna Seward: with Extracts from her Literary Correspondence. Edited by Walter Scott, Esq. In three volumes, 1810.

(Concluded from page 204.)

This (the second) volume commences with the "*Verses written in Dr.* Darwin's *Botanic Garden*," near *Lichfield*, July 1778, respecting which we made an extract (p. 123) that shortly stated the transaction: this is, in a *note* to them, more fully explained. The verses, we find, were sent by the Doctor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and therein published: they are so extremely florid, and, consequently, *beautiful*, that we do not wonder they were *transplanted* into the *Botanic Garden*.

The *Monody* on Major Andre has already been reviewed; but we hardly think that justice has been done to its merit. It is one of those effusions of sensibility that could only have emanated from sincere friendship, enthusiastic remembrance, and heart-corroding affliction: and such is its sympathetic influence, that a perusal of it revives those keen sensations of sorrow which his fate so universally elicited. The three letters that follow are, by the Editor, who is perfectly well acquainted with the force of contrast, judiciously inserted. In the *gaiety*, the *ease*, and exhilarating happiness, that the style and subject of the author *(Major André)* exhibit, we contemplate a *literary portrait*, which heightens our distress for the loss of the *reality*, and our sorrow that he fell so *ingloriously*, a sacrifice to his duty.

The poetical comment upon *Hogarth's* print of the Rake's Progress, so properly introduced in the "*Epistle to* Cornelia," is the *moral application* of *immoral and tragic scenes*, and may truly be said to reflect *images* "from *art* to *art*."

Discrimination is one of the characteristics of *Miss Seward's* muse, as may be particularly observed in the two short poems which follow.

"*Written in the Title-page of a Volume containing Mr.* Jephson's *Tragedies.*

"Poetic spirits, bend your ardent gaze
On this rich effluence of dramatic rays;
Than those alone less eminently bright,
That dart from Shakspeare's orb their solar light.
Fastidious spleen, and canker'd envy, fly;
Nor thou, O mole-eyed prejudice! be nigh.
Then, nervous Jephson! shall thy muse obtain
Applause, that opes the gate of glory's fane."

"*Written in a diminutive Edition of* Gray's *Poems.*

"All to the lofty Ode that genius gives
Within these few and narrow pages lives;
The Theban's strength, and more than Theban grace,
A lyric universe in fairy space."

Discrimination is also a striking object in the commemoration of the poets included in the verses

"*To the Memory of* Lady Millar.

* * * * * * *

"Dear to the parent source from whence I drew
The spark of life, and all that life endears,
Time-honour'd Graves! with duteous joy I view
Thy hollies blushing thro' the snow of years.
Their wintry colours the chaste shrine adorn,
Vivid as Genius blends in life's exulting morn."

* * * * * * *

"Anstey himself would join the sportive band!
Anstey enlivener of the serious earth!
At the light waving of whose magic wand
New fountains rose, and flow'd with endless mirth:
Pouring on Fancy's soul a glow as warm
As Bath's rich springs impart to Health's reviving form.

"Immortal truth for his salubrious song
Pluck'd the unfading laurel from her fane,
Since oft, amid the laugh of Momus' throng,
Wisdom has gravely smil'd, and prais'd the strain,
Pleas'd to behold the fools of fashion hit
By new unrivall'd shafts of ridicule and wit."

There is something peculiarly impressive in the *epitaphs* of our author: she has, in these commemoratory verses, avoided many of the *errors*, and *reached most* of the *beauties*, which have been ascribed to, and demanded from, this kind of poetry; *e. g.*

"*Inscribed on the Monument of the Rev. William Bagshot Stevens, in Repton Church. He died* 1800.

"Reader, if thee each sacred worth inspire,
The patriot's ardour, and the poet's fire;
Unsullied honour, friendship's generous glow,
Sky-pointing hope, that smiles on finite woe:
Such STEVENS was; and thy congenial tear
Drops on the Scholar—Bard—and Christian's bier."

The poem of LOUISA has already been published: therefore we shall only observe, that its author had to struggle with a *comparative* task of extraordinary difficulty. We can imagine ELOISA, the child of passion, the glowing voluptuary, the reluctant penitent; and EMMA, the offspring of sensibility and the elegant enthusiast of love, placed, like *Liberality* and *Modesty* in the picture, on each side of LOUISA, the heroine of conscious dignity, of piety, and virtue; and thence observe, that although she had to combat passions and prejudices, she, in the course of the contest, rises superior to her adversaries, and, indeed, we think, has reduced *fervid emotions* and romantic ideas to the standard of *real* existence, or, in other words, to that of *nature* and *truth*.

From the third volume of these elegant poems we shall only make a few extracts, because we are certain that every reader of taste and genius will be anxious to peruse the whole. That every poem is not equally excellent is certain. Is there any author whose works are in this respect uniform? Common sense and constant experience answer no. The mind, from youth to maturity and age, passes through various gradations; and if, in the latter, the ideas are not so enthusiastic, so brilliant, so nervous and generalized, we have the consolation to feel, that they are fixed by principle, and corrected by judgment. This is particularly discernible in the progress of *Miss Seward's* works: and we have no doubt but that it would be so in those of many other poets, had they been in their arrangement *dated*. Her poetical landscapes have this peculiar excellence, that they bring the scenes which they describe before us, and, where she scarcely gives more than the mere outlines of *nature*, enable fancy to fill them with the fantastic forms and glowing tints of imagination, subservient, in this respect, to the chastened rules of *art*. This observation we shall exemplify by a quotation, which will at once serve to shew its effect, and her success in a species of poetry, of which, it will be remembered, SPENSER was, in this country, the father.

"SONNET.

"BY Derwent's rapid stream as oft I stray'd,
With Infancy's light step and glances wild,
And saw vast rocks and steepy mountains pil'd
Frown o'er th' umbrageous glen, or, pleas'd, survey'd
The cloudy moonshine in the shadowy glade;
Romantic nature to th' enthusiast child
Grew dearer far than when serene she smil'd,
In uncontrasted loveliness array'd.
But O! in every scene, with sacred sway,
Her graces fire me! from the bloom that spreads
Resplendent in the lucid morn of May
To the green light the little glowworm sheds
On mossy banks, when midnight glooms prevail,
And softest silence broods o'er all the dale."

Our space, however anxiously we may wish to be diffuse with respect to quotation, will only permit us to give one more specimen of these beautiful poems; but it shall, in support of the position that we have in the last article ventured, be the concluding poem of this work.

"TO REMEMBRANCE.

"Remembrance! while thy precious beam
Shines beauteous on my early life,
How kind a refuge dost thou seem
From worn Existence' present dream,
Her weariness, her doubts, and strife.

"Dim are the mists that time has thrown
On years which fled so swift away;
But in thy humid lustre gone,
They leave those years, for ever flown
To rise all lovely in thy ray.

"When June's red dawn had streak'd the plains,
And bade the kindling orient throw
Her blushes on those choral fanes,
They shone, in her slant rosy stains,
Fairer than in the noontide glow.

"Then, with what fond delight I hail'd
The dawn, which must those eyes unclose,
That o'er my destiny prevail'd,
Each joy increas'd, each grief repell'd,
Which in my youthful bosom rose!

"E'en to exist was ecstacy,
To feel the sun, to breathe the gale,
Charm'd to expect, to hear, to see,
Friends whose dear smiles were more to me
Than all Peruvian mountains veil!

"More rosy than the morn of June,
Those happy days now far remov'd,
And sweeter than the linnet's tune,
That gaily choir'd its liquid sun,
The accents of the lips I lov'd.

"But Earth depriv'd, no longer seems
In fair ideal light to glow;
Pale as the ice-incrusted streams,
Beneath the cold moon's trembling gleams,
The brightest scene she now can show.

"E'en tho' the gay consummate year
Reveal in her luxuriant pride
All that her gorgeous livery wear,
Hills, dales, and woods, reflected fair
In lake and river's glassy tide.

"Low in the chambers of the grave
Stretch'd are those forms in iron sleep,
Who to those scenes their magic gave,
Whom vows, nor tears, nor prayers could save
All, all I lov'd, and all I weep.

"Where, Lichfield, the unrivall'd sway
Brave ANDRE once assign'd to thee?
He bade thy spired head display
Amid thy vales, and proudly say,
I am, and there is none but me.

"Enchantress! broken is thy spell;
Snapt thy charm'd wand, eclips'd thy star;
And to thy dark and narrow cell
The spirit points, here wont to dwell,
And spread his purple beams afar.

"Yes! the fair spirit of delight,
So long who made these bowers his home,
Now sad he folds his pinions bright,
And, pond'ring the sepulchral blight,
Sits mute, and sorrowing on the tomb.

"Griev'd while I rove each well-known street,
And with faint step the fields explore;
Lost, lost the vital hope to greet
The friends whom there I us'd to meet,
And whom, alas! I meet no more.

"No more, HONORA, shall I see
Thy speaking eyes, that cheer'd my soul.
SAVILLE, the gates of harmony
Eternally were clos'd to me,
When thou didst pass the mortal goal.

"No due return of months and years
Shall bring you, ever-lov'd again:
Mine are feign'd smiles, and genuine tears,
The darken'd hopes, the torpid fears,
And all Privation's lonely pain.

"Yet O! since death's avoidless hour,
Remembrance! may extinguish thee,
Beyond the grave disarm thy power,
Terrestrial blessings to restore,
Which shone the mind's soft sun to me.

"Lest that should be, with all its gloom
Life will I cherish to the last;
And, grateful for the day of bloom,
Turn from the shadow of the tomb,
To muse, and to recall the past."

PLAN *and* SPECIMENS *of a new* COLLECTION *of refined and original* BON MOTS *and* REPARTEES.

THE effusions of men of genius, not only as displayed in long and elaborate works, as in an Iliad or an Eneid, but as sparkling in conversation, as in a bon mot, cannot fail to be both instructive and pleasing. We are always gratified by the streams of native humour which flow in an easy and unpremeditated manner from the lips of the witty and the facetious, inasmuch as they are indications of particular characters and habits of thinking—as they illustrate national manners, and individual singularity. The happy efforts of wit ought not to be considered as bubbles blown by children, which shine with lucid colours, please the eye of the transient spectator for a moment, and then disappear for ever. They are rather like diamonds that sparkle and cut at the same time, which are so intrinsically valuable, that they ought to be preserved with care. Once good they are always so; as bright effusions of the human intellect, they contain the principle of perpetuity as well as of excellence, and, consequently, may afford mankind, through successive generations, as much pleasure as they gave to those who had the enviable satisfaction of hearing them pronounced.

Hence, in various ages, collections have been made of bon mots. Plutarch has left us a curious work on the apothegms of the Greeks; and Vale-

rius Maximus and Aulus Gellius have followed his example, by adding to the ancient stock of this amusing species of literature. But the specimens they have left us are rather the grave sentiments of wisdom, than the sportive sallies of wit; most of them, when translated, would appear very flat and insipid to a modern reader, who does not so much expect in a reply some maxim of philosophy, as an ebullition of fancy to raise his spirits, and excite pleasing surprise at some new and happy association of ideas.

Many collections have been published in England, but few are executed in a chaste and delicate style. In such a manner we mean that they might, without impropriety, be put into the hands of the young. The original *Joe Miller* abounds with coarse language, low ribaldry, and indelicate humour. The re-publication of this work, called the *New Joe Miller*, is full of democratical vehemence and profane notions; and as for the *Encyclopedia of Wit*, although written in a better style than the preceding, it is a continued libel, from beginning to end, upon the fair sex.

It has often occurred to us, that it would afford a delightful treat to present our readers with such a collection of bon mots, sharp retorts, and elegant sentiments, as display the human mind exerted in conversation in an advantageous manner—such,at which the aged may smile, and the fair and the young may laugh, and all be pleased, without any violence offered to their benevolent feelings, without outrage to their principles, or offence to their ideas of decorum.

We shall, therefore, endeavour to set such a feast, divided into several courses, before our readers. Our entertainment will be a kind of pic nic, to which a great many persons will contribute each their dishes, small indeed, but savoury, and of exquisite relish. Some of them may have appeared at other tables; but they are so well seasoned, that there is no fear of their not keeping. Many others are perfectly fresh, and will be found to please the palate of literary epicures; and we will venture to assert, that if they taste one, they will be tempted to go the circuit of the table, and try most of the others, which, like delicious fruits,

Bring with their sweetness no satiety.

Specimens of refined and original Bon Mots.

1. Tom Warton heard a conversation running high between two physicians as to the beauty of a lady—" I do not wonder," said he, " gentlemen, at your warmth, as the subject of your dispute is a *Venus de Medicis*."

2. A gentleman in a stage-coach was interrupted by the frequent impertinence of a companion, who was constantly teazing him with questions, and asking him how he did.—" *I am, sir, very well*," said the other, " *and intend to continue so all the rest of my journey*."

3. A lady with remarkably coarse looking hands, and as remarkably red elbows, was pointed out to a certain belle esprit.—" *I am not surprised*," said she, " *at the colour of the lady's elbows, for they blush at the deformity of her hands*."

4. " As you do not belong to my parish," said a clergyman to a begging sailor with a wooden leg, " you cannot expect I should relieve you."—" Sir," said the sailor, with a noble air, "I lost my leg fighting for *all* parishes."

5. Madame d'Eon was, one night, in a party, where she had talked extremely well upon the subject of her various campaigns and feats of arms. She, at last, on rising to take leave of the company, said, " *Il faut sonner la retraite*."—Upon which a gentleman observed to her, " *Il est remarquable qu'un general si renommé que vous, sonneroit une retraite, apres tant de victoires*."—She said, this was one of the happiest compliments that ever was paid her.

6. A traveller told the same marvellous story so often, and repeated it with so much earnestness, that it was thought he believed it himself.—" *It is happy for the world*," said Dr. Johnson, " *if there be only one person in it so credulous*."

7. On a warm day in December, a party were dining in company with Admiral de Winter, soon after he had been taken prisoner by Lord Duncan. Some remarks being made on the extraordinary warmth of the weather for the time of year.—A wag observed, " *We have summer in winter, and Winter in summer, and all in the same day*."

8. " Waiter," said a traveller at a country inn, " bring me a newspaper." —" Sir," said the waiter, " we are

badly off for papers at present. The *Day* is lost; we have no *Sun*; a captain of a ship is reading the *Pilot*; and the only paper you can have is an old *Times*."

9. A forward young spark going to look at a house which was to be let, it was showed to him by a pretty modest girl.—"My dear," said he, offering to salute her, "are you to be let with the house?"—"*No, sir*," said she, "*I am to be let alone*."

10. When Dr. Johnson was admitted to a private audience with his present Majesty, the King said, "I wish you would write more books."—"Sire," said the Doctor, "I think I have written enough."—"*I should think so too*," said the King, "*if you had not written so well*."

11. In the whole compass of flattery, there never was a higher or more elegant compliment paid to a lady, who was continually praising her husband, than the following, by Dean Swift:—

"You always are making a god of your spouse;
But this neither Reason nor Conscience allows:
Perhaps you may think 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you:
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind."

12. The fashionable hours of our times were neatly censured by Mr. Pitt.—"Pitt," said the Duchess of Gordon, "I wish you would *dine* with me at *ten* o'clock this evening."—"I must decline the honour," said he, "as I am engaged to *sup* with the Bishop of Lincoln at *nine*."

13. "Pray," said the same inquisitive lady, "Mr. Pitt, as you know every thing that is moving in the political world, tell me some news."—"I am sorry, madam," said he, drily, "I cannot oblige you, as I have not read the papers to-day."

14. A traveller, who, like the Baron Munkhausen, dealt much in the marvellous, related, that in Portugal there was fine sport in shooting at pigeons, which, he said, sometimes flew in such large flocks as to darken the air.—"Did you kill any of them," asked his friend, "when you fired at them?"—"No," said the traveller, "I did not kill any, because I fired rather too low; but I brought down about half a peck of their legs."

15. A friend made an improper request to Publius Rutilius, a Roman senator of great integrity, which he refused to grant.—"What," said the indignant petitioner, "is the use of your friendship for me, if you do not comply with my wishes?"—"And what would be the value of my friendship for you," said Rutilius, "if I should consent to that which is dishonourable?"

16. A person consulted Themistocles to which of two suitors he should give his daughter in marriage—whether to a poor man of merit, or to a rich man of a bad character.—"Were I in your place," said he, "I should prefer a man without money, to money without a man."

17. Plato was asked *when* he thought all the people of the world would be happy. He replied, "Either when the wise are kings, or when kings are wise."

18. One barrister endeavoured to overwhelm another with the torrent of his loquacity. The one was verbose, and the other was sententious.—"I am determined," said the former, with vehemence, "to have the last word."—"So you may," said the latter, with calmness; "but the question is, whose word carries the most weight, and will *be the longest remembered*."

19. A pious lady was asked the reason, why she always came early to church.—"Because," said she, "it is a part of my religion *never to disturb the religion of others*."

(To be continued.)

Observations on the Punishment of the Pillory.

———*Quæve hunc tam barbara morem*
Permittit patria? VIRG.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *October 3d.*

Of all the civilized nations of the world, there is none whose magnanimity is more extolled than that of Britain; yet it is a melancholy truth, that there is none more fond of barbarous shews and spectacles of woe! It is remarkable, that such a legislature as the one we live under should still tolerate customs introduced by the rude uncultivated sons of England antecedent to the Conquest; amidst all the refinements of this age, both intellectual and sensual, it is surprising that we should still find in existence that inhuman and disgraceful exhibition—the

Pillory; an exhibition which hardens the minds of the common people, naturally callous enough, and blunts them against every mild emotion of our nature. Far am I from extenuating the conduct of the miscreants, who well deserved the severest visitation for their unnatural desires; but surely it is inconsistent with reason, that because *their* desires were unnatural, their punishment should be so too: is it fit, that the vengeance inflicted on a crime should, in itself, be a subversion of the laws of nature and humanity? Is it fit that the punishment of one lust should be the uncontrolled exercise of another? or that a rabble, the members of which, if individually examined, would be found capable of every vice and enormity, should have the power vested in them of inflicting the sentence of the law? A *lawless* rabble, as the continent, now galled by a tyrannic yoke, can testify, is sufficiently mischievous and destructive; but doubly dangerous and brutal must a rabble be, *armed with legitimate power.**

I rejoice, however, to perceive the inhuman exhibition I have spoken of, which is as disgraceful to our nation and national institutions as degrading to our nature, has met the severest animadversion of the higher orders, and that a relish for such a spectacle is only to be found in the low, whom the Roman poet so justly terms *profanum vulgus*: the newspapers also have, much to their credit, expressed an equal abhorrence of this mode of punishment; and I firmly persuade myself, that the enlightened policy of our legislature will point out the propriety of the total abrogation of such a law, and the infliction of some punishment which, while it might in itself be equally, or even more severe, might partake of less brutality in its execution; but if the members of that legislature, instead of manifesting a noble and honest indignation at seeing the human form so degraded as to be drawn through the public streets, utterly disguised by blood and filth; if, I say, they can sanction the exercise of such a law, we may justly expect that they would make no remonstrance at the opening of an amphitheatre, where wild beasts, and men equally ferocious, might contend, and where every inhuman sport might be witnessed by those whose savage joy it is to glut their eyes with scenes of blood. And if it should not be annulled, let us hear no more of the benevolence, generosity, and far-famed clemency of Britain; let us hear no more of her missions to foreign climes, to promulgate the lowly, the *unoffensive* virtues of Christianity! Alas, degenerate Britons! Alas, degraded human nature!

Yours, &c.

A FRIEND TO PROPER PUNISHMENTS, BUT AN ENEMY TO CRUELTY.*

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* The rabble is by no means "*armed with legitimate power.*"

* We have published this letter for two reasons: one, because it is admirably written; and the other, which is, indeed, the principal, because the horror and indignation which the author so energetically expresses at the *crime* to which he alludes, has induced him, in common with all mankind, to wish that its *attempt* might be still more severely, though less conspicuously punished. With respect to this circumstance, we have learned from the newspapers, that it is in the contemplation of *Mr. Mellish*, the member for Middlesex, to introduce to Parliament a *Bill*. Such a measure will, we conceive, do him the highest honour; for in the present mode of punishment, INFAMY is considered as its most prominent feature: but what effect can INFAMY have on wretches who have already set the law of God and consequently the law of Nature at defiance. The PILLORY, which was, in the legal code of *Canutus*, called *Healfehang*, was a mode of punishment known to, although little practised by, the SAXONS, or, indeed, till after the *Norman Conquest*. It was, in those times, considered as a *feudal engine*, and became a part of the *Palatine privileges* granted with their fees to the BARONS. From these it descended to the *lords of leets*, who, concomitant with their courts, were bound to have a pillory (*collistrigium*) and tumbrel. The *Lord Mayors* of *London* and *York*, the *mayors* of other *cities*, and *bailiffs* of *corporations*, were under the same obligation: and we can remember a fixed *pillory* in the centre of many towns; though these engines were never intended but for the punishment of minor offenders, such as *scolds*, *bakers*, users of short weights and measures, &c. of which county and corporative courts and courts leet had cognizance,(*a*) but were never intended for such horrid instances of *moral turpitude* as those our Correspondent alludes to. These, we agree with him, merit a much more *severe*, though less *obnoxious, infliction*: for it should, in punishments, be remembered, that, where crimes are so dreadful, its aim should be, if possible, the obliteration of them from the memory of the public.—EDITOR.

(*a*) This application of the *pillory* is *recognized* and *established* in *stat.* 6, 51 Hen. 3.

CLASSICAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Observations on Horace.

No. VI.

Observations on the 19th Ode of the 3d Book of Horace.

HORACE addresses this ode to Telephus, a poet and historian, and his intimate friend, whom he blames in a jocose manner for devoting too much attention to historical writing; he tells him, that he speaks of the events which occurred between the reigns of Inachus, the first, and Codrus the last king of the Athenians; that he dwells on the heroic actions of the race of Æacus, and on the Trojan wars; but that he is silent as to the price of Chian wine, as to the name of him with whom they are to sup, as to the baths they shall use, and the proper hour for having fires to dispel the cold of winter; matters which, it would appear, our poet thought of *far greater importance*. After this rebuke, he invites him to spend the evening in festivity, and in honour of Murena, who had that day been invested with augurial powers.

This Telephus seems to have been a favorite with the fair-sex; for Horace, in the 13th ode of the 1st book, writes under the influence of great jealousy to Lydia, and expresses, in warm terms, the anxiety he feels in picturing to himself the delightful moments she passes with Telephus, of the softness of whose arms he makes special mention; and in the end of this ode he tells him, that the *tempestiva Chloë* is enamoured of him. But whether or not this is the identical Telephus before named, our friend Horace has not informed us: the Scholiast supposes him to be the same; but the sobriety of character which is given him in the few first lines, and his neglect of sensual pleasures, tends, certainly, to disprove the identity.

Codrus pro patriâ non timidus mori. This alludes to the noble and truly great action of Codrus, who flourished about 770 years after the foundation of Athens. The Oracle declared, at the time when his subjects, the Athenians, had an engagement with the Dorians, that that people whose general should be killed in the battle would gain the victory: this inimitable man, thereupon, went in disguise to the enemy, and eagerly embraced the first opportunity of being slain. His enemies, the Dorians, on discovering that he was no less a personage than the king of Athens, acknowledged, of their own accord, that they were defeated, and surrendered accordingly.

Genus Æaci. Æacus, who was supposed to be the son of Jupiter, had two sons, Peleus and Telamon; the former was father of Achilles, and the latter of Ajax the greater; Achilles was father of Pyrrhus, otherwise Neoptolemus: and all these descendants were dignified with the patronymic of Æacides.

Sacro sub Ilio. Troy was universally called "holy," either because the founders of it were supposed to be the gods, or on account of the exemplary piety of the inhabitants, whose devotions on mount Ida were highly pleasing to the deity. Even Homer, so partial to his own countrymen, calls the place ἱερὸν Ἴλιον.

Pugnata bella. He uses the plural, because Troy underwent two sieges: first, for the perjury of Laomedon, who having promised certain horses to Hercules, for delivering the country from a monster, and afterwards refusing to fulfil his contract, that hero utterly demolished it: the second capture was by the Greeks, and supposed to be fifty years afterwards.

Quo Chiam pretio cadum, Mercemur. The Chian wine was esteemed in Greece in the same degree that the Falernian was in Italy; and Telephus is here blamed for not making mention of so *important* a point.

Auguris Murenæ. The reason that Horace is so anxious to celebrate the advancement of L. Licinius Murena to the sacred functions of the Augur, was, that he was brother-in-law of his patron Mæcenas. At one time, in Rome, the office of augur was the only one, besides the regal dignity, which was perpetual; that is, extended during the life of the possessor. The superstition of the Romans was unbounded. No war was undertaken, no consuls elected, no public edifice erected, in short, no business of importance, whether public or private, was commenced, without the soothsayers having previously pronounced the auspices favourable: and it has been observed, that when young or rash leaders led the legions to battle without making the accustomed sacrifices, and without the sanction of these priests, that slaughter and defeat almost invariably attended them. We find repeated instances of the punishment which the gods never failed

to inflict when their altars or their religion were contemned: in the third book of the Iliad, it may be observed, that Paris, who had made no offering to the deity, narrowly escaped with his life, but the pious Menelaus came off victorious, having first preferred his prayer to Jove, and made an offering to the god of arms. The augurs divined future events from the flying of birds, from dreams (γάρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν), from oracles, from the bleeding entrails of sacrificed animals (*Pectoribus inhians, spirantia consulit exta*), and from thunders, lightning, and celestial appearances. This office, during the existence of the seven Kings, was next to the monarchy; and both the priestly and kingly functions centered in the person of Romulus. In Consular, and even in Dictatorial times, in numerous instances in Livy, we find it to have had an absolute pre-eminence.

Tribus aut novem, &c. Our poet orders his attendants to bring wine in goblets suited to the occasion (*commodis*) at the rising of the moon; the dinner-hour on festivals being delayed to that time, and prolonged to the middle of the night, and sometimes even till

The saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Had ris'n refulgent from Tithonus' bed.

It was customary, when drinking the health of any person, to consume as many cups of wine as there were letters in their name: in Martial we read,

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur;

And again:

——————immortale Falernum
Funde——————
Quincunces et sex cyathis, Bessemque bibamus
Caius ut fiat Julius et Proculus.

To the Muses, he says, who are nin in number, we poets will drink nine cups; to the three Graces, Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, we will drink three.

Cur Berecynthiæ cessant flamina tibiæ? Hilarity without the Berecynthian pipes was considered incomplete: they derive their name from Mount Berecynthus, in Phrygia, where Cybele was worshipped.

Audiat invidus dementem strepitum Lycus. This Lycus was a quiet neighbour of Horace, and no lover of dissipation; the poet, therefore, wishes to deafen him with the singing and piping and other demonstrations of jollity: he had married a young wife, whom Horace represents unfitted for the companion of so sombre a man as Lycus (*seni non habilis Lyco*). At the conclusion of this ode, he reminds Telephus, whom he does the honour of complimenting, by comparing him to the evening star (*puro Vespero*), that Chloë, a mature and forward girl, was anxiously waiting his arrival; and Horace too, to shew that he is not behindhand with him, notwithstanding his advanced years, says, that he is pining for love of Glycera.

S. H. C*****.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPT. 26.—COVENT-GARDEN.—A Mr. HAMERTON made his debut as *Murtoch Delany*, in *The Irishman in London*, and was favourably received.

Oct. 3.—DRURY-LANE COMPANY, *at the Lyceum.*—Mr. LOVEGROVE, from the Bath Theatre, made his first appearance, as *Lord Ogleby*, in *The Clandestine Marriage.* He performed the part with great judgment, and was very much applauded.

5.—COVENT-GARDEN.—A Miss FENWICK made her *debut* as *Nannette*, in *Fontainbleau*; and, though there is not in the part any thing to display abilities much beyond those of an ordinary chambermaid, what there was to do she did well; but we have not heard of the lady since.

8.—At the same Theatre, in consequence of the sudden, and very severe, indisposition of Mr. Kemble, his brother Charles was announced to the audience as willing, with their indulgence, to render his best endeavours acceptable to them in the part of *Hamlet*, though at a very short notice. A loud outcry was immediately set up by a few individuals, who demanded Mr. Young as the substitute. At length, however, quiet was a little restored, and Mr. Charles Kemble commenced the part; and as he went on, gained rapidly on the favour of the whole audience, by a specimen of histrionic ability for which, perhaps, many among them had not given him credit. He acted the part well, and looked it admirably.

—Perhaps, should a similar occasion occur in future, a still younger gentleman than Mr. Murray may be found as the quondam *fellow-student* of Mr. C. Kemble.

13.—We were gratified in a high degree (which was only allayed by the evident marks of indisposition that still hung about him) by the first stage appearance of Mr. Kemble since the alteration of the boxes had been completed. The part was *Lear;* and on the rising of the curtain in the scene which discovers the old king on the throne, a unanimous shout of applause filled the Theatre; and this testimony of approbation and amnesty was, distinctly, repeated three times. Allowing for the drawback of what, we fear, is an asthmatic cough, Mr. Kemble never played the part with more genuine effect: the awful curse, and the other prominent passages that occur in the character, were finely marked, and well discriminated.

The *Cordelia* of the evening was a debutante (said to be Mrs. Hamerton). She seemed perfectly familiar with the business of the stage, and appeared to take pains with the part; but she passed through it with a moderate share of applause only. Comparisons have been very freely made in some of the newspapers, between her performance and that of Miss Bristow, who held the character in that Theatre before this season. We shall make no comment on the subject, as we believe Miss B. always did her best on the stage.

16.—A new Afterpiece, called The Bridal Ring, was produced for the first time, the characters being as follow, and thus represented:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Savoy .... Mr. Creswell.
Marquis da Vinci .. Mr. Young.
Baron Hainhault .. Mr. Fawcett.
Count Geraldi .... Mr. Brunton.
Polygraph .... Mr. Simmons.
Lodovic .... Mr. Chapman.
Jacques .... Mr. Atkins.

Marian .... Mrs. C. Kemble.
Juliana Hainhault .. Mrs. H. Johnston.

The plot is founded upon the story of the two Emmelines, in the Canterbury Tales.

Juliana, the daughter of Baron Hainhault, and Victoria Malcour, are cousins—the latter of a most vindictive spirit. Upon the death of a relative, who bequeathed the whole of his property to the former, Victoria Malcour, who thought herself much wronged; vows vengeance against her cousin; and, to complete her purposes, secretly withdraws herself, privately watching the motions of Juliana.

At length, learning that Juliana is about to be united to the Marquis da Vinci, she so far succeeds in her malignant purposes, by the deepest intrigues, as to have the Marquis tried for a double marriage, before the Duke of Savoy; but she is foiled in her attempt, by the defection of Ludovic, her confidential servant, and the evidence of Count Geraldi. The Duke declares Juliana Hainhault rightful Marchioness da Vinci—Victoria Malcour's claim is dismissed, and she is ordered into banishment.

We cannot say much in favour of the dialogue or general conduct of the piece; but the aid of some showy scenery, a dance, and two or three interesting situations, which afforded Mr. Young and Mrs. C. Kemble a momentary opportunity of displaying their well-known histrionic powers, induced the audience to exercise their patience until the conclusion of the performance. Upon Mr. Brunton, however, coming forward to announce it for a second representation, there was a pretty general exclamation of "No! No!" Mr. Brunton, upon this, retired. He was succeeded by Mr. Young; but he, likewise, withdrew, without having obtained a hearing. The author, notwithstanding, appeared to have a numerous party in his favour; but the piece, after a few nights, was withdrawn.

MR. COOKE'S SUDDEN EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

Mr. Cooper, the Philadelphia Manager, having been suspected of resorting to a trick to procure the departure of Mr. Cooke from Liverpool to America, we think it but justice (says a Morning Paper) to publish Mr. Cooper's letter, which we received two or three days ago.

"SIR, "*Liverpool, Oct. 7.*

"I have been fortunate in engaging Mr. George Cooke, of Covent-garden Theatre, to play under my direction in America, and on Thursday last he sailed from this port for New-York. The reason of my troubling you with this letter is, that an absurd and calumnious report has obtained in Liverpool (owing, I presume, to the negociations having been carried on with secrecy, and his intentions not having been known until he had actually departed) that I had prevailed with

Mr. Cooke to quit England, when he was prevented by ebriety from exerting his judgment and free will upon the occasion. It is possible that this slander may reach London, and, as Mr. Cooke is an object of considerable public interest, may find its way into the Journals. I assure you, on my word of honour, that this is an absolute *falsehood*; that the negociation for the engagement under which Mr. Cooke has embarked, was commenced about the 6th of August last, and was completed on the 3d instant, in the moments of perfect sobriety, and entire understanding of all the arrangements; and that the secresy that attended the mode of embarkation, was only to prevent the solicitation of his friends in Liverpool, which might distress him, and which he determined to avoid, *as he was resolved upon the step he was about to take.* My object is to request, that if such falsehoods as I have hinted at should find their way into the London papers, you would have the goodness to dedicate a portion of your paper to the denial of the allegation. Requesting you will pardon the intrusion,

"I remain, sir,
"Your very obedient servant,
"THOMAS A. COOPER."

It is most strange, however, and we know not how to reconcile it, that the following letter was sent by Mr. Cooke to Mr. Henry Harris, dated Liverpool, *Sept. 30, stating his determination to fulfil his engagements at Covent-garden Theatre: and that he had taken a place in the Liverpool Mail, and expected to be at the Golden-cross, Charing-cross, on the Wednesday following.*

"*To* HENRY HARRIS, *Esq. Theatre Royal, Covent-garden.*

"MY DEAR SIR, "*Liverpool, Sept. 30.*

"This morning I received your's of the 20th.—Part of my luggage has been in town, I hope, this month past. I have not appeared on any stage since the 7th. From the night I finished my engagement in this town, Tuesday, the 14th of August, I have only acted five nights. I have been under medical care the greatest part of the time since I returned here, and, indeed, it was for that purpose I came.—Munden, who is recovering from a very severe attack of the gout, requested me to stay a day or two for him. I have done so; and yesterday I paid for both our places on Tuesday morning next (Sunday coaches being all engaged, and not one going on Monday, the Mail excepted). On Wednesday evening we shall, I trust, reach the Golden-cross.

"I remain, my dear sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"G. F. COOKE."

POETRY.

ODE

FOR THE ROYAL JUBILEE, OCT. 25, 1810.

Written by WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, *Esq.*

OLYMPIC GAMES by GREECE were given,
And CIRCUS SPORTS by ROME;
But Britons raise their voice to Heaven
For virtues throned at home;
And, from the Peasant to the Peer,
They hail this day to millions dear!

Now FIFTY YEARS have pass'd away,
And seen the mildest SOVEREIGN sway
A People, happy, great, and free!
That People, with one common voice,
From THAMES to GANGES' shores rejoice
In UNIVERSAL JUBILEE!

May Heaven the cherish'd life extend
Of ALBION'S Monarch, Father, Friend,
For many a future year!
Long be postponed that hour of fate
When HE, the just, the good, the great,
Shall cause the general tear!

To the Third HENRY'S troubled sway
A few more years were given;*
But history never mark'd that day
As bless'd by earth or heaven.
While millions, yet unborn, shall own
Our MONARCH'S virtues grac'd his throne.

The upright Judges of the land,
From worldly influence free,
Confirm'd by his benign command,
For ever guard our liberty!
This act alone endears his name
Beyond the pride of CRESSY'S fame;
By this our rights are made secure,
And the strong spring of JUSTICE pure!

His bounty opes the dungeon's door
To liberate the suff'ring poor,

* It is worthy of remark, that our present Sovereign has reigned *as a man*, longer than any Monarch who ever swayed the English sceptre—for, though Henry III. reigned six years, and Edward III. six months longer, they both came to the throne boys, one being scarcely ten years old, and the other fourteen.

And set the wretched free—
Glowing with joy, their hearts shall own
That MERCY'S SEAT is GEORGE'S THRONE,
And bless the happy JUBILEE!

AGE shall his weight of years beguile,
And POVERTY reliev'd shall smile;
CARE'S wrinkled brow shall disappear,
And SORROW intermit her tear.
For RICH and POOR one chorus raise
To England's glory, GEORGE'S praise!

CONTENDING PARTIES all agree
To celebrate the Jubilee;
Warmly they join the general voice,
And, enmity forgot, rejoice;
Exclaiming all with one accord—
"Long live in health OUR SOVEREIGN LORD!"
All but the base degen'rate few,
Who patriot feelings never knew;
Who live abhor'd, and mark'd, like CAIN,
The tools of France, and England's bane!

If there's a traitor in the land
Who will not raise for GEORGE his hand;
Whose heart, malignant, grieves to see
ALL ENGLAND rise in JUBILEE—
Let the DETESTED MONSTER find
Some cavern blacker than his mind
There let him waste his life away,
Nor with his presence blast this day.

While half the world in shackles groan
Beneath a CRUEL TYRANT'S throne,
Drench'd in an hundred people's blood!
Britons, with glowing bosoms, sing—
"May GOD preserve our PATRIOT KING,
"The MORAL, PIOUS, JUST, and GOOD!"

Where is the virtue which he has not shown
To honour man, and dignify a throne?
Be this his praise—all other praise above—
A Prince enthron'd upon his People's love!
His subjects' rights are foster'd in his mind,
The lov'd and honour'd TITUS of mankind!
O'er whom may Heaven its awful ÆGIS throw
To blast the traitor and confound the foe!
Then let the nations, who confess his sway,
For ever celebrate this happy day,
And ev'ry loyal subject sing
"MAY GOD PRESERVE OUR PATRIOT
"KING!"

ANECDOTES IN FAMILIAR VERSE.

No. XXXVII.

Tommy Lowe.

THE zenith of fam'd Tommy Lowe
Was about sixty years ago;
Who, with Stentorian lungs, would bawl,
Both on the stage, and at Vauxhall.
One crowded night, at Drury-lane,
To charm the audience, might and main,
Since he was for their pleasure born,
He dash'd off with *The Early Horn.*
One of the audience, full of glee,
Sung out the tune as loud as he.
"Zounds! what a squalling!" cried out one;
"Let's hoax this prig, to have some fun!
'Silence that noise!' the devil a bit;
The tittering went throughout the pit.
The critic knew not what they meant,
He heard the noise; but on he went.
At length a wag, who liked the joke,
To the intruding singer spoke;
"D'ye hear that cry of turn him out?"—
"Yes! what the devil are they about?
Do they mean me? Something's amiss:"—
"Sir," cried the wag, "the matter's this:
You interrupt the house? Oh, no;
'Tis all along of Tommy Lowe;
He makes such a confounded noise,
That, quite displeas'd, these roaring boys
Wish to be listening at their ease,
To hear your fine CANTABILES.

BADINE.

No. XXXVIII.

The Mouse.

WOULD you put down a liar's relation,
Exceed him in exaggeration;
Nor e'er at bouncing be a flincher,
But give him, what you call, a clincher.
Like him, when he was told a story
Of a turnip, given in all its glory;
It was so large, that it would keep,
Within its rind, a fattening sheep,
Which out of sight was closely shut,
Snug as a maggot in a nut.
To put upon this lie a stopper,
The answer was, that a large copper
Had been devis'd, let who will grin,
To boil this monstrous turnip in;
Which, with the sheep within, would both
The mutton yield, and mutton-broth.
Two travellers passed by a tower;
One said, his sight had wond'rous power;
And, at that moment, though the distance
Was great, he saw, without assistance,
A little mouse—"Hark! what a rout!
See, see, he's frisking in and out!"
The other, listening, shut his eyes,
Nor testified the least surprise:
"What you assert," cried he, "is true;
I have not, sir, such eyes as you;
But, for my ears, they are so keen,
They find out things that can't be seen.
As to your mouse, my visual ray
Finds no one truth in all you say;
Yet, though you know him but by sight,
'Tis clear to me that you are right;
I own, my utmost search 'twould puzzle
To see, like you, his whisker'd muzzle:
See him, I certainly cannot;
But I can plainly hear him trot."

BADINE.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IN Hayley's life of Cowper, Vol. I. the following riddle occurs in the 60th letter addressed to Mr. Newton:—

"I am just two and two; I am warm, I am cold;
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told.
I am lawful, unlawful; a duty, a fault;
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought;
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course;
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force."

A solution will confer an obligation on,

A CONSTANT READER.

LINES,

Occasioned by the Death of BENJAMIN GOLDSMID, *Esq.*

BY MR. PRATT.

WHATE'ER has led thee to the fatal blow,
Ah! little boots it weeping friends to know;
The *rich* who lov'd, the *poor* who bless'd thy worth,
Whate'er the cause, shall consecrate thy earth;
The spot shall hallow, that receives thy dust,
And many a pensive *Virtue* guard thy bust.
Pity shall sigh o'er thy untimely bier,
And *Gratitude* embalm thee with a tear;
Grief's sacred progeny thy fate shall mourn,
And orphans, widows, kneeling, clasp thy urn.
Led on by *Charity*, this train shall bear,
This angel train, the supplicating prayer;
To cherub *Mercy* shall that pray'r be giv'n,
Mercy, supreme among the host of Heav'n!
She, join'd by myriads in the blest abode,
Shall breathe it on the bosom of thy God!

PARTING WITH MY DEAREST.

A SONG.

O, I could leave, for evermore,
My kindred and relations;
And, blest with him whom I adore,
Could roam thro' foreign nations;
For, what are friends to lovers true?
Or dangers the severest?
My heart will break to bid adieu
In parting with my dearest!

I dare not follow where he goes,
Yet cannot live behind him:
May Heaven protect him from his foes,
And guide my steps to find him!
For I can live in toil and care,
And dangers the severest;
But, like the wailings of despair,
Is parting with my dearest!

J. MAYNE.

THE LAIRD OF STAFFA.

THE following lines, from the pen of Mr. SCOTT, are to be found, in his hand-writing, in the Album at Ulva. They are addressed to Ronald Macdonald, Esq. the Laird of Staffa.—It is hardly necessary to add, that Ulva is situated at an inconsiderable distance from that island:—

STAFFA! sprung from high Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old Clanronald;
Staffa! king of all kind fellows,
Well befall thy hills and vallies,
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows,
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,
Echoing the Atlantic's thunder,
Mountains, which the grey mist covers,
Where the chieftain's spirit hovers,
Pausing, as his pinions quiver,
Stretch'd to quit our land for ever.
Each kind influence rest above thee,
All thou lov'st, and all who love thee.
Warmer heart, 'twixt this and Jaffa,
Beats not than in breast of Staffa.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 25, 1810.

THE Gazette contains the despatches from Vice-admiral Drury, Commander-in-chief in the East Indies, relative to the capture of Amboyna.—The following is the account given of the capture by Captain Tucker, in a letter dated Government-house, Castle New Victoria, Amboyna, Feb. 20, 1810, addressed to Vice-admiral Drury:—

"I have to inform your Excellency, that being joined, on the 9th, by his Majesty's ship Cornwallis, and a Dutch sloop of war (the Mandarine), which she had taken, I proceeded immediately up the harbour of Amboyna, and anchored in Lahha Bay, from whence we were enabled to examine tolerably well the numerous batteries erected since the English restored the Island in 1803, on the different heights commanding the fort and anchorage of Victoria, as well as the anchorage of Portuguese Bay.—These anchorages are also further protected by the fort of Victoria; the sea-face of which is extremely strong, a battery close to the beach, well to the right of the fort, mounting four twelve-pounders, one eight-pounder, two six-pounders, and one brass thirty-two-pounder, and a heavy battery built upon piles far out in the sea, mounting nine twelve-pounders (iron), and one brass thirty-two-pounder.—On the morning of the 16th, the plan of attack was determined upon, in consultation with Captains Montagu and Spencer, of the royal navy, Captain Major H. Court, of the Hon. the East India Company's coast artillery, commanding the troops, and Captains

Philips and Forbes, of the Madras European regiment.—The arrangements for the attack were, that 400 men, selected under the command of Captain Court, should be landed a little to the right of Portuguese Bay, and advance immediately to the attack of the batteries on the heights commanding that anchorage, as well as the town and fort of Victoria, and that at the same time the ships should commence their attack on the fort, and such batteries as they could be brought to bear upon; about two P.M. the boats being all out, and every thing in readiness for landing the party selected for that service, the ships were got under weigh, and stood across the bay, with the apparent intention of working out to sea; but by keeping the sails lifting, and other manœuvres, we contrived to drift in towards the spot fixed upon for a landing, at the same time keeping the boats on the opposite side of the ship, so as not to be perceived by the enemy.—Upon a nearer approach, the preparative signal was made to bear up and sail large; the ships bore up together with a fine breeze, and passing within cable's length of the landing-place, slipped all the boats at the same moment per signal. The troops, seamen, and marines, were instantly landed, and formed agreeably to the directions issued by Captain Court, to whose report of their further proceedings I beg leave to refer your Excellency.—The ships immediately commenced an attack upon the fort and surrounding batteries, which was continued without intermission for two hours and a half; by which time, having drifted very close in, exposed to an extreme heavy fire, particularly from the heights on the left of the town with red-hot shot, and the object of the attack being accomplished by the unexampled intrepidity of the troops, seamen, and marines, in storming, and gaining possession of the heights commanding Portuguese Bay, I took advantage of a spirt of wind off the land, and ordered the ships to anchor there.—During the night, forty men were landed from the Samarang, and two field-pieces from the Dover, under the direction of Captain Spencer, who volunteered on this occasion, and succeeded in getting the guns up the heights, over a very heavy and difficult ground.—Day-light on the 17th shewed the very great advantage obtained over the enemy in the attack of the preceding day, as he had abandoned in the night the battery on the beach, as well as the water-battery, both of which, being very low, had much annoyed the shipping. Shortly after, some shells were thrown from the fort at our positions on the heights, without doing any injury, while the shot from our batteries, in r turn, were seen to have considerable effect.—This decided superiority, and the ships being ready to advance again, induced me, after landing, and examining, with Captain Court, the strength of our positions, to send in a summons, a copy of which is annexed, and, in consequence, terms were submitted by the Commandant of Amboyna, for the surrender of the Island, and, after some alteration, the articles of capitulation accompanying were agreed to.—Accordingly, at nine o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the force originally landed under Captain Court marched in, and took possession of Fort Victoria for his Majesty (the enemy having previously laid down their arms on the esplanade), when the British union was hoisted under a royal salute from the fort and shipping.—I beg leave to congratulate your Excellency on the acquisition of this important colony, defended by 130 Europeans, and upwards of 1000 Javanese and Madurese troops, exclusive of the officers and crews of three vessels sunk in the inner harbour, many of which are Europeans, amounting to 220 men, aided by the Dutch inhabitants and burghers, who were stationed in the batteries on this very formidable line of defence."

Captain Court's report to Captain Tucker, of the operations of the troops and seamen employed under the command of the former in attacking the enemy's out-posts on the 16th February, after stating the carrying the battery of Wannetoo, says:—"With the remaining force I proceeded along the heights to turn the enemy's position at Batter Gantong, situated about 1500 yards distant from, and nearly on the same level with that at Wannetoo, and which commanded the town of Amboyna and Fort Victoria. This party endured with the greatest spirit and patience a most fatiguing and troublesome march, ascending and descending hills over which there was no road, and many of them so extremely steep, as to require the assistance of the bushes for the men to get up and down by. Their toils were, however, rewarded by our reaching, a little after sun-set, an eminence which effectually commanded the enemy, and by the satisfaction we experienced on finding that we had pursued the only mode of attack against this post (so strong by the nature of the ground which admitted a probability of success, otherwise than by a great sacrifice of lives.—The enemy, who was collected in some numbers, retired immediately we were perceived on the heights above them, and we entered the battery without opposition, where we found four iron twelve-pounders, and one iron nine-pounder.—The consequences of our successes in obtaining possession of Wannetoo and Batter Gantong, were observed by the desertion, on the part of the enemy, of two batteries which had annoyed the ships, and which became exposed to our commanding fire. One of them, called the Wagoo Battery, is situated on the shore; the other is erected upon piles, some distance in the sea: they were both well calculated for defence against a naval attack, and were covered by a very thick parapet.—During the night, two twelve-pounders and one nine-pounder were relieved of the spikes, in the Batter Gantong Battery, which on the following day were

brought to fire on the fort. The enemy returned our fire (which continued until your summons for the surrender of the town) with shells, but without effect.—Our loss, in obtaining our advantages, was trifling, in comparison with the importance of their consequences, and considering the obstacles the troops had to surmount."

The Island was summoned by Captain Tucker on the 17th February. The answer of the Governor, L'Henkelugt, imputes his situation to the treacherous conduct of the Amboynese inhabitants, and requests a capitulation.—The articles of capitulation follow, by which the garrison are to be conveyed to the island of Java, at the expense of the British Government.—The total return of mounted ordnance on the fortification of Fort Victoria, and on the batteries on the height to the right and left thereof, is 215, and of dismounted iron guns, 18.

His Majesty's ship Dover, Amboyna, March 1, 1810.

SIR,

I have the pleasure to acquaint your Excellency, that since my letter of the 20th ult. the valuable Islands of Saporoua, Harouka, and Nasso-Lant, as well as those of Bouro and Manippa, have surrendered to his Majesty's forces under my command.

I have, &c.

E. TUCKER.

[Here follows a return of the armed vessels captured, consisting of seven brigs and cutters, from eight to sixteen guns; forty-two government supply vessels, of various descriptions; and three neutrals: total, 52.]

Another letter, from Captain Tucker, dated Amboyna, Feb. 10, 1810, states the destruction of the Dutch fort at Boolo Combo, on the Celebes, by a detachment of troops, seamen, and marines, landed from that ship, under the command of Captain Forbes, of the Madras European regiment. We had one man killed and seven wounded in this service, including Captain Forbes, in the latter.

H. M. S. Dover, Amboyna Roads, Feb. 28, 1810.

SIR,

I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that the enemy's ships and vessels, as undermentioned, have fallen into our hands, since the surrender of the island, richly laden, from Souronbaya, with supplies of every kind, for the government of Amboyna, Banda, and Ternatte.—Ship Patman Damvers, of 360 tons; ship Patnolgair, of 450 tons; brig Charlotte, of 50 tons; ketch Salo Sala, of 80 tons.

I have, &c.

E. TUCKER, Captain.

[This Gazette likewise contains a letter from Mr. G. Collier, of the Surveillante, addressed to Vice-admiral Sotheby, dated Quiberon Bay, Sept. 5, mentioning the cutting out of a French brig from under the batteries of St. Guildas and St. Jaques, by Lieutenant Arbuthnot and Mr. Illingworth, the master's mate, at the head of two boats crews, without loss.—Also, on the 7th, of the destruction of a battery, guard-house, and watch-tower, the labour of some months, at the entrance of Coack river, by Mr. Illingworth, at the head of two boats crews of the Surveillante.—A letter from Captain Wolfe, of the Aigle, announces the capture, on the 12th instant, after a chace of thirteen hours, of the Phœnix French privateer, of Bourdeaux, pierced for 20 guns, but carrying only 18, and 129 men, commanded by Mons. Jaques Perrond.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 29.

Copy of a Letter from Admiral Sir C. Cotton, Bart. Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, to J. W. Croker, Esq. dated on board His Majesty's Ship San Josef, off Toulon, 24th July, 1810.

SIR,

A continuance of strong gales from the N.W. since the 15th inst. obliged me to take shelter under the Levant Island with the fleet, from which, however, we were driven as far to the eastward as Villa Franca. I have been, at length, enabled to gain the rendezvous of Cape Sicie; and having had communication with Captain Blackwood, the senior officer in-shore, have received from him an account of his proceedings with the detached squadron under his orders, upon a division of the enemy's fleet, consisting of six sail of the line (one a three-decker with the Commander-in-chief's flag), and four frigates, coming out of Toulon on the 20th inst. for the purpose of enabling a frigate and convoy to get from Bandol, and no less, to endeavour to cut off the Euryalus and Sheerwater; and, in justice to the captains of his Majesty's ships Warspite, Ajax, Conqueror, Euryalus, and Sheerwater, I cannot desist from transmitting to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the enclosed copy of Captain Blackwood's letter on the subject; and I doubt not their lordships will view with no small degree of satisfaction the gallantry and steadiness of those ships, and, under the existing circumstances, the determined measure that officer adopted by bringing to in order of battle, with his Majesty's squadron, against so superior force, and engaging the headmost ships of the enemy's line, which had the effect of completely frustrating their intentions, as regarded the Euryalus and Sheerwater, though the latter was under their guns, and received three broadsides from one of the line-of-battle ships, besides a frigate, but without being struck by either. The enemy's ships remain in the same state as usual in the outer road of Toulon; five or six sail daily stand out off the harbour's mouth to exercise.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) C. COTTON.

H. M. S. Warspite, off Toulon,
20th of July, 1810.

SIR,

In a former letter, I did myself the honour to acquaint you of the enemy having twice come ou in great force, and failing in an attempt to detach a store-ship to the eastward, and liberate a frigate in Bandol, where we had forced her to take refuge. This morning they again came out with six sail of the line, one of them of three decks, bearing the Commander-in-chief's flag, and four frigates; and as the weather was light and variable, I found it impossible to prevent the junction of the frigate in Bandol; I, therefore, endeavoured to collect the squadron, and place ourselves without the enemy in as good a posture of defence as I could; but owing to the situation of the Euryalus and Sheerwater, who were obliged to cross their headmost ships, and the wind rather failing them, whilst the enemy preserved it so entirely as to render the capture of the Sheerwater certain, if not that of the Euryalus.—It became a matter imperatively necessary that I should risk an action, though at the door of the enemy, and with a force so superior; a step which, without such an object, I should not have considered myself authorised in taking, particularly as you had been unavoidably blown off and out of sight by the late heavy gales.

I, therefore, brought to, with the Conqueror and Ajax astern of me, in such a position as evinced my determination to protect the frigate and brig; and I am happy to inform you, that the result has proved as creditable to the British flag as I could have wished or expected; for although the enemy appeared equally as decided to endeavour to cut them off as we were to defend them, the moment they came within reach of our fire they hauled up in succession their headmost ships, giving us their broadsides, and then tacked, in which we followed their example, by also tacking; a movement for which I am entirely indebted to Captain Otway's promptness and good judgment, who being the sternmost ship in our line, and perceiving the enemy began to retreat, became the more anxious to endeavour to disable them; when after a few more shots passing, and we had some time previous to this movement secured the retreat of the Euryalus and Sheerwater, and the wind rather failing us, we wore, and stood a little away to the southward, which the enemy most politely permitted us to do unhurt and unmolested, at a time too when they had it fully in their power to bring us to a decisive action, under circumstances as highly advantageous to them as they were the reverse to us; their conduct, therefore, puts in a flattering and clear point of view the respect in which they hold the British navy; and from the determined conduct of the squadron you did me the honour to place under my command, I am fully persuaded, had the ambition of the enemy permitted him to make a bolder attack, the result would have been still more honourable to his Majesty's arms.

And I trust it cannot escape your notice that, although the disparity of force was conspicuously encouraging to the enemy, yet from the moment that the situation of the Euryalus and Sheerwater became doubtful, and for a long time after, we never declined an action, but, on the contrary, lay to receive them for more than an hour and an half. I have now sir, to perform a task most grateful to my feelings, which is that of reporting to you, that in proportion as difficulties and dangers presented themselves, the patient, active, and undaunted conduct of the squadron was such as to merit my warmest approbation; and I feel most particularly sensible of the exertions of Captains Otway and Fellowes, in preserving such compact order, which evidently deterred the enemy from making a further attack. The Hon. Captain Dundas, of the Euryalus, and Captain Sibley, in the Sheerwater, situated as they were, did every thing I could either wish or expect; the latter I despatched by signal to apprize you of our situation.

To the officers and crew of this ship I shall ever feel much indebted for their steady and active conduct, but particularly to Lieutenant Calloway, from whose judgment, zeal, and activity, as well as that of Mr. Bower, the Master, I derived a most essential aid.—Captains Otway and Fellowes have also reported to me, that the same coolness and activity manifested itself in all ranks in their respective ships; and that they feel equally sensible of the assistance they received from their First Lieutenants, Messrs. Lowry and Fitzmaurice.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) H. BLACKWOOD, Captain.

To Admiral Sir C. Cotton,
Commander, &c.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Malcolm, of His Majesty's Ship the Rhin, addressed to the Hon. Rear-admiral Stopford, and transmitted by Admiral Lord Gambier to J. W. Croker, Esq.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you, that at four P.M. after a chase of two hours and an half, I captured, off the Lizard, the French schooner San Joseph, of St. Malo, of about 100 tons, pierced for 16 guns, but only mounting 14, and 68 men, commanded by Joseph Wittevronghel, a Dane; she sailed last evening at six o'clock, and had taken nothing; she is only one year old, copper-bottomed and fastened, a most beautiful vessel, and sails remarkably well. His Majesty's sloops Little Belt and Wolverine were in company; the latter, I find, had been in chase of her from eleven A.M.

I have the honour to be, &c.

C. MALCOLM.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 2.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Dashwood, of his Majesty's Ship the Pyramus, addressed to Vice-admiral Sir James Saumarez, and of which a Copy has been transmitted to John Wilson Croker, Esq.

SIR,

I beg to acquaint you that the Danish three-masted schooner privateer Norsk Mod, of six guns, four swivels, 28 men, and of 100 tons burthen, commanded by Mathias Bergt, was captured at two o'clock this morning by the Pyramus.—This privateer had left Arundel only six hours, and sailed for the express purpose of annoying the very large convoy that sailed yesterday from Gottenburgh for England.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) C. DASHWOOD, Captain.

DOWNING-STREET, OCT. 6.

A Despatch, of which the following is a Copy, was received, on the 4th inst. at the Earl of Liverpool's Office, addressed to his Lordship by Lieutenant-general Viscount Wellington, K. B. dated Gouvea, 5th September, 1810.

MY LORD, *Gouvea, Sept.* 5, 1810.

I inclose a letter from Colonel Cox, late Governor of Almeida, to Marshal Beresford, containing a copy of the capitulation of Almeida, and an account of the circumstances which occasioned the early surrender of that place.—It was impossible to expect that Colonel Cox should continue the defence of the place, after the unfortunate occurrence which he mentions; and I am happy to add, that all the accounts which I have received from officers and soldiers of the militia, who have come into the interior under the capitulation, concur in applauding the conduct of the governor throughout the siege, and in the unfortunate situation in which he was placed towards its close. It is certain that till the explosion of the magazine of the place, the garrison had sustained but little loss, and were in the highest spirits, and, encouraged by the example of the governor, and the confidence they had in him, were determined to hold out till the last moment.

I have the honour to inclose the copy of a letter, which I received from Marshal Beresford, in which he inclosed the letter from Colonel Cox; to which I have to add, that the two officers mentioned in that letter, the Tenente del Rey, and the major of the artillery, have entered the service of France, and that the latter has been promoted to the rank of colonel.—I am also informed that when sent out by the governor into the enemy's lines to negociate the capitulation, and after he had informed the enemy of the unfortunate situation of the garrison, he did not return to the place when hostilities recommenced, but continued in the enemy's lines.

I have, &c.

WELLINGTON.

Extract of a Letter from Marshal Beresford to Viscount Wellington, dated Maimento da Serra, Sept. 4, 1810.

I have the honour to transmit to your lordship a copy of a letter I have received from Colonel Cox, late Governor of Almeida, and a copy of the capitulation of that place. With whatever regret it was we witnessed the unexpected fall of that place, uninformed as we then were of the cause, I think the circumstance related in the governor's letter of the unfortunate loss of his entire ammunition, and the injury sustained by the town and works, and loss to the garrison by the effects of the explosion, will prove sufficiently the impracticability of a protracted defence; and I regret to say, the conduct of the Lieutenant-governor (Tenente Rey), Francisco Bernardo da Costa e Almeida, and of a Major, commanding the artillery, Fortunato Joye Barreros, increased the difficulties occasioned by the explosion. The former had until the commencement of the enemy's fire acted with much zeal and propriety, but on that commencing shut himself up in bomb-proofs; and after the explosion, from personal fear, and to avoid any further firing, took advantage of the consternation and confusion which must be ever attendant in such a case, to counteract the governor's attempt to hold out at least some short time longer. The major of artillery, it appears, had acted well during the siege, but after the explosion appears to have added treachery to cowardice, and, to gain favour with the enemy, communicated to him the real state of the garrison, and that it had no ammunition whatever left, which caused Marshal Massena to refuse the terms demanded by the governor. Until the unfortunate accident of the explosion of the magazine, the garrison appears to have been in the highest spirits, and in the best possible disposition and resolution to defend the town, and which they unanimously state their governor's conduct inspired them with, as every officer and man gives the highest applause to his unremitting zeal and activity, encouraging all by his own example.—Your lordship will see that it was of very little consequence what capitulation the garrison had got, as it is obvious the enemy would not have observed it, where it was his interest to break it, and which will be witnessed by his having detained by force, and contrary to the terms of the capitulation, seven officers and two hundred men from each of the three regiments of militia that were in the garrison, and this with the object of forming them into a pioneer corps.—The officers and soldiers of the militia regiments, to a man, continued to refuse to enter voluntarily into the service of the enemy, and the seven officers and two hundred men of each regiment were de-

tained forcibly. Such are the circumstances which have come to my knowledge of the conduct of the garrison of Almeida, and which I think it necessary to communicate to your lordship.

SIR, *Aldea del Obispo, Aug.* 30. 1810.

The painful task has fallen to my lot of acquainting your Excellency, that I was reduced to the necessity of surrendering the fortress of Almeida, which I had the honour to command, on the 27th instant, at ten o'clock at night, in consequence of the unfortunate explosion of the great magazine of powder in the castle, and the small magazines contiguous to it, by which dreadful accident I was deprived of the whole of my artillery and musket ammunition, with the exception of a few made-up cartridges which remained in some of the expence magazines on the ramparts, and 39 barrels of powder which were deposited in the laboratory.—Upwards of half of the detachment of artillery, and a great number of infantry soldiers, besides several of the inhabitants, were destroyed by the effect of this terrible explosion. Many of the guns were dismounted upon the ramparts, the works were materially injured, and a general dismay spread amongst the troops and inhabitants of the place.

In this distressing situation I received a letter from the Commander-in-chief of the French army of Portugal, proposing to me that I should surrender the place to the French army under his command upon honourable terms, which he said, he was ready to grant; I answered, that I wished to know the terms which he proposed; upon which the articles of which I have the honour to send your Excellency a copy, were transmitted to me, and which, after using every effort in my power to obtain more favourable terms, I accepted, with an exception in favour of the militia regiments. I hope my conduct on this trying occasion will meet your Excellency's approbation, and that I shall remain justified by the circumstances in the eyes of my country.—The Prince of Essling has been good enough to allow me to return to England on my parole, accompanied by Major Hewit and Captain Foley, of the 24th regiment, and we are now on our way to France, to embark from thence for a British port.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. COX.

(Translation.)

Capitulation for the Surrender of the Fortress of Almeida.

Art. I. The garrison shall be prisoners of war, with the honours of war, that is to say, they shall march out with their arms, which they shall deposit on the glacis of the place;—Answer. Accepted; except that the militia, being only few, shall return to their homes after having deposited their arms; they are not to serve during the present war against France or her allies.

Art. II. The officers of every description, and the soldiers, shall retain, the former their swords and baggage, and the latter their baggage only.

Art. III. The inhabitants shall retain their property, and shall not be disturbed for their opinions.

Art. IV. The military stores and artillery shall remain at the disposal of the French army, and shall be given up to the Commander of Artillery.

Art. V. The magazines, chests, &c. shall be given up to the French Commissaries appointed for that effect.

Art. VI. The plans and memorials of the fortress shall be given up to the Commandant of Engineers, of the French army.

Art. VII. The sick of the English and of the Portuguese army shall be taken care of and maintained at the expense of the French army, and on their recovery shall follow the destination of the garrison.

(Signed)

MASSENA, Prince of Essling, &c.

W. COX, Governor of Almeida.

Camp before Almeida, Aug. 27.

[This Gazette likewise contains a copy of a letter from Captain Selby, of the Owen Glendower, dated off the Lizard, the 1st instant, mentioning the capture of the Indomptable French privateer from Roscoff—the enemy, it appears, got among the Owen Glendower's convoy coming down Channel in a fog, and took one; but it clearing up shortly after, he struck his colours, after having his sails shot away and several men wounded.]

TUESDAY, OCT. 9.

[This Gazette contains three letters from Lieutenant Nugent, of the Strenuous gun-vessel, dated off the Naze, and announcing his having, on the 10th ult. chased on shore and destroyed the Danish privateer Aalbergh, of eight guns and 30 men; also, on the 13th ult. captured the Danish privateer Popham, of three guns and 10 men; and on the 26th, captured the Danish brig Troforte, laden with rye and barley, from Jutland, bound to Bergen.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 13.

Copy of a Letter from the Right Hon. Lord Gambier, Admiral of the White, &c. to J. W. Croker, Esq. dated in London, the 10th inst.

SIR,

I request you will communicate to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the accompanying letter, dated the 28th Sept. which I have this day received from Rear-admiral Sir Harry Neale, Bart. giving an account of a very well conducted, gallant, and successful attack, made by a party of seamen under the orders of Lieutenant Ha-

milton, first of the Caledonia, and of marines under the orders of Captain Sherman of that ship, in the boats of the squadron in Basque Roads (Caledonia, Valiant, and Armide), upon three laden brigs of the enemy, under the batteries of Point du Che, near Rochelle, two of which they captured, and burnt the third; and I beg leave to call their lordships' notice to the observations which Sir Harry Neale has made respecting the loss sustained by Lieutenant Little, of the royal marines.

I have the honour to be, &c.
GAMBIER.

Caledonia, Basque Roads, Sept. 28.

MY LORD,

Since my letter of the 12th instant, detailing the capture and destruction of three of the enemy's brigs on the east coast of this road, the small vessels with the boats of the Caledonia and Valiant have been successfully employed in stopping the coasting trade between Rochelle and the Isle of Aix, but more particularly in blockading three of the enemy's brigs that had sought protection under the battery upon Point du Che, and forming part of a convoy to which the former vessels belonged, the whole of them laden with timber and provisions on account of government. I have now the honour to inform your lordship, that the tide being sufficiently high, and the nights dark, I judged it practicable to effect either the capture or destruction of these vessels, but as the enemy had strengthened his position with four field-pieces, and their artillerymen posted upon the beach, and on a low point situated under the battery, with a strong detachment of foot and horse in the adjoining village of Angolin, it was obvious we could only succeed, with the means we possessed, in effecting this object, but by a coup-de-main, and with a force adequate to the resistance that was likely to be immediately opposed to us. In consequence of this persuasion, I directed 130 marines from the Caledonia and Valiant to be embarked in the boats of their respective ships, under the direction of Captain Sherman, of the royal marines of this ship, for the purpose of landing under Point du Che, to carry the battery and field-pieces by assault, and to spike the guns, allotting to the other boats of the squadron, the capture, or destruction of the brigs. I have the satisfaction to acquaint your lordships, that this force proceeded last night, agreeably to the arrangement I had previously made, under the command of Lieutenant Hamilton, of this ship, with the other lieutenants of the squadron, who also volunteered their services in the command of the different boats upon this occasion, the whole acting with that degree of zeal, regularity, and attention I had every reason to expect, and which so much contributes to the success of an undertaking.

The marines were landed at the place appointed, about half-past two o'clock in the morning, but notwithstanding the near approach of the boats before they were discovered, the alarm was given from the brigs, and an ineffectual fire was immediately opened upon them from the enemy's guns. Lieutenant Little, of the royal marine artillery, immediately on landing, pushed forward with the bayonet to the assault, supported by Captain M'Lauchlin's division, with Lieutenant Colter, both of the royal marines of the Valiant, and Lieutenant Gouche of this ship, with a separate detachment, and succeeded in carrying the battery and spiking all the guns. Lieut. Little, in a personal contention with one of the enemy, when in the act of wresting his musket from him, received the contents in his hand, which was so much shattered in consequence as to render amputation necessary. Captain Sherman, at the same time, took post with his division upon the road by the sea side, with his front to the village, and an 18-pound carronade on his right in one of the launches. In a few minutes a considerable body of men advanced from the village, and were instantly checked in their approach by a warm fire from the marines and the boat; at this period the enemy had succeeded, under cover of the night, in bringing a field-piece to flank the line, which the picquet immediately charged with the bayonet and took from him, putting the men to flight. The object of this service being now executed by the capture of two of the brigs, and the destruction of the other by fire, the marines were immediately embarked in the most perfect order without any loss, and only one person, a private belonging to the Valiant, wounded.

The enemy had 14 men killed in defence of the battery upon Point du Che; what loss he sustained by the fire from Captain Sherman's division, and from the launch, it is impossible to say, but he must have suffered considerably, as his line was much exposed, and completely kept in check. I have felt it to be my duty to be thus particular in the detail of circumstances upon this occasion, for although the service performed is in itself of little importance, yet it required the promptitude and exertion of the officers and men employed upon it that frequently is not so necessary in undertakings of greater magnitude; and I am solicitous to do justice to the merits of all the officers and men employed upon this service. I must beg in particular to call your attention to the conduct of Lieutenant Little, who was most materially engaged upon this occasion, and whose loss of his right hand will be severely felt, in the hope that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty will take into consideration the injury he has sustained.

I have the honour to be, &c.
H. NEALE.

The Right Hon. Lord Gambier, &c.

DOWNING-STREET, OCT. 14.

A Despatch, of which the following is a Copy, was received this day, at the Earl of Liver-

pool's Office, addressed to his Lordship, from Lieutenant-general Lord Viscount Wellington, K. B. dated Coimbra, Sept. 30, 1810.

MY LORD,

While the enemy was advancing from Celorico and Francoso upon Viseu, the different divisions of militia and ordenanza, were employed upon their flanks and rear; and Colonel Trant, with his division, attacked the escort of the military chest and reserve artillery, near Tojal, on the 20th inst.—He took two officers and 100 prisoners, but the enemy collected a force from the front and rear, which obliged him to retire again towards the Douro.—I understand, that the enemy's communication with Almeida is completely cut off; and he possesses only the ground on which his army stands.—My despatches of the 20th inst. will have informed you of the measures which I had adopted, and which were in progress to collect the army in this neighbourhood, and, if possible, to prevent the enemy from obtaining possession of this town.—On the 21st, the enemy's advanced guard pushed on to St. Cambadao, at the junction of the rivers Criz and Dao; and Brigadier-general Pack retired across the former, and joined Brigadier-general Crawford at Mortagoa, having destroyed the bridges over those two rivers. The enemy's advanced guard crossed the Criz, having repaired the bridge, on the 23d, and the whole of the 6th corps was collected on the other side of the river; and I therefore withdrew the cavalry through the Sierra de Busaco, with the exception of three squadrons, as the ground was unfavourable for the operations of that arm.—On the 25th, the whole of the 6th and of the 2d corps crossed the Criz, in the neighbourhood of St. Cambadao; and Brigadier-general Crawfurd's division and Brigadier-gen. Pack's brigade retired to the position which I had fixed upon for the army on the top of Sierra de Busaco. These troops were followed in this movement by the whole of the corps of Ney and Regnier (the 6th and 2d), but it was conducted by Brigadier-general Crawfurd with great regularity, and the troops took their position without sustaining any loss of importance.—The 4th Portuguese Cacadores which had retired on the right of the other troops, and the picquets of the 3d division of infantry, which were posted at St. Antonio de Cantaro, under Major Smith, of the 45th, were engaged with the advance of Regnier's corps in the afternoon, and the former shewed that steadiness and gallantry which others of the Portuguese troops have since manifested.—The Sierra de Busaco is a high ridge which extends from the Mondego in a northerly direction about eight miles.—At the highest point of the ridge, about two miles from its termination, is the Convent and Garden of Busaco. The Sierra of Busaco is connected by a mountainous tract of country with the Sierra de Caramula, which extends in a north-easterly direction beyond Vizeu, and separates the Valley of the Mondego from the Valley of the Douro, on the left of the Mondego. Nearly in a line with the Sierra de Busaco, is another ridge of the same description, which is called the Sierra de Murcella, covered by the river Alva, and connected by other mountainous tracts with the Sierra d'Estrella.—All the roads to Coimbra from the eastward, lead over one or other of these Sierras. They are very difficult for the passage of an army, the approach to the top of the ridge on both sides being mountainous. As the enemy's whole army was on the ridge of the Mondego, and as it was evident, that he intended to force our position, Lieutenant-general Hill crossed that river by a short movement to his left, on the morning of the 26th, leaving Colonel le Cor with his brigade on the Sierra de Murcella, to cover the right of the army; and Major-general Fane with his division of Portuguese cavalry, and the 13th light dragoons in front of the Alva, to observe and check the movements of the enemy's cavalry on the Mondego. With this exception, the whole army was collected upon the Sierra de Busaco, with the British cavalry observing the plain in the rear of its left, and the road leading from Mortagoa to Oporto, through the mountainous tract which connects the Sierra de Busaco with the Sierra de Caramula.—The 8th corps joined the enemy in our front on the 26th, but he did not make any serious attack on that day. The light troops on both sides were engaged throughout the line.—At six in the morning of the 27th, the enemy made two desperate attacks upon our position, the one on the right, the other on the left of the highest point of the Sierra. The attack upon the right was made by two divisions of the 2d corps, on that part of the Sierra occupied by the 3d division of infantry. One division of French infantry arrived at the top of the ridge, when it was attacked in the most gallant manner by the 88th regiment, under the command of the Hon. Lieutenant-colonel Wallace; and the 45th regiment, under the command of the Hon. Lieutenant-colonel Meade, and by the 8th Portuguese regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Douglas, directed by Major-general Picton.—These three corps advanced with the bayonet, and drove the enemy's division from the advantageous ground which they had obtained. The other division of the 2d corps attacked further on the right, by the road leading by St. Antonio de Cantaro, also in front of Major-general Picton's division. His division was repulsed before it could reach the top of the ridge, by the 74th regiment, under the command of the Hon. Lieutenant-colonel French, and the brigade of Portuguese infantry, under the command of Colonel Champelmond, directed by Colonel Mackinnon. Major-general Leith also moved to his left, to the support of Major-general Picton, and aided in the defeat of the enemy on this post, by the 3d battalion royals, the

1st battalion, and the 2d battalion 38th regiment.—In these attacks, Major-generals Leith and Picton, Colonels Mackinnon and Champelmond, of the Portuguese service, who was wounded, Lieutenant-colonel Wallace, the Hon. Lieutenant-colonel Meade, Lieutenant-colonel Sutton, of the 9th Portuguese regiment, Major Smith, of the 45th regiment, who was unfortunately killed, Lieutenant-colonel Douglas, and Major Birmingham, of the 8th Portuguese regiment, distinguished themselves. Major-general Picton reports the good conduct of the 9th and 21st Portuguese regiments, commanded by Lieut.-col. Sutton, and Lieut.-col. de Arouje Bacellar, and of the Portuguese artillery, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Arenschild.—I have also to mention in a particular manner the conduct of Captain Dansey, of the 88th regiment.—Major-general Leith reports the good conduct of the royals, 1st battalion 9th, and 2d battalion 38th regiment; and I beg to assure your lordship, that I never witnessed a more gallant attack than that made by the 38th, 45th, and 8th Portuguese regiment, on the enemy's division which had reached the ridge of the Sierra.—On the left, the enemy attacked with three divisions of infantry of the 6th corps, that part of the Sierra occupied by the left division, commanded by Brigadier-general Crawfurd, and by the brigade of Portuguese infantry, commanded by Brigadier-general Pack.—One division of infantry only made any progress towards the top of the hill, and they were immediately charged with the bayonet by Brigadier-general Crawfurd with the 43d, 52d, and 95th regiments, and the 3d Portuguese Cacadores, and driven down with immense loss.—Brigadier-general Cleman's brigade of Portuguese infantry, which was in reserve, was moved up to support the right of Brigadier-general Crawfurd's division, and a battalion of the 19th Portuguese regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Macbean, made a gallant and successful charge upon a body of another division of the enemy, which was endeavouring to penetrate in that quarter.—In this attack, Brigadier-general Crawfurd, Lieutenant-colonels Beckwith, of the 95th, and Barclay, of the 52d, and the commanding officers of the regiments, engaged, distinguished themselves. Besides these attacks, the light troops of the two armies were engaged throughout the 27th, and the 4th Portuguese Cacadores, and the 1st and 16th regiments, directed by Brigadier-general Pack, and commanded by Lieutenant colonel de Rego Bonito, Lieutenant-colonel Hill, and Major Armstrong, shewed great steadiness and gallantry. The loss sustained by the enemy in his attack of the 27th, has been enormous. I understand, that the General of Division, Merle, and General Maucun, are wounded, and General Simon was taken prisoner by the 52d regiment, and three colonels, 33 officers, and 250 men.—The enemy left 2000 killed upon the field of battle, and I understand from the prisoners and deserters, that the loss in wounded is immense.—The enemy did not renew his attack excepting by the fire of his light troops on the 28th, but he moved a large body of infantry and cavalry from the left of his centre to the rear, from whence I saw his cavalry in march on the road which leads from Mortagoa over the mountains towards Oporto.—Having thought it probable that he would endeavour to turn our left by that road, I had directed Colonel Trant, with his division of militia, to march to Sardao, with the intention that he should occupy those mountains, but unfortunately he was sent round by Oporto by the general-officer commanding in the north, in consequence of a small detachment of the enemy being in possession of St. Pedro de Sul; and, notwithstanding the efforts which he made to arrive in time, he did not reach Sardao till the 28th at night, after the enemy was in possession of the ground. As it was probable, that in the course of the night of the 28th, the enemy would throw his whole army upon that road, by which he would avoid the Sierra de Busaco, and reach Coimbra by the high road to Oporto, and thus the army would have been exposed to be cut off from that town, or to a general action on less favourable ground; and as I had reinforcements in my rear, I was induced to withdraw from the Sierra de Busaco. The enemy did break up in the mountains at 11 at night of the 28th, and he made the march expected. His advanced guard was at Avelans, in the road from Oporto to Coimbra, yesterday; and the whole army was seen in march through the mountains; that under my command, however, was already in the low country, between the Sierra de Busaco and the sea; and the whole of it, with the exception of the advanced guard, is this day on the left of the Mondego.—Although, from the unfortunate circumstance of the delay of Colonel Trant's arrival at Sardao, I am apprehensive that I shall not succeed in effecting the object which I had in view in passing the Mondego, and in occupying the Sierra de Busaco, I do not regret my having done so. This movement has afforded me a favourable opportunity of shewing the enemy, the description of troops of which this army is composed; it has brought the Portuguese levies into action, with the enemy for the first time in an advantageous situation; and they have proved that the trouble which has been taken with them, has not been thrown away, and that they are worthy of contending in the same ranks with British troops, in this interesting cause, which they afford the best hopes of saving.—Throughout the contest upon the Sierra, and in all the previous marches, and in those which we have since made, the whole army has conducted themselves in the most regular manner. Accordingly, all the operations have been carried with ease, the soldiers have suffered no privations, have undergone no unnecessary fatigue, there has been no loss of stores, and the

army is in the highest spirits.—I have received throughout the service, the greatest assistance from the general and staff-officers.—Lieutenant-general Sir B. Spencer, has given me the assistance which his experience enables him to afford me, and I am particularly indebted to the adjutant and the quarter-master-general, and the officers of their departments, and to Lieutenant-colonel Bathurst, and the officers of my personal staff, to Brigadier-general Howarth, and the artillery, and particularly to Lieutenant-col. Fletcher, Captain Chapman, and the officers of the royal engineers.—I must likewise mention Mr. Kennedy, and the officers of the commissariat, which department has been carried on most successfully.—I should not do justice to the service, or to my own feelings, if I did not take this opportunity of drawing your lordship's attention to the merits of Marshal Beresford. To him exclusively, under the Portuguese Government, is due the merit of having raised, formed, disciplined, and equipped the Portuguese army, which has now shown itself capable of engaging and defeating the enemy.—I have besides received from him, upon all occasions, all the assistance which his experience and abilities, and knowledge of this country, have qualified him to afford me.—The enemy has made no movement in Estremadura, or in the Northern provinces, since I addressed your lordship last.—My last accounts from Cadiz, are of the 9th inst.—I inclose a return of the killed and wounded of the allied armies in the course of the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th inst. I send this despatch by my Aid-de-Camp, Captain Burgh, to whom I beg to refer your lordship for any further details, and to recommend him to your lordship's notice.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

Return of the number of killed, wounded, and missing of the army under Lieutenant-general Lord Wellington, in the advance of the French army towards Busaco, on Sept. 25 *and* 26, 1810.

General-staff, 1 captain wounded.—14th light dragoons, 1 horse killed; 1 sergeant, 2 rank and file, 4 horses, wounded; 3 rank and file, 7 horses, missing.—16th light dragoons, 2 horses killed; 1 cornet, 4 horses, wounded; 4 rank and file, 3 horses, missing.—1st hussars K. G. L. 2 horses killed; 1 sergeant, 3 rank and file, 4 horses, wounded.—Total, 5 horses killed; 1 captain, 1 cornet, 2 sergeants, 5 rank and file, 12 horses, wounded; 7 rank and file, 10 horses, missing.

Names of officers wounded.—98th foot, Captain Hoey, Deputy-assistant-adjutant-general severely.—16th light dragoons, Cornet Keating, slightly.

List of Officers killed, wounded, and missing of the army under Lieutenant-general Lord Wellington, in the action with the French army, under Marshal Massena, in the position of Busaco, on Sept. 27, 1810.

Killed.—1st battalion 45th foot, Major Smith, Captain Urquhart, and Lieutenant Ousely.—74th foot, Ensign Williams.—1st battalion 88th foot, Lieutenant H. Johnson.

Wounded.—1st battalion 52d foot, Lieutenant-colonel Barclay, slightly.—70th foot, Lieutenant-colonel C. Campbell, Assistant-adjutant-general, ditto.—43d foot, Captain Lord F. Somerset, A. D. C. to Lord Wellington, ditto.—1st foot guards, Captain Marquis Tweeddale, Deputy-assistant-quarter-master-general, ditto.—1st battalion 40th foot, Captain G. Preston, A. D. C. to Sir B. Spencer, ditto.—1st battalion 7th foot, Lieutenant Marr, ditto.—1st battalion 9th foot, Lieutenant Lindsay, severely.—2d battalion 24th foot, Captain Meachan, slightly.—2d battalion 38th foot, Lieutenant Miller, ditto.—1st battalion 45th foot, Major Gwyn, severely, Lieutenants Harris and Tyler, ditto; Lieutenant Anderson, slightly.—1st battalion 50th foot, Major Napier, severely.—1st battalion 52d foot, Captain G. Napier, slightly; Lieutenant C. Wood, ditto.—5th battalion 60th foot, Lieutenant-colonel Williams and Captain Andrews, ditto; Lieutenants Jorie and Eberstein, severely; Lieutenant Frankeine, slightly.—74th foot, Lieutenant Cargell, severely.—1st battalion 79th foot, Captain Douglas, severely.—2d battalion 83d foot, Lieutenant Colthurst, slightly.—1st battalion 88th foot, Major Silver, severely, (since dead); Major M'Gregor and Captain M'Dermot, severely; Captains Daisey and Bury, slightly; Lieutenants Fitzpatrick and Nickle, and Ensign Leonard, severely.—1st battalion K. G. L. Lieutenant During, slightly.—21 ditto, Major Wurmb, slightly.—Detachment 2d, light ditto, Lieutenant Stolte, severely.

Missing.—1st battalion 79th foot, Captain A. Cameron.

Return of the number of killed, wounded, and missing of the army under Lieutenant-general Lord Wellington in the action with the French army, under Marshal Massena, in the position of Busaco, on September 27, 1810.

General-staff, 2 lieutenant-colonels, 3 captains, wounded. B. H. artillery, 2 rank and file, wounded.—B. F. artillery, 1 rank and file, killed; 1 sergeant, 4 rank and file, wounded.—G. F. artillery, 3 rank and file, wounded.—3d battalion 1st foot, 2 rank and file, wounded.—2d battalion 5th foot, 1 rank and file, killed; 1 sergeant, 6 rank and file, wounded.—1st battalion 7th foot, 1 rank and file, killed; 1 lieutenant, 22 rank and file, wounded.—1st battalion 9th foot, 5 rank and file, killed; 1 lieutenant, 1 sergeant, 17 rank and file, wounded.—2d battalion 24th foot, 1 captain wounded.—2d battalion 38th foot, 1 sergeant, 4 rank and file, killed; 1 lieutenant, 17 rank and file, wounded.—2d

battalion 42d foot, 2 serjeants, 1 drummer, 3 rank and file, wounded.—1st battalion 43d foot, 1 serjeant 7 rank and file, wounded.—1st battalion 45th foot, 1 major, 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 21 rank and file, killed; 1 major, 3 lieutenants, 3 serjeants, 106 rank and file, wounded; 12 rank and file, missing.—1st battalion 50th foot, 1 major wounded.—1st battalion 52d foot, 3 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 10 rank and file, wounded.—5th battalion 60th foot, 3 rank and file, killed; 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 captain, 3 lieutenants, 16 rank and file wounded; 5 rank and file, missing.—74th foot, 1 ensign, 6 rank and file, killed; 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 20 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file, missing.—1st battalion 79th foot, 7 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 41 rank and file, wounded; 1 captain, 6 rank and file, missing.—2d battalion 83d foot, 1 lieutenant, 1 drummer, 3 rank and file, wounded.—1st battalion 88th foot, 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 29 rank and file, killed; 2 majors, 3 captains, 2 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 2 serjeants, 92 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file, missing.—1st battalion 95th foot, 9 rank and file, killed; 4 serjeants, 1 drummer, 27 rank and file, wounded.—1st battalion K.G.L. 3 rank and file, killed; 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 4 rank and file, wounded. Detachment 1st light ditto, 1 serjeant, killed: 1 serjeant, 10 rank and file, wounded; 1 serjeant, 2 rank and file, missing.—2d ditto. 1 rank and file, killed; 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 5 rank and file, wounded.—2d battalion ditto, 1 serjeant, 2 rank and file, killed; 1 major, 6 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file, missing.—5th ditto, 1 rank and file, killed; 1 serjeant, 8 rank and file, wounded.—7th ditto, 1 serjeant, 8 rank and file, wounded.—Total, 1 major, 1 captain, 2 lieutenants 4 ensign, 5 serjeants, 97 rank and file killed; 3 lieutenant-colonels, 5 majors, 10 captains, 16 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 21 serjeants, 3 drummers, 434 rank and file, wounded; 1 captain, 1 serjeant, 29 rank and file, missing.—N.B. The officer and men returned missing, are supposed to be prisoners of war.

Return of the killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners of war of the Portuguese Army, on Sept. 27.

Killed.—4 captains, 2 subalterns, 1 serjeant, 1 drummer, 82 rank and file.—*Wounded*, 1 colonel, 1 major, 5 captains, 18 subalterns, 9 serjeants, 478 rank and file.—*Prisoners and missing*, 2 serjeants, 18 rank and file.—Total, killed, 90, wounded, 512, prisoners and missing, 20.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have to announce the interesting intelligence of the assembling of the Spanish Cortes, and the opening of their session. This took place on the 24th ultimo; and the first proceeding of that great body was, to continue the authority of the Regency, *ad interim*, and until a permanent government be established for the Spanish dominions. The greatest moderation, unanimity, and good will, prevailed on their first meeting, and have guided their subsequent sittings which are daily. With such a commencement, the most flattering success may be expected from the future proceedings of this august assembly.

The Cortes have, among their first acts, proclaimed, as their legitimate sovereign, Ferdinand VII. and declared the cession of the crown, in favour of Napoleon, to be null and void, not only on account of the violence which attended that illegal act, but principally on account of its being without the consent of the nation. A committee has been appointed to establish the freedom of the press.

The French army, in Catalonia, has been defeated by General O'Donnel, with the loss of a great number killed and wounded, 1800 prisoners, and 16 pieces of artillery. Among the prisoners, are the French General Schwartz. General O'Donnel was wounded in the foot by a musket ball.

Lucien Bonaparte, who, it has been said, intended to emigrate to America, is now under British protection in the Mediterranean. He left Rome about the beginning of August, with his wife, children, and several relations, embarked at Civita Vecchia on board an American vessel, and had a quick passage from thence to Sardinia first, and afterwards to Malta. The following letter gives the particulars of this extraordinary circumstance:—

Malta, Aug. 25. "Lucien Bonaparte and his family, Madame B. seven children, and a retinue, altogether upwards of forty persons, were brought here, the 23d instant, by Captain Barrie, in the Pomone frigate, who found them on board an American vessel off Cagliari, in Sardinia, a few days back, where they had been eight or nine days endeavouring to be allowed to land, which was peremptorily refused. It seems they embarked at Civita Vecchia, in the Roman states, about three weeks ago. He gives out, that as he had refused to divorce his wife, become king of Rome, and marry his daughter (about 15 years old, and now here with the rest of his children), to Ferdinand VII. of Spain, he has been exiled from the Continent of Europe, and that he intended proceeding to America. General Oakes waited upon him yesterday forenoon, and informed him, that as he wished to land, he

should be provided with accommodation in fort Ricasoli, where both himself and family would be treated with every attention, but that of course he could not but be considered as a prisoner of war. He is, we learn, to remain here until directions from government at home shall be received about him."

Murat has, at last, made an attempt to invade Sicily; but this effort, after all his boasting, has terminated only in his disgrace and disappointment. A partial landing was effected on the 17th ultimo, by some detachments of the enemy, who, we doubt not, were nearly all made prisoners by our troops, though, it is pretended, that the greater part returned. Murat was on board his barge, waiting for a favourable opportunity to cross the narrow channel with the remainder of his troops; but the wind and tide, or, perhaps, his courage, failed him, and he thought it would be better to remain safe in Calabria.

Another dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius took place on the 11th of last month, which continued several days. The burning lava flowed down the sides of the mountain with a force hitherto unprecedented. All Vesuvius was on fire; houses and whole estates were overwhelmed, and families in tears, and reduced to despair, were searching in vain for the inheritance of their ancestors.

The kingdom of Poland is to be revived, and Berthier, it is said, to be its sovereign.

The Amsterdam Courier contains an account of the total defeat of the Turkish army at Rudschuck on the 6th ultimo. The Russians are stated to have killed 5,000, and taken 5,000 prisoners; the whole camp equipage, arms, artillery, 178 stand of colours, and an immense number of prisoners, are said to have fallen into the hands of the victors.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SEPTEMBER 24.

MR. Sadler ascended in his balloon, accompanied by Mr Clayfield, of Bristol, from that city, and was carried down the Bristol Channel, and dropped into the sea on the Devon coast; was three hours on his voyage, and picked up by a boat after being an hour in the water.

25. J. Vigurs, a miscreant convicted, at the last Sessions for London, of an assault, with intent to commit an unnatural crime, was placed in the pillory, pursuant to his sentence, at the end of Princes-street, in Cornhill, whither he was conveyed in an open cart. He was meanly dressed; but the mud and filth, which had been thrown on him before his arrival at the place of punishment, prevented the spectators from seeing what cloaths he had put on. At the instant the offender was exhibited, he was assailed with rotten eggs, dead cats, horse-dung, mud, stale fish, &c. Having stood one hour, the executioner took him down. He then appeared to be insensible, and was thrown on his back in the cart, his face covered with blood, and his whole person one mass of mud. The cart hurried to Newgate, followed by the mob, which continued pelting him till he was carried into the gaol almost dead.—A shocking accident happened soon after the prisoner had been plac d in the pillory; part of the Mansion House ballustrade, on which many persons had climbed, gave way, by which several persons received serious injuries.

26. The recognizance entered into by Dr. James Robertson, was estreated at the Old Bailey, in consequence of his not appearing to take his trial; but the recognizances of his bail (Dr. Denman, Lieut.-Col. Alcock, Mr. Croft, and Mr. Coulthard, of Hampshire), were respited till next Sessions.

27. Six of the Vere-street gang, convicted at the late Clerkenwell Sessions, namely W. Amos, alias Fox, J. Cook, (the landlord) P. Bell, (the waiter) W. Thompson, R. Francis, and J. Done, were exhibited on the pillory, in the middle of the Haymarket, opposite Panton-street. They were conveyed from Newgate in the open caravan used for the purpose of taking the transports to Portsmouth.—They had no sooner been placed in this vehicle, than the public abhorrence was expressed by handfuls of mud, rotten eggs, potatoes, &c. which discipline was vigorously persevered in until the miscreants reached the Haymarket. It was then discovered, that though an additional wing had been placed to the pillory, only four could be accomodated at one time; the remaining two (Amos and Cook), were therefore conveyed to St. Martin's watch-house, until their turn should come. The concourse of people assembled in Fleet-stret, Strand, and the Haymarket was immense—even the tops of the houses were covered. As soon as the four wretches had been properly placed in the pillory, a number of women were admitted into the ring, and were plentifully supplied from the slaughter-houses of St. James's-market with offals, to vent their indignation upon the monsters. At the expiration of their hour, they were re-conveyed in the caravan, through Long-acre, &c. to Cold-bath-fields prison, being still pursued by the rage and missiles of the populace, even to the prison-gates. Amos and Cook, though they came in for the second course, had no reason to complain of short allowance—their discipline was even more severe than that of their confede-

rates, and when taken down, in order to be conveyed to Newgate, the bulky form of the latter presented an obvious mark for the mud and stones that were hurled. On the whole, it appeared scarcely possible that either could survive his merited treatment.—The wisdom of the Legislature will, we have no doubt, at its meeting, provide a more adequate punishment than the pillory: simple exposure to wretches so degraded, being insufficient. Besides, the exhibition is disgusting; and, while it wounds every delicate and manly feeling, has a tendency to pollute the infant mind by the conversations to which it unavoidably gives rise. Let the crime be rooted from among us—let the *attempt* be punished with death; but let not the people be accustomed to inflict that justice, which ought to be invested with the grave dispensers of the law alone; for it may be attended with dangerous consequences.

29. This being Michaelmas-day, the Livery returned, to the Court of Aldermen, two gentlemen for their choice of one, to be Lord Mayor for the year ensuing.

Alderman John Jonathan Smith, was elected Lord Mayor for the year ensuing. Alderman Wood (though Alderman Hunter stood next in rotation) was returned with him for the option of the Court of Aldermen. Thanks were voted to the late sheriffs, who made suitable speeches on the occasion.

Sept. 29. An inquest was assembled at Merton, on the body of Mr. Abraham Goldsmid, who had shot himself. The coachman of the deceased was the first witness examined; and he deposed, that having followed his master into a part of his grounds, called the Wilderness, to receive orders as to the time of carrying him to town, he found him lying on the ground, the blood flowing copiously from a wound under his chin, and his hand still sustaining the fatal pistol. He continued to breathe, but was totally insensible, and expired shortly after his removal to the house.

Several witnesses deposed, that since the unfortunate death of his brother, Mr. A. Goldsmid had been subject to an occasional depression of spirits, in the highest degree alarming to his family—so great, in fact, we understand, as to have induced, on two or three occasions, the appointment of persons to attend him, with a view to his safety from self-violence. The accident he lately encountered in Lombard-street, in being beaten down by an over-drove ox, appears likewise to have contributed to the derangement of his nervous system, and rendered him more susceptible to the mortification and embarrassments to which the late depreciation of omnium exposed him. On Thursday, while on Change, he betrayed more than usual impatience and irritability, and spoke very incoherently as to the revenge he proposed to himself, in the punishment of the two parties opposed to him in the money market.

The evidence was conclusive, and the jury immediately found a verdict of *insanity*.

Mr. Goldsmid's losses by the late loan are stated to have amounted to nearly 200,000l. the average dealing of his house was estimated at 100,000l. per day.

Oct. 1. The remains of this much lamented gentleman were interred in the Jews' burial-ground, at Mile End, at half-past five in the morning; the hearse which conveyed the body passed over London-bridge, followed by the carriage of the deceased and thirteen mourning coaches, in which were the high-priest, the elders of the synagogue, and a great part of the family, except his brothers, who were too much affected to attend. The high-priest and elders paid every distinction in their power to the remains of their departed friend; but, in conformity to the Mosaic laws, they withheld from him the customary funeral rites. When the corpse was deposited in the grave, one of the near male relatives of the deceased fainted, and fell in the ground. There was not a person present whose unfeigned regret did not bear testimony to the many virtues and uncommon philanthropy of the deceased.

3. The coffre dam at the Limehouse entrance of the West India Docks, erected for the purpose of keeping out the water during the building of the wing-wall, gave way; when the piles (30 feet long) were forced into the air, and the whole of the works blown up. Fortunately no lives were lost.

5. Early this morning, a large warehouse, nearly adjoining Mr. Calvert's brewhouse, in Thames-street, was burnt to the ground. The loss is computed at 15,000l. Nearly at the same time, an uninhabited house, in Air-street, Picadilly, which adjoins Mr. Newman's, was set on fire, and while the family of the latter were providing for their safety, a pannel of the shop was forced, and a tray of diamond rings, watches, &c. were stolen.

19. Mr. Jackson, our late minister to the United States, arrived at Spithead, in the Venus frigate.

26. An extraordinary gazette was published, announcing the capture of the isle of Bourbon, in the East Indies. It will be inserted next month.

Jeffery, the seaman, respecting whose existence so many doubts have been entertained, has arrived in London; he received his discharge from the Board of Admiralty, been remunerated by the friends of Captain Lake, and is gone down to his mother in Cornwall.

Roberts, who escaped out of Cold-Bath-Fields prison, on the 28th of August, and for whose apprehension a reward of 300 guineas was offered by the Directors of the Bank, has been apprehended at the Royal Oak public-house, near Vauxhall, and conveyed to Newgate. It appears, that information of Roberts's abode was first received by the Bank Directors; who, on application at Marlbo-

rough-street, obtained a search-warrant and the assistance of four officers to execute it. These men, with Messrs. Glover and Lees, Bank Investigators, repaired to the Royal Oak; and having made escape impossible, by barricading the door, and taking other precautions, two of them went up stairs, and found Roberts in a back-room on the first floor. He was surprised and seized; and on searching him, a pair of loaded pistols, and a large clasp-knife were found in his pocket, as also 200l. of forged bank-notes. Though much agitated at the moment, he presently recovered himself, and inquired who had betrayed him, regretting at the same time that he had placed too much confidence in his associates. He had been a fortnight at the lodging, under the assumed name of Sidney, pretended that he was from the country, and recommended by his physician to lodge there: assumed the appearance of a lawyer, and always affected to be busy with some rolls of parchment he had with him. He walked out early in the morning, and occasionally mixed with such company as resorted to the house; he had many visitors; and on the Thursday preceding his apprehension, had a dinner-party of four persons, one of whom, it is supposed, furnished the information that led to his apprehension. He afterwards underwent a private examination at Marlborough-street, of three hours. The object of it was to identify him as the person who broke out of prison, and he was committed for trial for that offence; as was Daniel Aris, for assisting him.

Folkard, a tradesman in the city, supposed to be concerned with Roberts, is also in safe custody.

Mr. Mason, of Charlton-street, a few days ago, detected a couple of miscreants in a field near the end of Gower-street, in a situation which left no doubt as to their criminality; he apprehended one and lodged him in prison, the other escaped. Mr. Mason has since received several letters, menacing his life, should he persist in his design of prosecuting; and what is worthy of remark, they profess to be written by a set of wretches, who have formed themselves into a society under the appellation of "Knights of the sacred Order of Fidelity."

One Hucknall, residing in Ryder-street, St. James's, who acted as a broker at the Bank, has absconded with 3,000l. with which he had been entrusted by various tradesmen to buy stock.

The Lord Chancellor has made an order, that the commissioners of bankrupts do, where a person becomes a bankrupt *more than once*, inquire very particularly into the *cause* of such failure, and the time since he was a bankrupt before, and certify the same to him; his lordship being determined, where there shall appear the least fraud, not to grant a certificate.

For the Bite of a Mad Dog.—Take leaves of rue, picked from the stalks, and bruised, six ounces; garlick, picked from the stalks, and bruised, Venice treacle or mithridate, and scrapings of pewter, of each four ounces. Boil all these over a slow fire, in two quarts of strong ale, till one pint is consumed; then keep it in bottles close stopped, and give of it nine spoonfuls to man or woman, warm, every seven mornings together fasting.—This, if given within nine days after the biting of the dog, will prevent the hydrophobia: apply some of the ingredients from which the liquor was strained to the bitten place.—This recipe was, some years ago, taken out of Calthorpe Church, Lincolnshire, the whole town being bitten by a mad dog; and all that took this medicine did well, while all the rest died mad.—In a P.S. it is added, many years experience has proved, that this is an effectual cure for this calamity.

A certain Cure for Corns...Soak them, and pare them; then rub them well, night and morning, with chalk.—This is recommended by a lady who has entirely cured them by the above simple means.

NATIONAL DEBT.

The National Debt having been lately stated by the *Croakers* to amount to the exaggerated sum of 811 millions, we lay before our readers an authentic account of its actual amount on the 5th of February last, viz.

3 per cents.—	596,157,563l.	equal to 5 per cents.	357,694,537l.
4 per cents.—	66,457,563l.	equal to 5 per cents.	53,166,050l.
5 per cents.—	59,832,884l.	equal to 5 per cents.	59,832,884l.
		Total	470,093,471l.

Of which had been bought up by the Commissioners for its Reduction,

3 per cents.—	173,717,216l.	equal to 5 per cents.	104,151,648l.
4 per cents.—	6,629,700l.	equal to 5 per cents.	5,303,760l.
5 per cents.—	142,000l.	equal to 5 per cents.	142,000l.
		Total redeemed	109,597,408l.

Leaving the total *real money value* of the Debt less than one-half of the *Croaker's* amount; which is, however, coming as near the truth as can be expected from them.... ....361,096,068l.

BIRTHS.

AT Sheffield House, Queen's County, Ireland, the seat of Colonel Cassan, the lady of Stephen Sheffield Cassan, Esq. barrister-at-law, of a daughter, being the third since their marriage in 1804.——Lady Bowyer of an heir, at Radley.——Lady N. Mackenzie, at Delvine House, of a daughter.——The Ladies of the Hon. D. Montagu Erskine, at Brighton; and of Lieut.-colonel Molle, of the 9th foot, at Gibraltar, of daughters.——Lady C. Goold, Lady E. Talbot, of sons.——Lady H. Ancram, at Newbattle Abbey, of a daughter.——Lady Stanley, at Winnington, Cheshire, of a daughter.——At Duddington-house, Scotland, Viscountess Primrose, of a daughter.——At Wonham, Surrey, Viscountess Templetown, of a daughter.——In Grosvenor-square, the Hon. Mrs. Heneage, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

AT Horsted Church, Sussex, Sir G. Clerk, of Pencenick, to the second daughter of E. Law, Esq.——At Liverpool, Lieutenant-colonel Douglas, of the 98th regiment, to the daughter of S. Tattersall, Esq. of Tiverton Hill.——R. Gott, eldest son of Sir H. Gott, to Miss A. Miell.——At St. Giles's, H. Huddleston, Esq. of Gray's-inn, to Miss A. Goodchild, of Richmond.——At St. Andrew's, T. C. Patrick, Esq. of Winchmore-hill, to the eldest daughter of B. Combe, Esq. of John-street, Bedford-row.——J. James, Esq. of Dowgate-hill, to the second daughter of B. Combe, Esq.——At Deptford, Captain A. Hutton, of the Elizabeth Indiaman, to the only daughter of Mr. J. Cormack, of New Cross, Surrey.——Sir D. Cope, of Branshill-park, Hants, to Miss Francis, of Park-place.——At Newington, the Rev. W. Spooner, of Elindon, to the daughter of the late Sir L. O'Brien.——At Weymouth, Kingsmill Evans, Esq. of the 1st foot guards, to the eldest daughter of T. Thoroton, Esq. M.P. of Flentham-house, Nottinghamshire.——S. S. Day, Esq. of Burnett, to the Hon. C. Lister, eldest daughter of Lord Riblesdale.——J. P. Carew, Esq. of Anthony, Cornwall, to the second daughter of J. Ellis, Esq. of Mambead.——J. Peevor, Esq. of the War-office, to the youngest daughter of A. Morgan, Esq. of Savage-gardens.——At Dunnikeir House, Scotland, the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of James Townsend Oswald, Esq. of Dunnikeir.——Sir George Warrender, Bart. to the Hon. Anne Boscawen, daughter of the late Viscount Falmouth.——Mr. William Fassett, of Walworth, to Miss Janette King, of the same place.——Captain Thomas Fraser, of the Madras Engineers, to Mrs. Ann Brown, relict of Henry Brown, Esq. late Commercial Resident at Ramnad.——At Cheltenham, M. J. Sempre, Esq. Member of his Majesty's Council of the Island of Montserrat, to Miss Walsh Porter.——Joseph Brecknell, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Catherine Colyear, daughter of the Earl of Portmore.——George M. Hoare, Esq. of Morden Lodge, Surrey, to Miss Angelina Frances Greene, daughter of James Greene, Esq.——Count Melchior de Polignac, third son of the Duke de Polignac, to Alphonsine, eldest daughter of Madame Le Vasson de la Fouché.——At Hammersmith, William Marshall, Esq. to Mrs. Cloud, widow of the late Mr. T. Cloud, coachmaster.——At Hitchin, Herts, Mr. Edw. Clisby, Collector of Taxes, to Miss Eliza Topham, both of that place. The young lady's mother is now pregnant of her *twentieth child!*——At St. Saviour's, the Rev. J. Worsley, of Billingham House, to the second daughter of Sir J. Pinhorn.——At Linton, the Hon. G. Lysight, to the eldest daughter of S. Knight, Esq. of Milton, Cambridge, and J. T. Baumgarten, Esq. of Godmanchester, to his youngest daughter.——James Chabot, Esq. of Malta, to Harriet, second daughter of the late Charles Beck, Esq. of Mile End New Town.——John Card, Esq. of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, London, to Miss Edgecombe, only daughter of John Edgecombe, Esq. St. James's-square, Bath.——At St. Pancras, W. Johnson, Esq. of Stamford, to the daughter of M. Consett, Esq. of Guildford-street.——At Cork, J. Barrett, Esq. aged 76, to Mrs. Masters, aged 82. This sprightly pair immediately set off to spend the honey-moon in the country.——At Horsham, Thomas Abraham, Esq. late Major in the Royal East Middlesex regiment, to Louisa, daughter of the late Edward Carter, Esq. and sister to Alderman Edward Carter, of Portsmouth.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, at Great Ealing, aged 78, William Knox, Esq. formerly Under Secretary of State.——Aged 77, William Locke, Esq. of Norbury Park, Surrey, a most zealous protector of the arts, and (out of the profession), perhaps, their most en-

lightened and perfect judge. Mr. Locke distinguished himself in early life, by his choice collection of pictures, models, and fine works in sculpture; and still more by his liberality and taste. He, of all the lovers of art, was considered by its professors as their arbiter, their advocate, and common friend; the compassionate benefactor of the humblest—the revered associate, or patron of the most celebrated artists of his time. ——At Bath, at an advanced age, the Rev. Dr. De Chair, rector of Little Rissington, Gloucestershire, and vicar of Horley and Hornton, Oxon, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary.——Mr. R. Horner, of Bullsbury, Essex: he was thrown from a chaise, and killed going down Navestock-hill, on the day of Barnet fair.——Miss Cook, of Chadwell, Essex: she was burnt to death owing to her clothes catching fire.——Of a dropsy, at Greenham, near Newbury, Berks, aged 72, Mrs. Tull: during three years and a half she was tapped 39 times, and had 1234 pints of water drawn from her.——Mr. Hall, late of Cheapside, haberdasher: he came by his death in consequence of a fall, whereby one of his legs was so dreadfully shattered as to cause amputation, which he survived but a few days.——Mrs. Woodgate, sen. mother of Mr. Woodgate, attorney, in Golden-square: she was burnt to death by her clothes taking fire.——Mr. Reynolds, attorney, of Folkstone: he was found hanging in his cow-house. Coroner's verdict—*Lunacy*.——At Plymouth Citadel, aged 68, Captain Bailey, Adjutant and Paymaster of the North Devon militia: he carried the colours of the late Marquis Cornwallis's regiment, the 33d, at the celebrated battle of Minden, on the 1st of August, 1759, being then only 17.——At Inlake, near Sheffield, Rebecca Ward, aged 88. She has left 105 children, grand-children, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand-children! ——At Leopardstown, Ireland, aged 28, Hon. C. H. Coote, Lieutenant-colonel of the Queen's County militia.——At Newport, Isle of Wight, J. Kirkpatrick, Esq. ——William Daniell, Esq. of Hall Weston, Huntingdonshire.——In the Isle of Wight, the Rev. John Wight Wickes, A.M. chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, rector of Wardley-cum-Belton, in the county of Rutland, and of Burslem, in the county of Stafford.——Mr. J. T. Dyer, of St. Paul's Church-yard.

SEPT. 13. At Langollen, in North Wales, on his way to Madeira, where he had been ordered for his health, Mr. Henry Tuite, eldest son of Hugh Tuite, of Sonna, in the county of Westmeath, Esq. This young gentleman was brought to an untimely grave by a rapid decline at the age of 16.

18. In town, Mr. William Gilpin, formerly of Cateaton-street, but late of Horton, near Bradford, Yorkshire.

19. At Burton-Pidsea, Yorkshire, aged 65, David Tavender. He has left landed property, worth about 400l. to a person no relation; and has bequeathed to three young women five guineas each, and to another his bed and bedding, on account of their being proficients in dancing, of which he was very fond; and to his son only his FIDDLE!

20. Thomas Row, Esq. of Durrow, in the county of Kilkenny.

22. At Aberdeen, aged 80 years, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, relict of Mr. W. Campbell. She was in ordinary health, and continued patiently, and without a murmur, to give directions about the funeral of her husband, till the hour of his chesting; when she was taken ill, and carried to her chamber, and expired at four o'clock in the afternoon of the day of his interment. This was the hour of the day at which he died, and which she prognosticated would also be her last. They had been married 64 years!

23. At Bristol, Mr. Richard Bent, son of Mr. Bent, of Paternoster-row, London. ——Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, Bart. of Lisheen, in the county of Tipperary, and High Sheriff of that county at the awful period of the rebellion.

24. At Maryport, Mrs. M. Buchannan, aged 59, wife of Captain Robert Buchannan, of the brig Hawke, of the former place, and sister-in-law to the Rev. Dr. Claudius Buchannan, famed for his literary researches in the East.

25. After eating a hearty dinner, aged 79, Mr. Montagu Giles, of York. Mr. Giles was esteemed one of the best valuers of wood in that county, in which profession he was much employed by the buyers of wood and timber trees; for he could measure them by his arms, and scan them with his eye to the greatest nicety. He was universally known, and much respected for his honesty and integrity. But Giles, poor fellow, like other mortals, had his frailties and his foibles; he could throw the hatchet with most; and was generally esteemed a shining luminary in the celebrated family of the Stretchers; but Monty did it all for the best; he had ever his own good at heart, as well as that of his employers, and thought there was no great harm in drawing a long bow for either. We cannot avoid noticing that Mr. Giles, though entering his 80th year, wished not to forget the first command, "be fruitful and multiply;" for in his pocket was found a licence for marriage with a young woman in the neighbourhood, and to whom he was to have been united in a day or two!——At East-place, Lambeth, Henry Whitehead, Esq. aged 76 years.——In London, John Ellison, Esq. of Thorne, Yorkshire, banker, aged 46, brother of Colonel Ellison, M.P. for Lincoln. Mr. Ellison left Doncaster in good health on the previous Sunday.

28. At James Ogle's, Esq. Walthamstow, W. Ward, Esq. of Trinity College, Oxford. ——At Brighton, James Stanley, Esq. of Portland-place, one of the Masters of the

High Court of Chancery, and Steward of the Marshalsea Court.———At Chelsea, Mr. Thomas Anthony Devis, of Castle-street, Cavendish-square.

29. In the 29th year of her age, Mrs. Martha Summers, of Chelmsford, widow of the late Mr. S. N. Summers, whom she survived only fifteen months, and whose disorder (consumption), it is thought, she imbibed by a long and close attendance upon him during his indisposition, leaving six infant children to lament the loss of two worthy parents.———At East Brook House, near Bradford, Yorkshire, Edward Peckover, Esq.———Isaac Hobhouse, Esq. of Westbury College, near Bristol, elder brother of Benjamin Hobhouse, Esq. M.P.———At Greenwich, William Collins, Esq. of John-street, Adelphi.———At Dover, John Knap, Esq. Captain and Paymaster of the Royal Miners light infantry.

30. William Batley, Esq. Dartmouth-row, Blackheath.

Oct. 1. In Belmont, Bath, Andrew Girardot, Esq. aged 79.———Suddenly, at his residence in Gloucester, Sir Edwyn Jeynes, Knt. second partner in the banking-houses of Turner, Jeynes, Morris, and Co. at Cheltenham and Gloucester. He had dined with the Corporation, of which he was an old member, and left the room with the Duke of Norfolk at eight o'clock in the evening. The Duke quitted the town for Cirencester, and Sir Edwyn immediately returned home, apparently in perfect health: he went in, and sat down in his parlour, by his daughter, who was playing on the piano-forte, and, falling out of his chair, expired without a sigh or a groan. Sir Edwyn was in his 60th year. ———At Kentish Town, Thomas Greenwood, Esq.———Aged 77, Mrs. Iveson, relict of the late Launcelot Iveson, Esq. of Black Bank House, near Leeds, Yorkshire.

2. In Upper Berkeley-street, the Rev. Ralph Carr, of Cockers, in the county of Durham, and grandfather of Sir Charles Coote, Bart.———Mr. Stephen Sparrow, grocer, of Piccadilly, aged 23. He was seized with an apoplectic fit behind his counter, about four o'clock in the afternoon, from which, by medical assistance, he was soon recovered; but a returning fit the same night proved fatal.———In Upper Berkeley-street, the lady of G. Deering, Esq. ———At Emsworth, Hants, aged 68, Dr. Joseph Heywood, many years master of a respectable seminary at Greenwich.——— At Edinburgh, John Hutton, Esq. merchant, and late one of the magistrates of that city.

3. At his brother's, in Scotland-yard, Whitehall, of the Walcheren fever caught at Flushing, Lieutenant John Skene, of the 42d Highland regiment.———At Billericay, Essex, Mr. John Burles, of Chatham. He had just recovered a considerable estate he had been kept out of more than twenty years; and such was his ecstacy on receiving possession, and his first rents, that he was seized suddenly with a fever, that terminated his existence in a few hours.——— At Aberdeen, after a fever of short duration, in the 43d year of his age, Mr. J. Beattie, Professor of Civil and Natural History in Marischal College and University. He was nephew to the late celebrated Dr. Beattie. As a man of science, his attainments were of the highest stamp. He possessed that enlargement and expansion of mind, without which scientific pursuits never can be prosecuted with success; that ardour which stimulates and facilitates every exertion; and that persevering industry which subdues every obstacle. His general knowledge was copious and comprehensive, and applied with sound judgment, and accurate discrimination, to every subject which he had occasion to discuss. He commanded a great store of erudition, and was intimately acquainted with the Greek and Latin Classics, whose writings he not only perused with critical skill, but had many of their most brilliant passages recorded in memory. This was so much the case, that, when the quantity of any word was disputed, he immediately quoted such verses, in either language, as tended to establish it. He wrote both of them with ease and elegance.———Mr. Burfield, draper, of Brighton.

4. At Kentish Town, John Williams, Esq. one of his Majesty's Serjeants at Law.——— At Worcester, Robert Croker, Esq. one of the Commissioners of the Hawkers and Pedlars' Office.

5. In Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, Mr. Orton, one of the Gentlemen of his Majesty's Bread Pantry.———At Dulwich, in the 65th year of her age, Mrs. Brown, wife of Edward Brown, Esq.

6. Aged 85, Mrs. Delafosse, of Collyweston, near Stamford. This venerable gentlewoman lost her life from her clothes having caught fire on the preceding Wednesday, in the presence of her sister, who is so infirm as to be unable to render her any assistance. Mrs. D. lingered in the greatest agonies until the day above-mentioned.———At Blackheath, William Churchhill Lawrie, only son of Peter Lawrie, Esq.———Mrs. Hay, of Pall-mall. ——— Suddenly, Mr. Brown, watchmaker, of Charing-cross. He ate a very hearty supper, and appeared in perfect health and spirits. On his getting up he began to complain, and in about an hour afterwards he was a corpse.———Suddenly, while at dinner, at the seat of Major-general Charles Morgan, Homewood Lodge, Kent, the Hon. Ann Henley Ongley, third daughter of the late Right Hon. Robert Henley, Lord Ongley, and sister to the present Lord.

7. At Reading, aged 21, Miss Henrietta Josepha Robinson Thornton, daughter of H. F. Thornton, Esq. and niece of Mrs. Wrench, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.———Mr. Richard Creaser, of Threadneedle-street.———In George-street, Manchester-square, Mrs. Halliday, widow of the late William Halliday, Esq. of the Island of St. Christopher.———At David

Mustard's, Esq. at Roman Hill, Essex, where she was on a visit, after a short illness, Mrs. Ram, relict of the late Mr. James Ram, of Monkwick, Essex.

8. At Maidenhead-bridge, Sir Isaac Pocock, Knt. of a diseased action of the heart.

9. At Weymouth, John Arbuthnot, Esq. Governor of North Yarmouth, and one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Dorset.——At Hastings, Elizabeth, the wife of Joseph Cockfield, Esq. of Upton, in Essex.——At Walworth, Mr. John Fry, of Birchin-lane.——At Old Brompton, Mrs. Naylor, relict of Colonel Naylor, aged 76.——At the advanced age of 85, Mrs. Jane Willson, of Chorleywood, Herts.

10. At his house in Leadenhall-street, Mr. Lancelot Sharpe, upwards of forty years a pattern of unremitting industry and integrity, as a grocer and tea-dealer, the corner of Mark-lane, and an example, to all who knew him, that a life of persevering assiduity in the pursuit of business is not incompatible with the most uniform and unaffected piety.——Miss Matilda Basevi, youngest daughter of the late Nathan Basevi, Esq.——At her daughter's, in Kentish Town, Mrs. Mary Hough, in her 93d year.

11. At Wincanton, in Somersetshire, Miss Catherine Messiter.——At Haverfordwest, Mrs. Colthurst, the lady of John Colthurst, Esq. and widow of the late Thomas Jones, Esq. of Carmarthen.——At Llanvughan, Cardiganshire, John Thomas, Esq. Admiral of the White.——At Grove Cottage, Fulham, in the 71st year of her age, Mrs. Frederica Louisa Parr, relict of Thomas Parr, Esq. late of Portland-place.——At Richmond, Surrey, at the advanced age of 91 years, the Rev. John Smith, rector of Ashwicken, with Lergats, in the county of Norfolk, and of Hinderclay, in the county of Suffolk.——In a fit of apoplexy, aged 73, Nathaniel Kent, Esq. of Fulham, Middlesex.——At Kilburn, Mrs. Calladine, wife of Mr. Thomas Calladine, of Catherine-street, Strand, aged 69.——At Sutton-place, Hackney, in her 65th year, Mrs. Sarah Chambers, relict of the late Mr. Jarvis Chambers, of Gutter-lane, Cheapside.

12. In Upper Grosvenor-street, Sir Benjamin Sullivan, Knt.——At the Lodge, near Penzance, aged 79, Mrs. Catharine Tremenheere, relict of Mr. Tremenheere, formerly of that town, solicitor, and one of the daughters of the late Rev. Walter Borlase, Doctor of Laws, of Castle Horneck, in Cornwall.——At Islington, Mr. J. Gibson, in the 27th year of his age, formerly of Middleton Teasdale, in the county of Durham.

13. At Mr. Park's house, Dock-yard, Portsmouth, on his way to Madeira, for the recovery of his health, Captain Thomas Smyth, of the Royal Navy, son of the Hon. John Smyth, of Heath, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, and grandson of the Duke of Grafton.——At Mr. Barkly's, Highbury-grove, Miss S. A. Urquhart.——In Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the 82d year of his age, Alexander Popham, Esq. late one of the Masters of the High Court of Chancery.——Mr. Thomas Leigh, drawing-master, aged 42.——In Grove-street, Hackney, John Hankinson, Esq. aged 82, many years an eminent warehouseman in Lothbury.

14. At Thatcham, John Whiting, Esq. aged 24.

15. In Sloane-street, Richard Twiss, Esq. aged 70 years.——In George-street, Hanover-square, the wife of Nicholas Hall, Esq. of Brighton.——At her father's, in Great Ormond-street, of an inflammation on the lungs, Charlotte-Harriet, second daughter of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.——Mrs. Willis, wife of Mr. Willis, pilot, of Wapping.——Mr. John Page, auctioneer, &c. High Holborn.

16. In Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, John Manley, Esq. of the Temple, London, and of Holbrooke lodge, near Horsham, Sussex, in his 77th year.

DEATHS ABROAD.

FEB. 4. At Calcutta, Sir Alexander Seton, Bart. of the Honourable Company's Civil Service.

MARCH 21. At Hyderabad, in the East Indies, Captain Richard Miller, of the 22d light dragoons, in the 33d year of his age.

APRIL 20. At Madras, most sincerely regretted by all who knew him, Captain Isaac Paske, of the 2d batt. Madras artillery, in the 27th year of his age, second son of George Paske, Esq. of Needham Market, Suffolk. His illness was occasioned by his indefatigable exertions in shipping stores for the use of the expedition to the French Islands, to which expedition he had been appointed, solely from his merits, commissary of stores. In him the service has lost a most valuable officer; and a numerous circle of friends will long cherish his memory with the affection it so well deserves.

In May last, on his return to Ceylon, on board his Majesty's ship Illustrious, aged 24, John Bever Nares, eldest son of J. Nares, Esq. one of the Magistrates of Bow-street Police Office.

MAY 28. His Highness Mobarek-u-Dowlah, Nawab of Bengal. His remains were conveyed on the following day, with due solemnity, from the Palace at Moorshedabad to the burial-place of his family at Jaffiergunge.—The eldest son of the deceased Nawab succeeds to the vacant Musnud.

AUGUST 8. At the castle of Philipstal, of a dropsy in the chest, at the age of 84, his Serene Highness Prince William of Hesse Philipstal.

27. At Paris, Madame Saladine de Crans, wife of Mons. Saladin de Crans, second daughter of the late Colonel William Egerton, and sister to the Hon. Arriana Margaret Egerton, of Berkeley-square.

Joyce Gold, Printer, Shoe-lane, London.

DAILY PRICE OF STOCKS FROM SEPTEMBER 26, TO OCTOBER 25, 1810, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Days 1810	Bank Stock	3 perCt Reduc	3 per Ct Consols	4 perCt Consol	Navy 5 perCt	Long Anns.	Imp. 3 perCt	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 perCt	India Stock.	India Bonds.	So. Sea Stock.	So. Sea Ann.	Exche. Bills.	StateLot Tickets.	City Fr. Tick.	Omn.	Cons. for Acc.
Sep. 26	—	—	66¼ a ⅜	—	98⅝	—	65⅛	—	—	176	17s pr.	—	—	2s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5⅞ dis.	66¼ a ⅜
27	—	—	66 a 65¾	—	98¼	—	—	—	—	—	18s pr.	—	—	1s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	6⅜ dis.	66 a 65¾
28	—	—	65½ a 63¼	—	97½	—	—	—	—	—	14s pr.	—	—	3s disc.	22l 15s	8l 15s	10 dis.	65⅝ a 63¼
29	holiday																	
Oct. 1	—	—	63⅞ a 64⅜	—	97½	—	—	—	—	—	13s pr.	—	—	3s dis.	22l 15s	8l 15s	9¼ dis.	64⅛ a ½
2	—	—	64½ a 65¾	—	98⅛	—	—	—	—	174	11s pr.	—	—	3s dis.	22l 15s	8l 15s	8¾ dis.	64⅜ a 65⅝
3	—	—	65¼ a ⅞	—	98½	—	—	—	—	175½	11s pr	—	—	4s dis.	22l 15s	8l 15s	7½ dis.	65¼ a ⅞
4	—	—	65¾ a 66½	—	98⅞	—	—	—	—	176	14s pr.	—	—	2s dis.	22l 15s	8l 15s	6½ dis.	65¾ a 66½
5	—	—	66¼ a 65⅞	—	98¾	—	—	—	—	177	17s pr.	—	—	2s dis.	22l 15s	8l 15s	6½ dis.	66¼ a 65⅞
6	—	—	66¼ a ½	—	98¾	—	—	—	—	—	16s pr.	—	—	2s dis.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5⅞ dis.	66¼ a ½
8	—	—	66⅝ a ⅜	—	98¾	—	—	—	—	—	17s pr.	—	—	1s dis.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5½ dis.	66¾ a ⅜
9	—	—	66½ a ¼	—	98⅞	—	—	—	—	178	17s pr.	—	—	2s dis.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5⅞ dis.	66½ a ¼
10	—	—	66 a ½	—	98⅞	—	—	—	—	179	18s pr.	—	—	par	22l 15s	8l 15s	6 dis.	66 a ⅝
11	252	65⅝	66⅝ a ⅜	82⅛	99½	17½	—	—	—	178¼	20s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5⅝ dis.	—
12	252	65⅝	66⅝ a ⅛	82¼	99½	17 9-16	—	—	—	178½	23s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5⅞ dis.	66⅞ a ⅜
13	—	65⅛	65⅞ a 66⅛	81¾	99⅛	17½	—	—	—	—	24s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	6¼ dis.	66 a ¼
15	—	65⅜	66¼ a ⅜	82⅛	99½	17 9-16	—	—	—	—	24s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	6 dis.	66½ a ⅜
16	251¼	65⅛	66¼ a 65⅞	82⅛	99½	17 9-16	—	—	—	—	24s pr.	—	—	7s pr	22l 15s	8l 15s	6⅛ dis.	66⅛ a 66
17	251¼	65⅛	66 a ⅛	81⅞	99½	17½	—	—	—	180	23s pr.	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	6¼ dis	66¼
18	holiday																	
19	253	65½	66¼ a ½	82⅛	99¾	17⅝	—	—	96⅜	180	25s pr.	—	Old65⅛	9s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5⅞ dis.	66½ a ¾
20	252½	65⅝	66⅜ a ⅝	82¼	99¾	17 11-16	—	—	—	—	25s pr.	—	New66	10s pr.	—	8l 15s	5⅜ dis.	66½ a ¾
22	253	65¾	66½ a ⅝	82¼	100	17 15-16	—	—	—	180	25s pr.	—	—	10s pr.	—	8l 15s	5⅝ dis.	66⅝ a ¾
23	253½	65⅞	66⅝ a ⅞	82⅝	100⅜	18	—	—	—	—	24s pr	—	—	9s pr.	—	8l 15s	5⅜ dis.	66⅞ a 67
24	—	65⅞	66⅝ a ⅞	82½	100¼	18	—	—	—	185	23s pr.	—	—	9s pr.	—	8l 15s	5⅜ dis.	66¾ a 97⅛
25	holiday																	

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